PENTHOUSE

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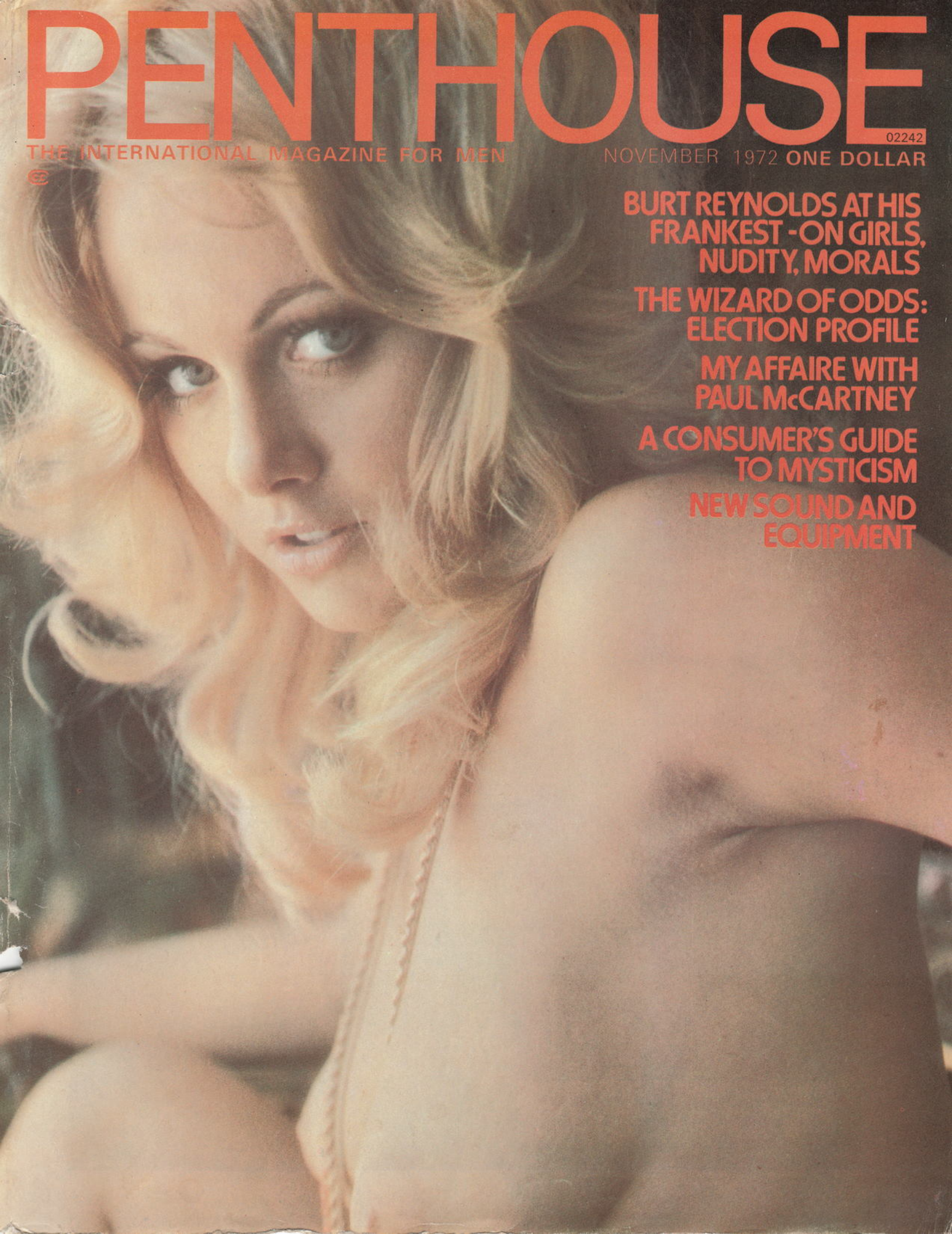
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1972 ONE DOLLAR



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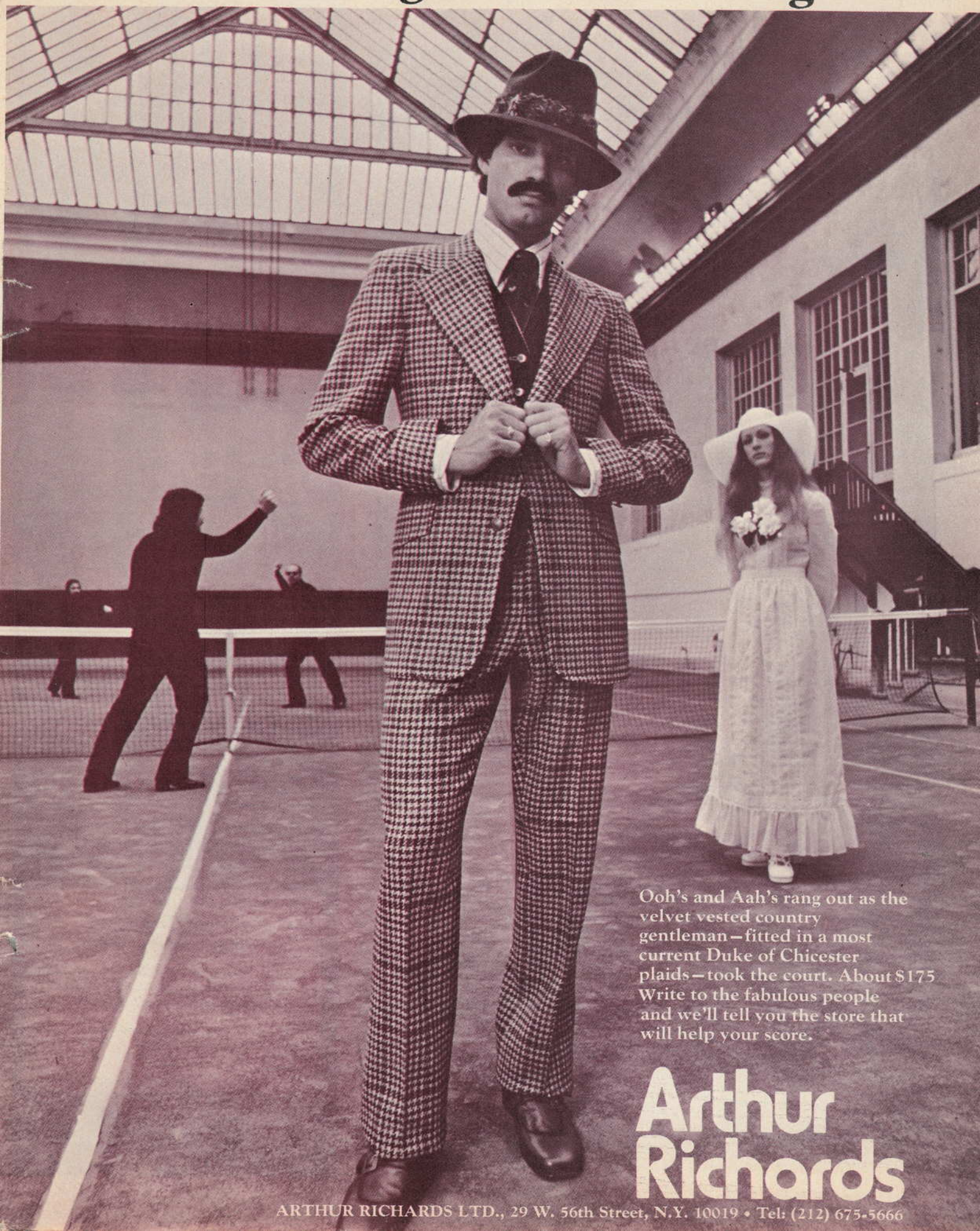

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/NOVEMBER 1972

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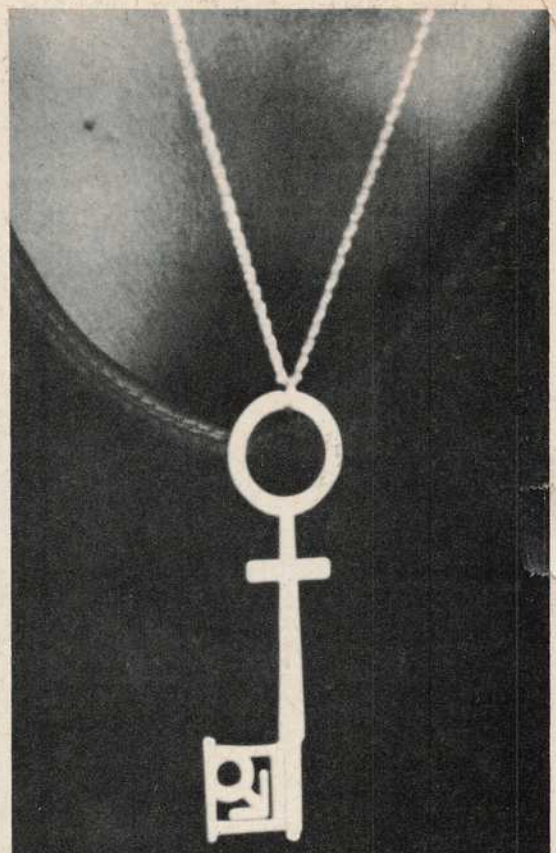

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Prediction is one of the oldest of human exercises. It is also—when applied to human activity—one of those to have benefitted least from human advance, as any follower of the stock market will confirm. This month, with a presidential election, is a peak period in the prediction business, which we acknowledge with a two-pronged prognosis covering two contrasted styles of forecast: the professional oddsmaking of Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder (page 44), reported by **Robert Blair Kaiser,** and the grass-roots approach of **Fred Darwin** (page 45). It is also a time for prediction in our own business, in which the print run of Penthouse is escalating so swiftly that the sales figures available at presstime are continually below the reality. What new level will be achieved by the present issue we have no way of predicting, but figures so far to hand show that the big Penthouse sales push beginning in September is steadily boosting the magazine's circulation. No less satisfying, support from advertisers is also substantially in excess of last year's level. One prediction that can confidently be made about the present issue is that the interview with **Burt Reynolds** (page 68) will be among the most widely-discussed pieces Penthouse has ever published. He speaks with refreshing frankness on intimate topics that few people in the public eye will discuss at all. Credit is due to the skilled questioning of **Fred Robbins**, whose daily celebrity interviews are a coast-to-coast feature of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Originally a Baltimore attorney, Robbins started in radio as a disc jockey, becoming one of the most imitated of all. Another item likely to be much passed around is the preview extract from **Francie Schwartz**'s book *Body Count* (page 56). It's a memoir of her romantic involvement at the height of Beatlemania with Paul McCartney, and the relevant chapter in the book is unforgettably titled "Don't Cry—I'm a Cunt"—a quote from the bewildered hero. Francie Schwartz, 28, briefly married during 1962-4 to her childhood sweetheart, is an advertising designer and copywriter from Allentown, Pa., who met Beatle Paul when she tried to interest him in backing a movie she had planned. More revelations come from the team of **Susan Hall** and **Bob Adelman**, who spent three years in what they call the "criminal underworld" of prostitution gathering material for a book on a New York pimp. *Gentleman of Leisure* (page 123) is the outcome. Adelman, photo-journalist, and Hall, film producer and writer, are both award-winners in their fields, and have collaborated previously on two very different projects—children's books. If it seems a big contrast to switch from pimping to the subject of another Penthouse piece—mysticism—at least both topics share an apparent permanence. Just now, however, mysticism is on the upsurge, something to do with the Age of Aquarius according to astrologists, and **Faye Levine** has compiled a contemporary consumer's guide (page 116). She is well qualified to do so, having taught mysticism in a New England reform school and Western ways in an Indian college. The first woman to be executive editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, she has written for *Newsweek* and *The Atlantic*, and is now engaged on a major book on mysticism. "Personally," she says, "I favor Tibetan Buddhism. . . ." In this issue too readers will find, as well as the familiar favorites such as Forum and Henry Morgan, many more pages of female pulchritude, and an up-to-the-minute rundown on the swift-moving stereo scene by **Robert Angus** (page 133).

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Form and figures

I enjoy many features of your magazine and in particular the comments of other readers. As your August issue attracted several letters on Miss Sharon Bailey, much of what I have to say will be limited to this very attractive girl. J. R. Carbonell said it all in describing the photograph on page 63 of the May issue. It is fabulous, and the sheer exuberance in Sharon's facial expression is priceless. But another reader, Leroy Jenkins, apparently objected to what he described as "her half-lemon breasts". What does he want, watermelons? On page 64, Sharon displays the most perfectly formed breasts I have seen in the pages of any magazine, along with an attractive face and figure. What more could a man want?

Though to a minor extent I agree with Barbara MacKinon's request that you should photograph only the "super boobs" and that "Tits are the thing!", when a girl with an overabundance gets to be 40, she will have sagged to the point where she will look repulsive, but Sharon at that age could still have a very attractive figure.

One last point. Your magazine makes a common mistake. Measurements, such as Sharon's 36-23-36, generally have no meaning unless you include height and weight. Peak dimensions for a girl 5 ft and 110 lbs are entirely different from those for a girl 5 ft 10 ins and 135 lbs. Camera angles are too tricky to be trusted!—*G. A. S. (name and address withheld), Ormond Beach, Florida.*

Even with height and weight figures the traditional vital statistics would not convey the exact distribution of curves. You would need measurements for leg, neck etc. But why worry when you can study the form in the pictures?—Ed.

Kamera Sutra

I'm an announcer for a radio station in Greenwood, Mississippi, and I have become very interested in your magazine since graduating from college. My hobby is photography and I hope it may, some day, be my profession, if I get good enough. Anyway, the main reason I'm writing is to compliment David Attie on his splendid camera work in *Kamera Sutra* (August). Now I'm trying to figure out how he did it!—*Ricky A. Williams, East Market St., Greenwood, Miss.*

Tracking 'em down

We were pleased to note Daniel Jedlicka (August) pointing out that as much as 5,000 miles of tread life can be ground off a set of tires in a single evening of jackrabbit starts, screeching turns and panic stops. In addition, this way of handling a car, whether it be a Mercedes-Benz or an inexpensive compact, can do irreperable damage to the brakes and the entire car.

Mr Jedlicka's article should be kept as a reference by all automobile owners, to insure the best purchase and proper care of tires.—*George Loeber, Vice President, Loeber Motors Inc. North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.*

Girl talk

August's Pet, Lesley Harrison, was a nice-looking woman, but I wish you had given us pictures of her in more positions. I would have liked some full-length shots from the rear. Also, her old-fashioned red nylons are not erotic. Today's women wear pantyhose, so why not show that? Natural shots are more enjoyable than stripper-type pictures.—*S. W. (name and address withheld), Hawthorne, Calif.*

Nylons are not erotic? Hmm.—Ed.

Since I have become an avid reader of Penthouse, I would now like to ask a favor of you people. Recently, a TV magazine had a picture story about Susan Hampshire and I thought she must be a very attractive woman. The story was titled *The Bare Look of Summer,* and that's how I'd like to see her, really bare, if she were willing. She might not want to go quite as far as the Pets, but you could still get a revealing picture story.—*H. L. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

As Susan Hampshire asked for a stand-in for the nude love scenes in her latest film, Neither the Sea nor the Sand, *you're just going to have to use your imagination.—Ed.*

Your April centerfold was excellent. Photographing Marianne Gordon from high angles, in attitudes of repose and introspection, is certainly a step forward in humanizing women's sexuality. I am happy to see a magazine that exhibits women at their most sensual, *i.e.* nude, relaxed and feminine. Features neither present nor missed in these shots were lust, contortionism and abnormal glandular activity. The little girl angle was an enjoyable symbol of the essential feminine condition. Rigid muscles and toothy grimaces can really blow a sexy layout: stick with the *au naturel* stuff, it feels better!—*Jack Scott, Seattle, Wash.*

Rent-a-bird

In your August issue on page 28 you erroneously reported that "rent-a-girl enterprises" are flourishing and mentioned the Miami firm Rent-A-Bird, whose boss said his organization was endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce and the Better Business Bureau.

Rent-A-Bird is not a member of the Better Business Bureau, which is represented by this office, nor does the Better Business Bureau endorse any firm, whether they are members or not.—*William T. Kruglak, II, First National Bank Building, Miami, Florida.*

As stated, Walter Gutman was quoting from a report in the New York Times.—*Ed.*

Brossard's death machine

Capt. Joe Payers' letter (August) is full of crap! I worked on the AC-130 aircraft assigned to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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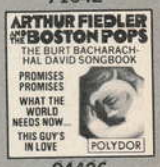

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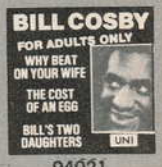

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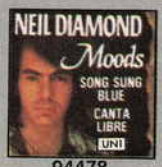

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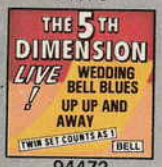

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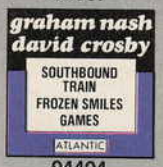

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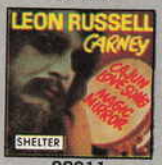

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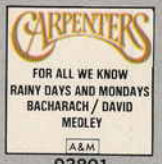

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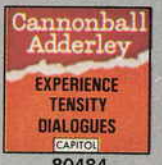

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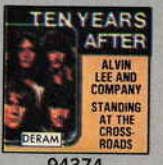

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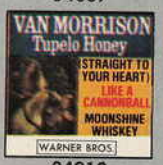

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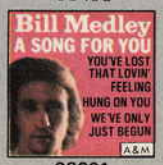

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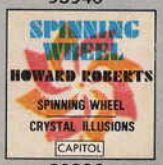

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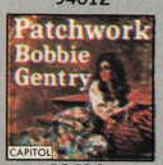

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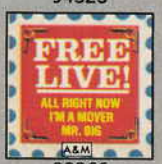

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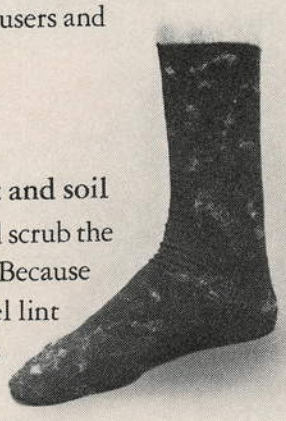
A consumer's guide to our anti-static sock.

Maybe you don't know what anti-static socks are all about. Well, as the inventors of the anti-static sock, we can answer a lot of questions for you. For example:

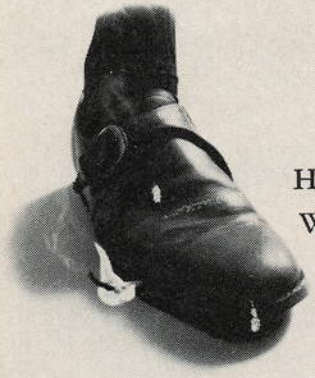
How to prevent trouser cling

Our socks are made with Endo-Stat™, our own exclusive anti-static process that helps keep your trousers and socks from clinging.



How to get rid of sticky lint and soil

You have a choice. Pick off the lint and scrub the stubborn soil. Or buy socks made with Endo-Stat. Because this unique process also helps repel lint and release soil.



How to cool your hot feet

When feet get hot, they perspire. But a sock that helps absorb moisture can make them feel cooler. And our socks with Endo-Stat do just that.

How to combine function with fashion

Besides our basic ribs and colors, we now have interesting designs, vertical stripes, domino squares, bold diamonds, striking tartans, unusual geometrics, tattersall checks and glen plaids. And they are available in long anklets, mid-and over-the-calf for just $1.50 to $2.00 a pair.

The way we see it, the more you understand the care we've taken to combine function with fashion, the less likely you are to buy the wrong socks.

Burlington Endo-Stat™ Socks

⊞ Burlington Socks, a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019. Also available in Canada.

NOW—IMPROVE YOUR PERSONAL WORD-POWER

through a few pleasant minutes of daily listening

As the '70's unfold, more and more of a premium will be placed on your ability to express yourself. Times are becoming more technically sophisticated— and those with the greatest ability to use a wide range of words will be most successful.

A NEW WAY TO INCREASE YOUR ABILITY TO EXPRESS YOURSELF—

Superscope's new system is based on the use of modern, handy cassette recordings. You develop amazing new word power just by listening. And it works. The developer of the program, Dr. Robert Oliphant, points out that there are really two types of words in the English language—grammatical and lexical.

Grammatical words are the words that actually hold sentences together—and most people are already familiar with them. Lexical words, on the other hand, are the kind that label our experience. There are thousands of them—and the more you have at your command, the better you are able to express yourself.

Dr. Oliphant's new **WORD POWER** program lets you add hundreds and hundreds of new lexical words to your everyday vocabulary—just by listening a few minutes each day.

To learn all about this amazing new **WORD POWER** cassette program, and about how it can help you gain new personal success through more powerful self-expression, mail in the coupon below.

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YES, please mail me full details about your new anthology of cassette-books, **WORD POWER.** I understand that receiving this free information places me under absolutely no obligation.

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MAIL TO: **Superscope Library of the Spoken Word**
Dept. P-11-28
455 Fox Street
San Fernando, Calif. 91340

Spectre squadron stationed in Thailand for one year, and I wish to refute some of his "facts".

The AC-130s I worked on had four 20mm Gatling guns and four 7.62mm miniguns. Two of these AC-130s had two 40mm pom-pom guns mounted in the rear. These guns were actually from a destroyer.

While I agree the pilot can't forget completely about flying the aircraft, the computer does maintain the correct amount of roll to point the guns down at the target, while the aircraft follows the sights to maintain the aim of the guns. The pilots don't have that much to do. Agreed, they don't worry about chow or the redhead back at base because they're scared silly that the moon will come out and that their invisible black aircraft will suddenly be lit up for the men on the ground to aim their 37mm anti-aircraft guns.

It may be true that no gunship ever destroyed 68 trucks in an hour, but they had the capability and some of ours came pretty damn near. If they could have found that many in an hour, they could sure as hell have destroyed them.

Capt. Payers never flew 135 "combat missions" in an AC-130. He may have flown 135 missions to the commissary in Bangkok to get ketchup and mayonnaise for the local officers' club.—*S/Sgt R. E. H. USAF, (name and address withheld), Dayton, Ohio.*

Subversive syph

"Disgusted" is merely a mild description of my feelings in the wake of reading Dr Frederick F. Cartwright's *The Subversive Story of Syph* (July). When I think of Penthouse's two million-plus readers even remotely taking Dr Cartwright's "second theory" as fact, I am immediately restung by the centuries of white-inspired crap that have created this skin conscience detonator called America. His theory literally states: My black ancestors mothered syphilis, via yaws.

Bullshit! Obviously, this quack theory does not derive from any authority in anthropological or historical research of the Afro-Americans. Whereas J. A. Rogers, who spent more than 30 years digging up the truth, especially in Europe and Africa, states in his book, *Sex & Race* (vol 1, p 142): "Felix Bryk, who is a frank and unprejudiced white writer, speaks of a type of white man who finds the black woman repugnant at first. But this type is rare. In the larger African towns where venereal disease is rampant due to European penetration, some white men will only lie down beside the black women just to be in contact with them".

In his *Superman to Man*, Rogers says (pp 82-83): "The white plague, like syphilis, is a white man's disease. He introduced both (syphilis, and tuberculosis of the lungs) but his superior wealth enables him better to combat them. Prof Elliott Smith examined 10,000 skeletons of ancient Egypt without finding any trace of it. Dr Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institute reported similarly of the pre-Columbian Indian. Syphilis, like consumption, cannot survive in primitive surroundings. Livingstone, the great missionary to Africa, noted that syphilis "dies out in the African interior and seems incapable of permanence in any form in persons of pure African blood in Africa".

Speaking of the failure by the whites to enslave so-called American Indians, Rogers says, "The Indian could not stand the hardships, nor the whiskey, drugs and diseases of the white man. Large numbers of them died from smallpox, consumption and syphilis." Between personalized theory and the facts, there is no question of which to believe.—*Nathaniel P. Bell, Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, Pa.*

Dr Cartwright, distinguished medical authority, stated that "the causative organism of yaws is the same as that of syphilis" and that yaws "is seen only in hot climates". How reader Bell twists these established medical facts into some sort of racist reflection on his "black ancestors" is for him to explain. Are people to blame for their infections?—Ed.

Battle of the bulge

During the past few months, I have purchased a number of suits and several pairs of slacks made of polyester knit. Standing in front of the mirror, I am aware that the clinging, stretchy quality of the fabric causes a noticeable bulge in the crotch. My genital measurements are only average and until now, wearing other fabrics, I have not been conscious of the bulge.

In today's free-swinging "let it all hang out" world, is it acceptable to allow the contours of one's genitals to be visible through one's pants, or should one take steps to conceal them? I don't consider myself overly modest but just don't wish to appear too obvious.—*B.G. (name and address withheld), Chicago, Ill.*

The only time you need worry is when you don a pair of clingy pants and nothing shows through at all. Seriously, though, crotch-hugging strides are being phased out, fashionwise, and being superseded by voluminous Oxford bags, so your problem will not plague you long.—Ed.

The other side

We all make mistakes, but unless they're pointed out to us in a constructive manner, we'll never learn so as not to make them again. Your August issue states on page 42 of the Penthouse Interview that "during the basketball season one of the noble young men on the Ohio State team kneed a Minnesota player in the groin, and while he was writhing on the floor another Ohio State player nobly stomped his head".

The story is correct, but you've got the universities reversed. This letter is intended in good faith—I enjoy your magazine.—*Lew Freifeld, Sales Manager, WPLG-TV10, Miami, Florida.*

Apologies to the Ohio State team.—Ed.

Definitive Davis

Penthouse's article (June) on Miles Dewey Davis was intellectually stimulating and dealt with the earthy metallic personality of the man and his music. Undoubtedly, Miles is one of the foremost innovative and pretentious energies in the contemporary context of progressive jazz. Miles is a creative vortex; he isn't content in merely reading and blowing a few static standardized notes like computerized farts into the wind.

Moreover, Miles creates like a talented painter whose every brush-stroke helps to materialize the painting's complete meaning and motion—every musical note helps to form the dynamism of the whole composition. The music must flow from him freely, undisturbed; he must constantly tap the depths of his creative vitality and spirit which constantly renews itself with new expressions.

Change is indeed challenge. And Miles is frequently changing his music! Musicologists are sometimes dumbfounded; often because they themselves lack Miles' sense of change and creative responsibility to the art of progressive jazz. Sometimes it seems that he is reaching for a "metamusical dynamic" in his compositions. That is, a music defying traditional description by words; a music that can only

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define its essence through itself because it is unexplainable: a music vastly beyond language or stereotyped confutation.

Miles' braggadocio is very necessary. He is an artist-musician of voluminous talent. Being specifically a black artist, he must surely possess an endless, extreme sense of arrogance to survive and create artistically, truthfully within the adamant nightmare of white western civilization. He has been born into an intellectual straitjacket; thus, his ego must be so outrageously subtle that he has the strength and psychological freedom to dare his creative mentality constantly to raise beyond socialized attitudes and static traditionalism. He must have the emotional strenuousness to reach unapprehensively within himself and extract the authentic self, which will often insult, enrage, and utterly bewilder traditionalized minds. Call it a sense of daring, if you will—whatever it is, Miles Dewey Davis has it. It shows so eloquently and boldly black in his music, whether it's *Concierto De Aranjuez, Saturday Miles, Nem Um Talvez* or *Bitches Brew*.

I can only conclude as a Brother Black, by saying RIGHT ON!—*Yusef Komuyakaa, Racial Harmony Council, Fort Carson, Colo.*

Department of dissent

Penthouse is a nice magazine, but the reproduction of your color spreads leaves much to be desired. All your photographs of the Pets have that soft focus. Nothing is sharp—and that's what I'm looking for in a picture of a girl. Please make your pictures *sharp.—Hugo R. Schramm, S. York, Elmhurst, Ill.*

Hubbub over hair

Gentlemen, your magazine is deteriorating with ever-increasing speed. I own the entire collection of the American edition and your women used to be exquisite beauties while your photography was alive, moving, sensual. But now it seems to be strictly pornographic. Is it art to shove pubic hair at me from all sides? Since when has pubic hair made itself the prime object of your picture-taking? Before, your women were shown as gorgeous people. But you seem to have forgotten that photography ought to be tasteful. Now your models are sprawled out as if somebody had just dumped them there. Before, you tried to accentuate all of a woman's physical charms. Now, you just concentrate on her pubic region. You can have too much of a good thing, you know.—*Charles Cravatas, Highland Ave., Stratford, Conn.*

There seems to be a vast difference of opinion about shaved pubic hairs on the pussies of some of your Pets. I was thinking about this and came up with the idea of having a poll taken in which the readers of Penthouse would cast votes by sending in letters telling whether or not they preferred shaved pussies. To help your readers decide, you could show various pictures of your Pets shaved and non-shaved. I think this could be an interesting, mouth-watering idea. Also, you could take a poll among your Pets to get their opinions on pubic hair. Another good idea would be to have a close-up picture of a model who has shaved her pubic hair only on one side.—*D.K. (name and address withheld), Bethlehem, Pa.*

I am a member of the armed forces stationed in Turkey, where we have had a few heated arguments with the locals about women's pubic hair. It seems that the Turkish male prefers his girl's crotch to be shaved. Personally, I think a woman's pubic hair is one of her sexiest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Introducing an old way to enjoy tobacco.

If you're one of the millions who like to smoke, chances are you think that smoking is the only way to really enjoy tobacco.

Well, we have news for you:

There's more than one way to enjoy the pleasures of the tobacco leaf.

As a matter of fact, people have been partaking of these pleasures in ways that have nothing to do with smoking for hundreds of years.

Satisfying the aristocrats:

Take the aristocracy in England.

As far back as the 16th century, they considered it a mark of distinction—as well as a source of great satisfaction—to use finely-cut, finely-ground tobacco with the quaint-sounding name of "snuff". At first, this "snuff" was, as the name suggests, inhaled through the nose.

Just a pinch:

Later on, the vogue of sniffing gave way to an even more pleasurable form of using tobacco—placing just a pinch in the mouth between cheek and gum and letting it rest there.

Now, hundreds of years later, this form of tobacco is having the biggest growth in popularity since the days of Napoleon.

And what we call "smokeless tobacco" is becoming a favorite way of enjoying tobacco with Americans from all walks of life.

Anything but obvious:

Why is "smokeless tobacco" becoming so popular in America?

There are a number of reasons.

One of the obvious ones is that it is a way of enjoying tobacco that is anything but obvious.

In other words, you can enjoy it any of the times or places where smoking is not permitted.

Thus, lawyers and judges who cannot smoke in the courtroom, scientists who cannot smoke in the laboratory, and many people who like to smoke on the job, but aren't allowed to, often become enthusiastic users.

In the same way, people who work or play with their hands get the comfort of tobacco—but don't have to strike a match or worry about how to hold (or where to put) their cigarette, cigar, or pipe.

The big four:

The four best-known, best-liked brands of "smokeless tobacco" are "Copenhagen", "Skoal" and the two flavors of "Happy Days".

All four are made by the United States Tobacco Company, but each has a distinctive flavor and personality. (To make sure that distinctive flavor is as fresh as it should be when you buy it, all cans are dated on the bottom.)

Copenhagen, the biggest-selling brand in the world, has the rich flavor of pure tobacco. Skoal is wintergreen-flavored. And Happy Days comes in either raspberry or mint flavor—so it's especially popular with beginners.

But if "smokeless tobacco" has many advantages for lovers of tobacco, we must also admit it has one disadvantage.

How to use it:

It takes a little more time and practice to learn exactly how much to use (a "tiny pinch" is the best way to describe it) and exactly how to use it.

To get over that minor problem, we'll be happy to send you a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few pinches that you can try for yourself.

(Write to "Smokeless Tobacco", United States Tobacco Company, Dept. M44, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.)

Once you get the knack, you'll find you have something else, too: Another great way to enjoy tobacco.

Smokeless Tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

Even your best friend won't give you the shirt-off-his-back if it's an Excello.

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Our Country Set Collection: Top left and bottom right are designed by John Weitz. The collection's prices start at $11. And it comes in a million patterns and colors. Give or take a few.

points. Who has not experienced the fantastic feeling of the penis penetrating the vagina while her pubic hair strokes your penis? I don't think many males mind going through a little bush to get to the picnic.—*AIC Terry L. Zimmerman, APO New York.*

What's up, Doc?

I greatly enjoyed B.H.'s letter (July) regarding his experience with the young nurse's aide who gave him an enema when he went to a clinic for treatment. My own fetish parallels his own as I become tremendously excited at the thought of taking a female's temperature rectally. I feel this probably stems from a visit, at the age of 13, to my family doctor for a routine check prior to spending the summer at a boys' camp. Before the doctor examined me, his lovely young nurse ordered me to strip to my underwear. After looking at my eyes and taking my blood pressure, she told me to lie prone on the examining table. I did not suspect what was in store for me till I saw her reaching for a thermometer. She placed a dab of Vaseline on the bulb and before I could protest (for I was quite embarrassed) she had pulled down my underwear, spread my buttocks and slowly inserted the full length of the thermometer into my rectum. My mortification did not prevent me from attaining a youthful erection. I found the incident all the more pleasurable since she kept her hand on my buttocks, from time to time forcing the instrument further in.

On withdrawing the thermometer, she told me to lie on my side and draw my legs up, whereupon she put a rubber glove on her right hand and proceeded to insert her index finger deep into my rectum. After probing awhile, to my great pleasure, she ordered me to pull up my underpants and await the doctor's arrival. At this point, she left the room. I took advantage of the interlude to slip into an adjoining bathroom where I masturbated twice in quick succession. I fantasied that I was performing the same ritual I had just undergone on my nurse, who could not have been older than 19.

In subsequent years, I have always attempted to make the rectal thermometer a part of my sex life as a prelude to intercourse. I frequently imagined myself as a doctor conducting a gynecological examination and I managed to obtain a number of textbooks on the subject. After my fiancée had been to a gynecologist for a routine pre-marital examination, she related to me in great detail exactly what had taken place, including how the rectal part of the physical had been performed. That night, we stayed at my apartment and, though her rectum was too sore to allow me to duplicate the doctor's examination digitally, the sight of her anus still covered with lubricant, excited me to the point where we engaged in repeated intercourse and masturbation culminating in 10 orgasms for me inside of 16 hours!

Soon after our marriage, I went to a local hospital to have a broken finger X-rayed. In the corridor, I noticed a girl about 20 who bore a striking resemblance to the nurse who had unwittingly set the course of my sex life some 12 years before. An elderly doctor arrived, addressed the girl by name and called her into a consultation room. She complained of abdominal pain and I overheard the old gent tell the lovely creature to disrobe and don a hospital gown. He would await her across the hall in the examining room. She smiled sheepishly at me as she emerged from the dressing-room and skittered across the corridor.

Noticing an adjoining bathroom, I went inside to eavesdrop on the proceedings. To my great joy, there was a small sliding door on the wall which I later learned was for the purpose of passing urine samples through to the next room. I slid the door open just a hair's breadth in time to witness the young lady turn on her tummy. The good doctor pulled up her gown exposing a pair of deliciously moulded buttocks in the midst of which he inserted a rectal thermometer. After withdrawing the instrument, he told her to lie on her back and place her feet in the stirrups. This afforded me a fine view of her smooth abdomen and pubic region. When he introduced two gloved fingers into her vagina, I noticed this made her wince. Then he told her to lie on her left side with her legs drawn towards her chest. A lovelier behind I had never beheld! After lubricating his index finger well, he brusquely plunged it deep into her rectum and probed for a considerable time. The young lady cried out in pain and the doctor told her she had a mild infection of the Fallopian tubes. When he withdrew his digit, I quickly slipped back into my seat in the corridor. Some minutes later, the young lady walked past me and smiled again.

I watched her lovely behind through her tight-fitting slacks as she walked down the hall and exited through the door. When the doctor left, I entered the consultation room and copied her name and address from the form the doctor had filled out. I yearned to take her out, but I did not dare to jeopardize a happy marriage by giving in to my fantasies. I felt that to allow routine medical examinations of women to become an obsession on my part might lead me on to illegal actions, such as impersonating a doctor, which could be very risky. So there the matter rests.—*J.A. (name and address withheld), Nutley, N.J.*

All clear

The letter from R.C. of New York (May) concerning pubic hair removal prompts me to write of my own experiences, since I also belong to the small group of heterosexual males who are bold enough to defy convention regarding their desire to remove their pubic hair. I shaved my pubic hair from navel to anus for the first time 23 years ago, in my wife's presence and much to her amusement, leaving just a small mustache of hair a short distance above the penis. Since that time, I have gone for irregular periods ranging up to two years with almost daily removal of pubic hair and up to two years without any hair removal. Twice I have taken movies of myself removing a full growth of my pubic hair, once by shaving with a razor and once with a depilatory.

I prefer almost daily use of a depilatory to the use of a razor; my electric shaver is not too satisfactory for this purpose, but I get excellent results with a certain brand of spray-on depilatory. I like to leave some hair on my abdomen just below the navel. I remove the hair from between my legs, upper inner thighs, scrotum, penis and the heavy growth above it, leaving just the lighter growth from the navel to half-way down to the penis. I trim the sides of the remaining hair with a safety razor to form a neat triangle with the apex at the navel.

I have also plucked out my pubic hair with tweezers a few times. This gives the skin an especially smooth feeling to the touch and the pain caused is slight. Regrowth above the skin comes about slower and at first the hair is finer. I like this method but have not continued to use it because of problems with ingrown hair.

My wife is timid when it comes to removing her own pubic hair, so I don't pressure her into doing it, but she likes me to be depilated. She enjoys fondling my penis in bed at night.

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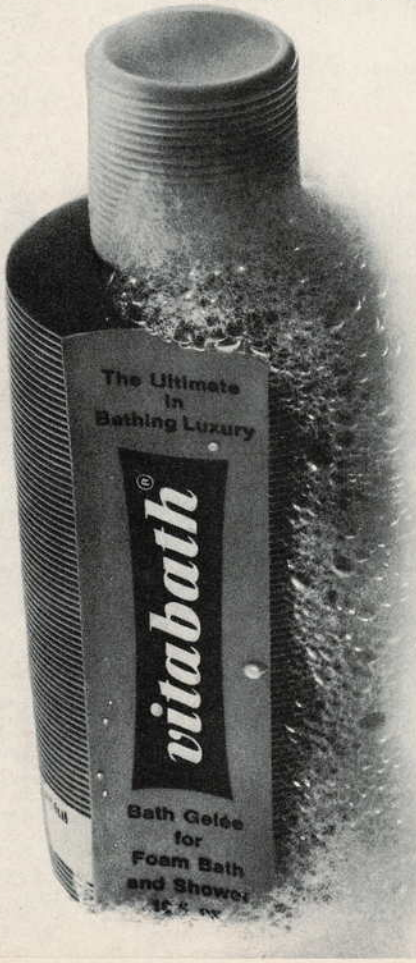
Is Vitabath an aphrodisiac, or what?



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("Oh, you lucky man", exclaimed a twice-married old-timer when I told him about this.) I always sleep nude and am easily accessible. Many times I wake up at night when my wife gropes for my sex organ and it is especially pleasing and appreciated to hear her gasp and exclaim with delight when she finds it in a nocturnal erection. My wife and I both like the general appearance of my pubic area when it is hairless, particularly as it gives my rather short flaccid penis a little more prominence.—*L.E. (name and address withheld), Kewaunee, Wis.*

Art and amputees

Back in the days before miniskirts and pantyhose, one of the fringe benefits enjoyed by a salesman in a women's shoe store was the opportunity, when fitting a lovely young miss, to glimpse the forbidden territory inside her skirt or dress. As a salesman for over 10 years, I fondly recall the many pairs of shapely stocking-inged thighs I viewed surreptitiously as well as stocking tops and segments of bare white thigh beyond, plus garters and girdle bottoms. A good salesman, if he played his cards and customer's foot right, could often get a clear view right up between the young lady's legs to her crotch, usually panty- or girdle-covered, but on a few rare and memorable occasions totally exposed.

But with the advent of pantyhose, young ladies now practically flaunt their crotches and thighs in a salesman's face. One girl's underpinnings look very much like another's, and all bare essentials are effectively hidden from view. You see everything, yet you see nothing.

I thought the good old days were gone for good until a few weeks ago. A pretty young woman with only one leg came into the shop on a pair of crutches, accompanied by her little daughter. As a Penthouse reader from your first U.S. edition, I immediately recalled reading accounts of how sexy one-legged women were supposed to be and took an interest in my amputee customer. At first I felt only sympathy as she sat in front of me, parked her crutches, and lifted her foot onto my fitting stool. Her skirt was short but not quite mini, and it looked odd to see only a left leg emerging from it. Since she was the first one-legged woman I had ever waited on, I explained that we didn't sell single shoes and she would have to buy a full pair. She told me that the unused right shoe of any new pair was swapped with a woman who had lost the opposite leg and wore the same size, so the two amputees would share each pair of shoes they bought and come out ahead of the game.

As I started to measure her foot I automatically glanced past her knee inside her skirt. I was surprised to see she wore an ordinary nylon on one leg with a stocking top that left a few inches of white thigh and a garter visible. I moved my stool slightly and fussed with the measurement until I caught a glimpse of white panty crotch. Just then the woman twisted in her chair to point out a couple of attractive shoes on our wall display, and the legless right side of her skirt opened up to my view, revealing a moving, round white shape on the opposite side of her panty crotch.

It was the stump of her amputated right leg, and without her realizing it, I could see it extended three or four inches out of her panty opening. Seeing this woman's stump and panty crotch, I suddenly found myself with the most rigid erection I had ever known! I quickly put the foot-measure across my lap to conceal the bulge. I didn't dare get up off the footstool and called a junior salesman to bring me styles and sizes from the stockroom.

Introducing the Sony 8-track cartridge recorder with three playmates.

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Each time I held up my customer's foot to check the fit of the shoe she was trying on, I could see her little stump of a right thigh twitch around inside her skirt. The sight of it practically lifted me right up off the stool. What I wouldn't have given to be her husband for one night and check her performance in bed! When she left the store my erection was still so rigid I didn't dare get up! I feigned a bad back to my associates and pretended to be in pain until the bulge in my pants subsided.

The woman had taken one pair of shoes, and we were to order another pair in her size from the warehouse, to be picked up in two days. But the day they arrived, she phoned to ask if we would send them out to her. Since she lived only a mile from me, I volunteered to drop them off on my way home.

I was met at the door by her daughter who told me mommy was upstairs getting out of a shower and I was to wait in the living room. I asked where daddy was and the little girl said he didn't live with them any more. When the one-legged woman came in on her crutches wearing a dressing gown, she looked even more beautiful than in the store. She sat down and held out her one bare leg for me to try on the new shoe. It fitted perfectly and getting up on her crutches, she headed for the full-length hall mirror to admire it. Surprisingly, she asked her daughter to go down to the basement playroom and watch television while mommy was busy.

When the woman opened her robe in front of the mirror I was shocked to see she had nothing underneath. She laughed at my embarrassment as I stood next to her, gaping at the image of her one shapely leg, the stump of her other leg, and the thick patch of pubic hair between them. She held up her stump and told me she had noticed how much I admired it in the store, and with a wink in her eye she wondered if I might want a closer look at it. She had planned this home delivery of her other pair of shoes just for my benefit. She was divorced, she said, and seldom had men get so excited about her amputated leg. She had noticed my erection, too.

We spent the next few hours in her bedroom and I began to understand why some of your readers are so excited about sex with a one-legged woman. I have now become a regular visitor to her home and her daughter has taken a shine to me, too. After years of assorted affairs with assorted women, my prized bachelorhood may be in jeopardy. All with only a few weeks' acquaintance with this remarkable one-legged beauty. It was the luckiest day of my life when she came into our store for a new shoe and gave me my first glimpse of her stump. —*G.A. (name and address withheld), Providence, R.I.*

I would like to add my vote in favour of showing female amputees in your magazine. One-armed and, especially, one-legged females offer a unique excitement and a pictorial featuring attractive girl amputees would certainly be welcomed by a large number of readers in Germany.—*H.M.S. (name and address withheld), Neuss, W. Germany.*

Special preference

As a teenager, I was sent to an institution for delinquent and hard-to-manage girls. The treatment was tough, and by the time I had spent 40 months there I regretted ever having skipped so much school. One part of our life there might interest you: the enema routine. Every Saturday evening, the 15 girls in our dorm were made to strip and form two lines

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before two toilets. Then the head girl administered enemas. No one was allowed to speak, except the head girl, but we could all watch.

The girls receiving enemas would bend over and touch their toes. If the head girl didn't like you, she would jam the nozzle in forcefully and deeply, without greasing it. Sometimes extra hot water was forced up a girl's behind, which made her scream. After an enema had been taken, the girl would go to the back of the line and hold it till everyone else had been given enemas. Each girl had to put her finger in the behind of the girl ahead of her to keep her water from trickling to the floor. If anyone screamed, cried or complained, we would all have to hold our enemas 10 minutes longer.

There were always a few girls who couldn't hold their enemas, and it was our job to clean up after them. Then we formed a gauntlet, and the girls responsible for the mess would crawl between our legs very slowly while we slapped their bare behinds.

Matron was strict, and all girls were up by 5 a.m. every day. After an hour of calisthenics (done naked, to the embarrassment of new girls), we had to take cold showers. Matron would beat girls who weren't doing their exercises properly. Discipline took the form of a leather strap across the bare legs, thighs and buttocks. If too many girls were not doing their sit-ups and push-ups fast enough, we would all be forced to lie down with our buttocks high in the air and our shoulders, arms and knees on the floor. Once, we were leathered 16 times. Our behinds were swollen for days, and it didn't help to have to sit in class five hours a day!—*C.W.T. (name and address withheld), Binghamton, N.Y.*

I have taken a special affection to Penthouse. It is so honest in all its presentations and the articles about enemas are terrific. Since I can remember, I have had enemas but never felt I should enjoy taking them, till I read your letters. My wife and I now take enemas together. Thanks to Penthouse, we are learning to enjoy them with our sex life.

For years, we secretly took them, but never in each other's presence. My wife regularly gave enemas to our three teenage boys for nearly every ailment and, as they grew up, she began to feel slightly guilty when she discovered two of them were getting erections during the procedure. Now she knows we all have this sensual feeling and there is nothing wrong in giving them this healthy intimacy with their natural cravings, but we would not give our boys enemas unless we felt they were needed for a health situation.—*B.W. (name and address withheld), Quebec, Montreal, Canada.*

Through my work as a hospital orderly and through self-experimentation, I have learned about successful methods of giving and receiving an enema. Basically the enema is a colonic stimulant that results in a strong peristaltic action. In the male particularly, this action stimulates the prostate gland, thereby heightening the sexual urge, often resulting in a more satisfying ejaculation. For success, the enema must be given slowly and gently. The desired position is lying on the left side with the upper thigh and knee flexed (Sims position). Most adults can take from 1 to 1½ quarts of solution, which can be simply hot water about 105 degrees F. However, the conventional soapsuds solution is very effective and provides additional stimulation.

If soap is used, it should be mild. One hospital supplier has a special liquid enema soap in premeasured, disposable units that affords a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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For men who enjoy women.

Braggi Cologne, the authoritative fragrance—rich, sophisticated, concentrated—created by Charles Revson. So that we may introduce you to Braggi, we present the Discovery Kit (After Shave Lotion and Pre-Blade Beard Softener). Order it now at a very special introductory $1.50, with any purchase from the complete collection of Braggi grooming essentials.

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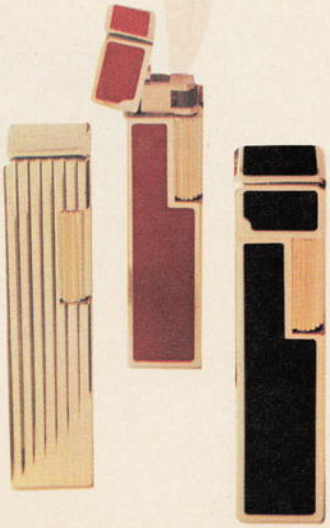

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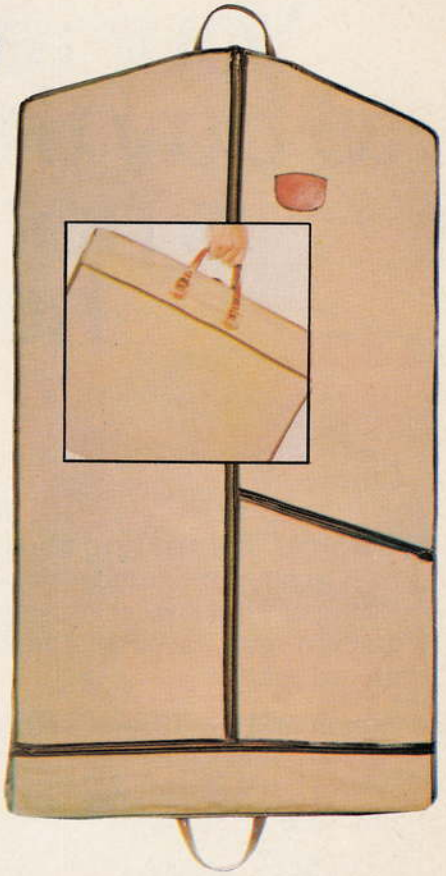

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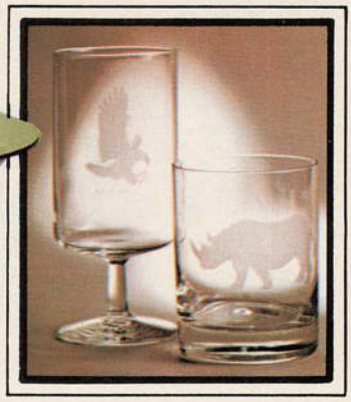

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All the music that brought 100,000 screaming, cheering people to their feet. Including a new version of "Evil Ways" (featuring Buddy on drums), the most exciting recording of "Them Changes" (with Carlos on guitar), and lots more rock history, as it was being made.

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convenient-to-use uniform dosage. Either the conventional enema bag or a soft rubber rectal tube connected to an irrigating can may be employed. After a full enema has been taken, the solution should be held in for a few minutes until a strong urge to evacuate results.

Sexual partners often enjoy giving each other enemas prior to intercourse. I used to believe that the enema was an uncomfortable and embarrassing treatment when one was sick, but now I regularly use it, both as a relaxant and as a stimulating preliminary to the sexual encounter.—*J.S.B. (name and address withheld), Hanover, N.H.*

Beckoning bald

The letter from my compatriot, J.M. (June) about completely shaven women caught my eye. When I met the girl who is now my wife, I had no idea she was hairless owing to an illness when she was 16. During our courtship, I found out she had no pubic hair, but I thought she had shaved it off. When I asked her to marry me, she told me of her illness and her hairless condition. Then she took off her wig and showed me her bald head. It was quite a shock, but I found it exciting.

On our honeymoon night, when she stripped completely, she looked so sexy standing there completely nude with not a hair anywhere on her body that I almost lost control. Sometimes at parties and other select gatherings my wife will slip off her wig and the guests go wild. The men can hardly keep their hands off her bald head!—*S.Y. (name and address withheld), Toronto, Canada.*

Within six months of the start of my marriage (I was 18, my husband 27) he talked me into shaving my pubic hair. That was eight years ago. I had many misgivings about it and we had some very hot arguments, but once I took the step and lived with it for a while there was no road back to my strawberry blonde triangle! Now I have a wonderful feeling of "freedom" and tremendous female sexual vitality as well as a rising surge of what might vulgarly be termed "Pussy Power". Shortly after shedding my little beard, I also gave up wearing panties.

My husband and I are well matched sexually now, though when we first married his constant preoccupation with sex generally, and with my sexual parts specifically, caused me not a little worry. During our first three years of marriage, I underwent the transition from girl to woman, a very fortunate awakening for me, since we have met many couples where the wives have retained immature and girlish concepts, some of them even into their early 30s. I credit my nude little bunny with helping me to grow up sexually. Since I keep things under control daily—I shave while showering—I have grown used to, and familiar with, my own body. I really groove on the warm soapy massaging and the slick, clean feeling the razor leaves. I always cream and powder the shaved areas and I find the sensation most erotic. It is very sexy to feel the soft, satiny texture of that skin which formerly was hairy and not half so pretty.

Being naked brings to mind our first "trial" visit to a nudist park in Western Massachusetts. I discovered immediately that a pubic hair bush draws hardly one glance from nudists, but a defoliated crotch almost causes a riot. We were told later by some of the younger men that a confrontation with a shaved pussy is raw, blatant, gut sex which challenges virile and uncomplicated male feelings. Pubic hair aficionados remind me of horny little boys under a boardwalk getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

WAS THE BRASS MONKEY A WOMAN?

Further speculations concerning the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

Bits and pieces of the Brass Monkey legend are still surfacing. As hard to pin down as quicksilver, as boneless as oysters, but as hard to ignore as the jolt of brass knuckles. The truth? Where does it lie?

Candidly, we don't know.

It is rumored that early in 1942 the Japanese Imperial Secret Service began a concentrated search for an agent. Code name: Brass Monkey. Affiliation: our side.

Gossip had it that a trafficker in information, probably Ha Fat, the quinine dealer, had put the Secret Service onto a drinking club in the port of Macao.

The Japanese began around the clock surveillance.

Heavy Traffic

The Club's heaviest trade was in a sunshine yellow drink. It was named, like the club itself, after a small brass figurine perched in a niche beside the entrance: The Brass Monkey.

Soldiers of fortune, riff-raff, purported agents, and double agents, ordered the Brass Monkey. Smiled, were content, and went on with their business, nefarious and otherwise.

A Clue

One night an Imperial Observer was said to have noticed an unusual pattern. The club entertainer — a Eurasian chanteuse of notable endowments who called herself Loyana — sang the same song repeatedly. Each time upon request.

Loyana's Swan Song

Next night, the Imperial Agent allegedly returned with a cryptologist from the Code Division of the Kempeitei. Could he discern a message in Loyana's song, "My Love is a Man of Gold"? Was there a code in the lyrics? In the changing notes of the accompaniment?

Was the Brass Monkey a woman?

Perhaps Loyana was "invited" to give a command performance in a lonely, fog-wrapped warehouse.

Perhaps after hours of "persuasion" she was forced to tell it all.

In any event, the night following the time-of-many-singings, Loyana disappeared. Not long after, the club closed. Not the Japanese file on the case, though. Till the end of the war the Brass Monkey was rumored to be a monkey wrench in the plans of the Axis.

Still A Mystery

Who then, was the Brass Monkey? Legend has it that Allied Agents learned his identity from the coaster served with the Brass Monkey cocktail. When they crossed out the words, "No Evil," then removed all the letters from "The Brass Monkey" which did not appear in "See, Hear, Speak," they were left with the name: H. E. Rasske. That name, though, could have been an anagram for E. H. Kessar. Or Rhea Kess. A woman.

H.E.'s Homage?

Hearsay has it that every few years since the end of WW II, a gray-haired gentleman visits a nun's cloister in Hong Kong across the estuary from Macao. Could he be the same man who some say once enjoyed a relationship with Loyana? The same, perhaps, who is identified as H. E. Rasske, inventor of the Brass Monkey cocktail?

What's a Brass Monkey?

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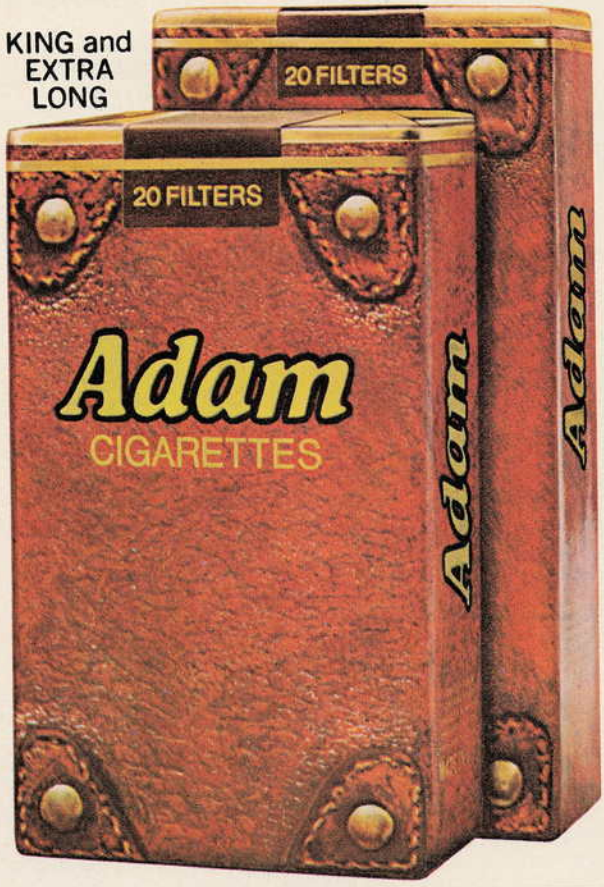
Brown makes the difference.
The special brown wrapper actually adds to Adam's natural, mellow flavor.
Adam. It's a good taste to get back to.



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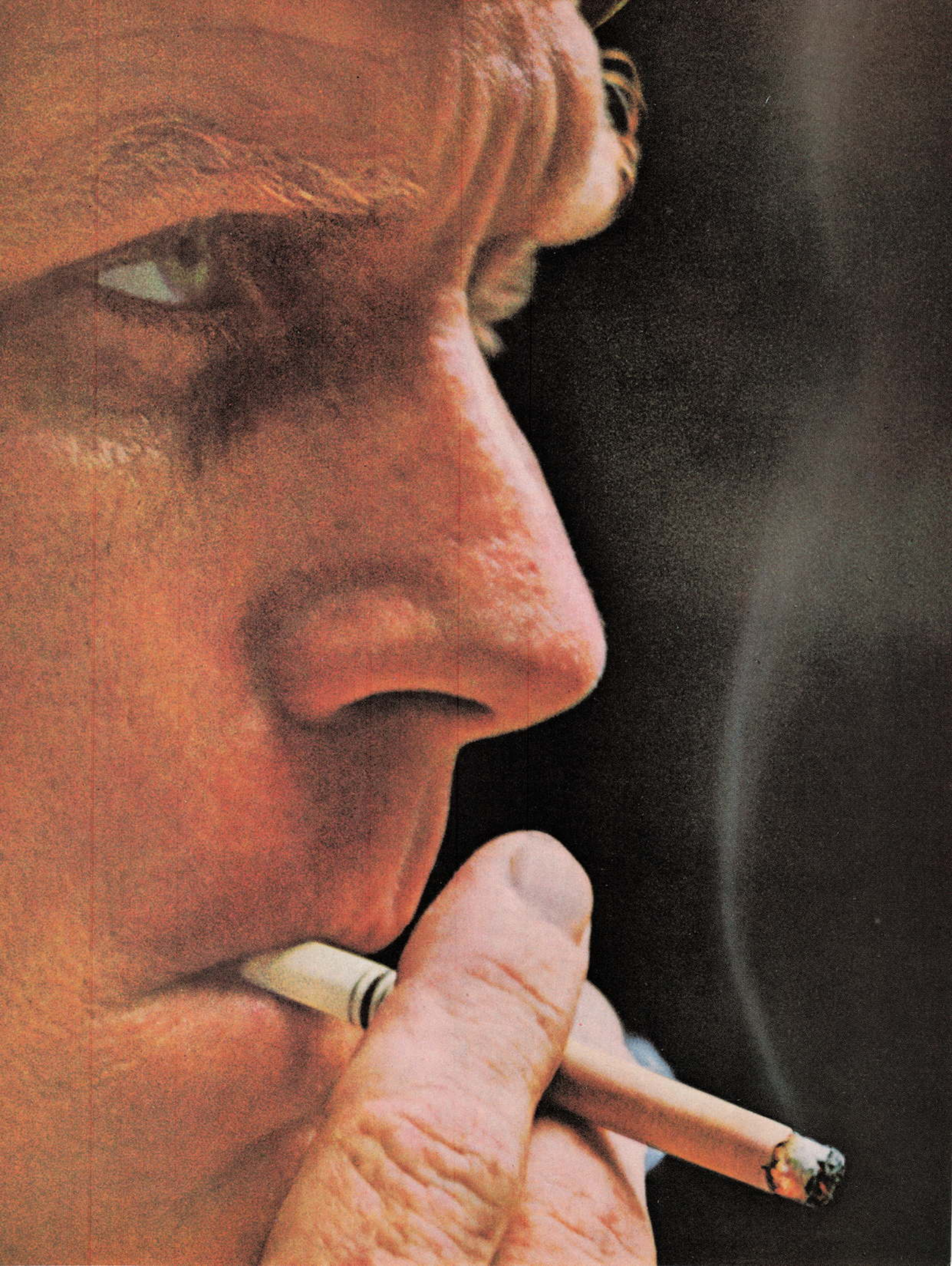

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turned on by "peeping" up the girls' skirts—lookers not doers, morbidly fascinated by what's concealed, yet afraid of what's there to be revealed! It takes a healthy man to make a strong and effective response to direct vaginal impact.

When we eventually became members of this nudist park, my hairless "li'l number" became a popular topic of conversation, especially among the women. Several said they would love to shave and their husbands had even urged it, but they lacked the courage to try. During the first summer, one of the younger and most attractive mothers required minor surgery and the usual prerequisite "tummy trim". When she returned to the park, I successfully encouraged her to pick up a razor and stay all bare. That was a beginning—now, three summers later, we have seven shavers going strong, and a bunch of potentials teetering on the brink as well.

I won't detail all the marvelous sensual and visual contributions total nudity brings to my sex life, but will close with the idea that if you are young, attractive and have a man who turns you on, shave and please him like he's never been pleased before. It's the most fascinating interest-arouser there is. Show him the *total* you.—*Mrs. F.D.A. (name and address withheld), Two Rivers, Wisconsin.*

Hair and there

In July's issue you printed a letter from H. L. P. of Olean, N.Y., in which he stated: "Another advantage of pubic hairs is that they tell you the true color of the maiden's hair. This method is absolutely foolproof." If he ever met me intimately, I think he would be surprised. I have been a natural blonde all my life, but my pubic hair is black. My eyelashes and eyebrows are black, and the rest of my hair is blonde. Yet I have never bleached or dyed any of my hair.—*Theresa Howell, N. Clay, Nevada, Mo.*

Middle-aged spreads

I would like to endorse the views advanced by D. Stoessel, D.H. and G.P. in Penthouse Forum (August). I, too, want to see your magazine drop the apparent requirement that nude pictorials feature only the youngest women. Middle-aged, even elderly, ladies are just as beautiful, and a vast segment of the world's male population finds them even more engaging.

Famed photographer Jay Arnold has stated that any woman can be induced to pose in the nude if she is convinced that the photographer will capture the beauty of her body and that the photographs will not be used in any way that might demean or embarrass her. Since the magnificent photography of Penthouse is produced and published in a way that never fails to exalt its subjects, you are supremely qualified to bring your readers the first *au naturel* photos of the famous ladies listed by your readers: if these ladies will disrobe for anyone's camera, they will do so for Penthouse.

The most celebrated of these women, Jackie Onassis, has, it seems, already been photographed in a state of nature: an Italian photographer, Guilio Garitano, used a telescopic lens to snap her as she skinnydipped in the Mediterranean surf. I strongly urge Penthouse to obtain and publish these pictures. I am certain that your presentation of them would leave Mrs Onassis not only unembarrassed, but flattered to the point of willingness to pose intentionally for Penthouse afterwards.

In any case, I strongly suggest you move towards presenting nude pictorials of famous women of whatever age. Pleased as I am to confront the Penthouse Pet each month, I would be far more attentive to similar portraiture of, say, Barbara Walters or Candice Bergen. If the lady is famous, one sees a nude *person*, but if one has never head of her, one sees merely a nude *body*. The former is, I believe, infinitely more exciting.—*Steve Williams, Prince St., Kannapolis, N.C.*

Sex at a sitting

I recently picked up my first copy of Penthouse and, needless to say, my wife and I were very impressed. In particular, the article *Erotic Fantasies Revealed* (June) has driven my wife to the wildest climaxes she has ever attained and she is looking forward to reading more of the same.

In your May issue, D.R. of Portage, Wis., doesn't know what he is missing if he hasn't had his wife sit on his face. I can answer most of his questions because my wife occasionally prefers to take a more active role during love-making. Sometimes she straddles my chest and I then bring her forward so I can use my mouth and tongue over her sex, while she applies whatever pressure she desires to excite me the most. My hands are free to caress her breasts and almost any part of her body. We think this quite normal, just as all acts of cunnilingus and fellatio are, no matter what the position. I love feeling that soft, luscious body with that fantastic fluid to lick up.

As for his story of the "naked revolt", I do not wish to deflate D.R. but those Freedomite women did not turn me on, because they were without exception very old and fat. So when they stripped to demonstrate, their protests left me cold.—*M.T. (name and address withheld), Redlands, Calif.*

Blind man's buff

For myself and my husband, touching is the most sexual activity that we can think of. When we were going together, after hours of French kissing, we started heavy petting. We used to play a game whereby we blindfolded ourselves, taped a small object somewhere on our bodies, then felt each other to find the object. The winner then took off the blindfold and watched his (or her) mate masturbate. It was fabulous!

You'd be surprised what a blindfold can do for increasing the feel during a climax. We started making love with our eye-masks on, and in our six years of marriage, we continue this practice at least three times a week. Even when we go down on each other, the combined feeling of touch, smell and taste without sight is exquisite. We both sleep blindfold each night, and every time my husband puts his hand on my snatch, when I can't see what he's doing, I go up the wall!

We've had parties where we had couples (both married and singles we've known in college) come over. Everyone gets undressed, puts blindfolds on, then walks around until an alarm goes off, then we make love to the nearest member of the opposite sex. It's great when you are screwing someone that you don't know—it's practically rape! At the end, we all get up and move around, so you still don't know who made you.

We even have a game where a girl (like myself) with a mask on has to identify her husband or boyfriend by a short blow-job of all the males present. It's amazing how confused you can get when you can't see, but it's great fun. And as for the men, they do the equivalent thing with the girls.—*Mrs. M.K. (name and address withheld), Herkimer, N.Y.*

Sometimes...opportunity knocks twice.

RE-113

RE-115

RE-111

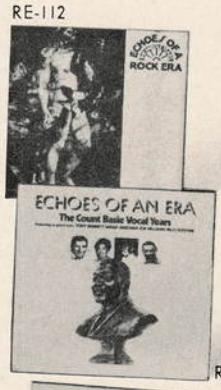
RE-114

RE-120

ECHOES OF AN ERA
The Best of Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker-John Coltrane
ECHOES OF AN ERA
The Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie Years

RE-105

RE-112



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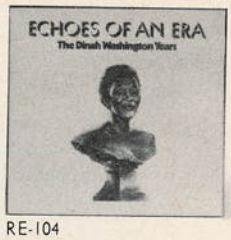

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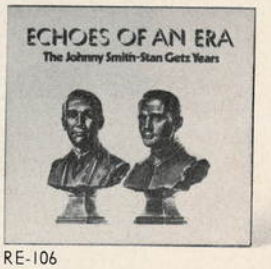

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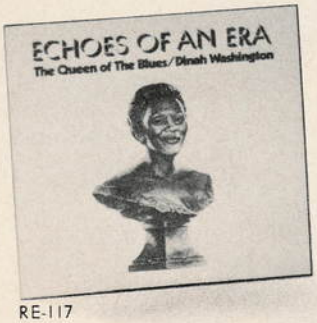

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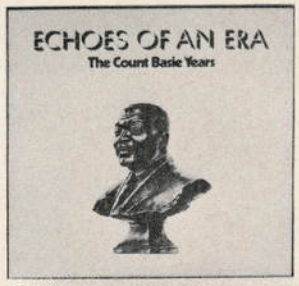

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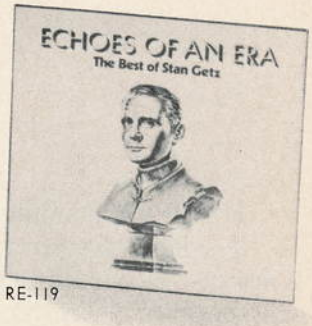

RE-119

Maybe you were too young, or you were in the service, or you were out of the country, or maybe just plain broke. Anyway you missed out on owning Dinah Washington's "NOBODY KNOWS THE WAY I FEEL THIS MORNING"—or Dizzy Gillespie jamming with Coltrane and Parker, or Basie, "Sassy" Sarah Vaughn, or Pearl Bailey.

Now, Roulette Records has created a rare opportunity. It's going to give you a second chance. A chance to hear and realize why Dinah Washington was and is "The Queen of the Blues" long before the term "SOUL" was coined. Why "Bird" lives, why Basie and Band still pack 'em in, and Satchmo appealed to old and young alike.

The ECHOES OF AN ERA series is actually a Jazz-R & B-Early Rock library collection of the best of everything. Each album is a two-record set, a veritable concert in each package; but the rarest part of this opportunity is the price. You get a two-record set for the cost of a single LP! If you don't take advantage this time, blame yourself. Let's face it, this isn't opportunity knocking a second time. It's opportunity breaking in the door!

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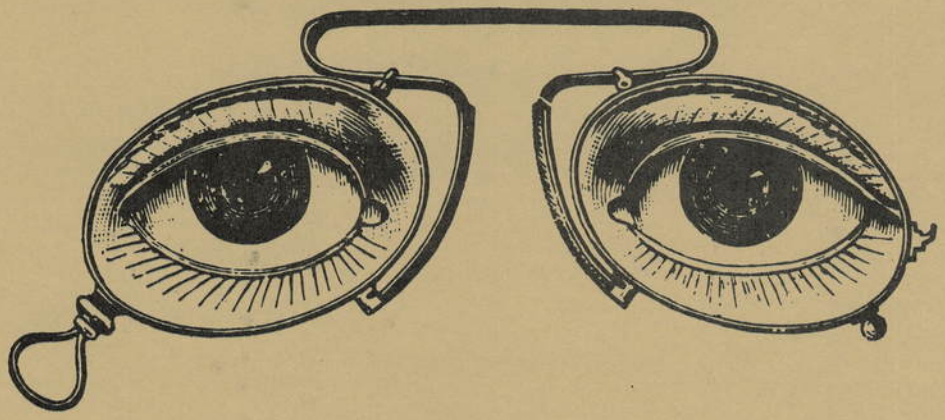
VIEW FROM THE TOP



WINNING THE HEARTS AND MINDS

This hasn't been a very good year for the airline traveler, what with Japanese gunning down Puerto Ricans in the Jerusalem terminal in the name of Palestinian independence, and Ethiopians commandeering the Philadelphia shuttle (and everybody on it) for an impromptu Mexican vacation. Another plane was hijacked by a man evidently gotten up like Harpo Marx in dark glasses, with a huge, patently false wig and a big floppy coat. He carried his machine-gun aboard in what appeared to be a trombone case. It might just as well have been a machine-gun case. Maybe it was.

The response of the airlines to this bizarre menace—one man, attempting to get from Los Angeles to San Francisco, was hijacked twice in a single day, by different hijackers—has not exactly been as efficient as one might like. In certain terminals, devices resembling hookless coat-racks are set up for the passengers to file between while boarding. The idea is to detect guns, detonators, bullets, fingernail clippers, etc. In some terminals, too, steely-eyed men are stationed by the ramp, ready to pounce on anyone who even looks at the plane crosseyed. These precautions have resulted in the arrest of numerous law-abiding dope-smokers who were packing a joint or two in the cuffs of their pants, but neither the metal detectors nor the steely-eyed men succeeded in noticing a nut in a fright wig carrying a trombone case. It makes you wonder.

Then there's the National Railroad Passenger Corporation which runs almost all the remaining intercity trains in the country. Remarkably few people have ever heard of it, because remarkably few people ride intercity trains anymore—though more of them have begun doing so recently rather than face the prospect of being kidnapped to Samoa by a pregnant Ecuadorian broad jumper armed with a bazooka smuggled aboard disguised as a tuba.

There are also cars and buses (and staying home), but buses are claustrophobic and always seem to smell bad even when they don't, and driving a private car brings one face to face with the problems of fatigue, traffic, and getting hopelessly, maddeningly lost in Trenton. (Automobiles are, however, good for wrecking planes. In Saint Louis not long ago, a citizen who had evidently gotten fed up with hijacking drove his Cadillac through two fences and a number of cops and collided with the landing gear of a hijacked airliner that was in the process of taking off. The hijacker was not foiled but it must have given him a bad moment. The citizen received a concussion and an indictment. The car was a total loss.)

It is no great hardship to take the train to Washington, thanks to the Metroliner. It is, in fact, a positive pleasure, provided you can get a seat. A 110 mph electrified projectile of stainless steel, equipped with radio-telephones, wall-to-wall carpeting, swivel chairs, waiters in monkey jackets, chemical toilets, and air conditioning that really works, the Metroliner easily qualifies as a crack train. It gets you from New York to Washington in just under three hours, with maximum comfort, minimum hassle, and no more than the usual amount of baggage schlepping. It is the only crack train in the East. It is also the only consistently, solidly profitable one. Possibly the traveling public is trying to tell the railroad people something.—*L. J. Davis.*

MULTI-NATIONAL NIGHTMARE

Since big business is a majority stockholder in the federal government, it's pretty hard to talk about one without talking about the other. Perhaps it's always been that way, but surely never so much as at present.

Jack Anderson's revelations that International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. was trying to run the affairs of Chile shocked the Senate Foreign Relations Committee into assigning Senator Frank Church's subcommittee to investigate "the extent to which U.S. foreign policy is the handmaiden of the multi-national corporations' policies".

Canada, awakening to the dreadful fact that it has become a corporate colony to the United States, is talking about passing stricter laws to curb the expansion of the multinational corporations, and it is this talk that has prompted Nixon to intensify his courtship of Canadian politicians.

A confidential Canadian government study—parts of which have leaked out—relates in somber tones what the whole world can anticipate if the multi-national corporations (called multi-national enterprises, or MNEs, in Canada) continue to grow and spread. The report strikes an uneasy tone from the outset:

"It is estimated that about 80% of all U.S. foreign direct investment is accounted for by some 200 firms (e.g. General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, Singer, Esso, ITT, etc). About 100 non-U.S. firms comprise the major MNEs of the rest of the world (e.g. Nestle, Shell, Lever Brothers, etc.). This means that about 300 MNEs, two-thirds of them U.S.-controlled, dominate the field of foreign direct investment . . ." The report predicts fewer but larger multi-national corporations in the future, and this increasing concentration of clout *"will tend to reduce the abilities of national governments to control their own economic destiny.* The logic of this development is that national governments and MNEs are on a collision course."

So long as our 200 multi-national corporations can persuade the U.S. government to do their dirty work for them in foreign affairs, it will mean that other nations will be dragged into a series of dangerous confrontations with the United States. But there is an even more ominous future, noted by Canadian officials in their report: "If MNEs were to develop to the point where they become the major organizers of production in the world, they would undoubtedly be a major power. But power responsible to whom? At the moment this power is wielded largely by national governments responsible to their electorates. *In a world dominated by large and powerful MNEs, to whom would non-elected boards and management of multi-national enterprises be responsible?"*

An equally ominous answer was given at the recent White House Conference on the Industrial World Ahead. In effect the answer was: "We would be responsible to nobody." Carl A. Gerstacker, board chairman of Dow Chemical Company said: "I have long dreamed of buying an island owned by no nation, and of establishing the World Headquarters of the Dow Company on the truly neutral ground of such an island, beholden to no nation or society." Indeed, it is more than a dream, he said: "We appear to be moving strongly in the direction of what might be called 'anational' companies, nationless companies."

He and other spokesmen for the multi-national corporations defended this move with the argument that it made them "peacemakers". Their logic: since nationalism causes wars, anything that promotes internationalism promotes peace. Gerstacker told the conference: "It is in reality the profit motive that makes industry responsible to social needs. It is the profit motive that makes a corporation responsive to the climate within which it operates."

Such arguments are spoiled, unfortunately, by the memory of Dow's "socially needed" napalm splattering all over the Vietnam landscape and the memory of Jersey Standard's "peacemaking" ties with I. G. Farben, the infamous Nazi corporation, even after the beginning of World War II—*Robert Sherrill.*

CRY HAVOC

"It appears to us that the Senator would have been wielding a double-edged sword in the shape of a boomerang that would have come home to plague him and beat him by a large majority."—*Northampton (Mass) Hampshire Gazette.*

Oh, it's probably only a red herring in a teacup.

ALL MOD CON

"Modern house, sex bedrooms, two reception, etc."—Advertisement in *Dalton's Weekly.*

The best sort.

HAPPENINGS

HOW TO CHEAT THE COMPUTER

Nearly every single person in the Western world is listed in somebody's files. Nine out of ten American workers are registered with the Social Security Administration; the Department of Defense has dossiers on 25 million persons; the FBI has fingerprints of 85 million, about one quarter of whom have been arrested at one time or another. And a similar situation prevails in virtually every country. It is not too far-fetched to visualize a day when every citizen of the world could be on file at some central computer, or accountable to some bureaucratic summons.

But there are, of course, people outside the network: draft dodgers from the Vietnam war, fugitives who for one reason or another have had to change their identity and drop out of the system, and others shrewd enough never to have gotten in. If you don't get a social security card when you first start work and don't pay taxes when they first fall due it's hard for the authorities to prove you actually exist.

And here's where the irony lies: the increasing efficiency of the network with its tendency to deal binarily but abstractly with names and numbers rather than troublesome human beings has, it's true, made it possible to register more and more people. But it has also provided an increasingly flexible cover for false identities. If your ID card, your birth certificate, your membership cards, driver's license, diplomas and credit cards all bind you closer to the computer and are additional evidence of your identity, then whatever name is listed on those cards is irrefutably who you are. In effect, the more false evidence you manufacture the more secure your position becomes.

That's the theme of a widely circulated pamphlet, *The Paper Trip,* which is being passed around among the American subculture at this time when millions are rushing to add their name to yet another list—as voters. "You can vote in every precinct you care to register in, so long as you have a different ID for each 'voter' and a mail box in that precinct. Room for thought here, anarchists," writes the pamphlet's anonymous author. "Beating the draft is a cinch, too, with good ID. Just disappear into a different person."

The Paper Trip, a cheaply printed 14-page booklet with a 35c cover price, bears the imprint of The People's Press, Iowa City but omits, perhaps wisely, any address. It lists various categories of individuals who might need new identities (e.g. people who can't get jobs or credit because of undesirable service discharges, arrest records or derogatory ratings) and then goes into considerable detail about how to obtain new credentials, beginning with birth certificates and going on to credit cards, club memberships and drivers' licenses. There are even sections on appointing oneself a notary and changing one's handwriting or fingerprints.

To improve one's employment status the booklet recommends buying the appropriate form and filling it in for the diploma or degree you want. It emphasises, however, that the most impressive documents are the ones you obtain "legitimately" from official sources.

"Remember", it adds, "let the government do it for you. They have to believe their own paper and always will."

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

World citizenship is an idea whose time seems to have arrived. Since last winter the tiny Swiss office of the World Service Authority at number 10 on Basle's Schillerstrasse has been processing world passports at the rate of 20 to 30 a day. More than 4,000 individuals are now holders of the WSA-issued 32-page document which emulates national passports from its stiff blue cover to the stamps and seals it bears, together with the provisions printed inside it in five languages (including Esperanto).

The World Service Authority claims that its mandate to issue passports stems from the Universal Declaration for Human Rights, signed by the 47 founder-members of the United Nations back in 1948. Clause 13 maintains that "everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country" and the WSA passport claims to identify its bearer as "a *de facto* citizen of the world community . . . born" (again quoting the UN charter) "free and equal in dignity and rights."

For most of the WSA's decade-long existence interest in world passports has been meagre—less than a dozen applications each month—but in the past year interest has mushroomed, partly as a result of Common Market attitudes and the general relaxation of travel restrictions.

The big question about the world passport, of course, is: Can you use it? And the answer so far seems to be not proven. Garry Davis, self-styled World Citizen No. 00001, who started the whole thing, says he's crossed back and forth between France and Switzerland with no trouble and displays stamped-in visas from India, Afghanistan and Saudi Arabia; other holders have also sent in occasional reports of their trips. But the World Service Authority hasn't collated any statistics on the matter yet and prefers to let things ride for the time being..

"Journalists are particularly sympathetic to the idea—most of the passports issued from our Geneva office are to journalists at the Palais des Nations—but hippies, businessmen and travel personnel are also high on our rolls. You don't have to give up your papers to own a world passport; it's just a matter of extending your citizenship to the entire world."

Davis tore up his own American passport back in the late '50s and became an international *cause célèbre* in the process. Passports, he says, are a symbol not of freedom to travel but restrictions on travel and he submits that the world passport is a transitional document which might help to whittle away the rules until documents aren't needed at all.

For many years now he has lived in France, selling water softeners for a living and proselytizing for world government and international peace with every spare moment. He pays about 76% of his French taxes on the grounds that citizens who don't withhold the amount that goes to the military are "accomplices . . . paying for the war. Peace-making is a personal responsibility," he says. "Those of us who leave the peace-making and war-making to statesmen have surrendered our sovereignty."

Universal acceptance of the world passport seems a long way off—even the United States, Davis' own birthplace, refuses to stamp his, allowing him to re-enter the country only on the basis of his Paris-issued document for refugees and stateless persons—but its very existence brings a Utopian ideal one step closer to reality.—*John Wilcock*

SHOWS

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

Deliverance is a cinemasterpiece, only just a banjo pluck away from perfection. It's from the James Dickey novel of two years ago, the story of four middle-aged romantics who run into almost more reality than they can bear on a wild river in northern Georgia.

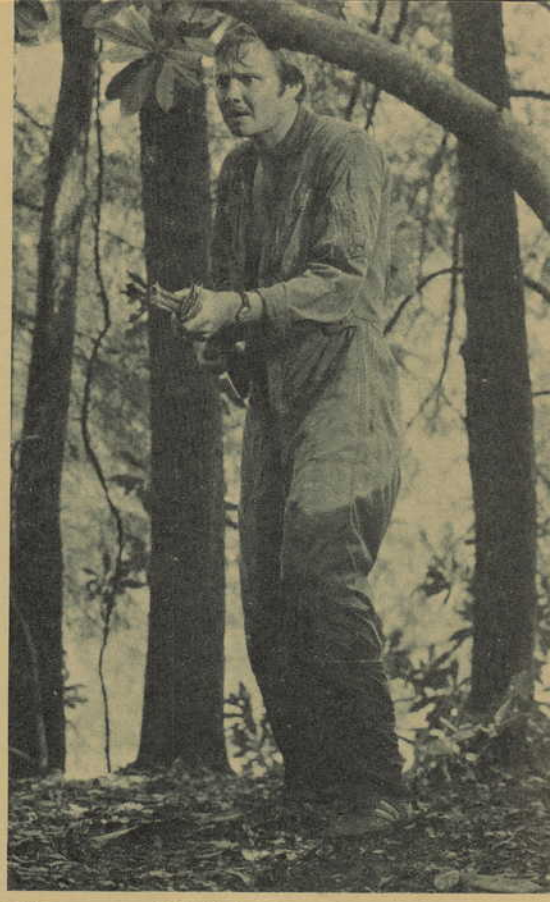
Lewis (Burt Reynolds) is the quintessential jock who dares to lead his buddies on a canoe trip down a treacherous river in a treacherous land where more than a century of in-breeding has done something to the people's genetic code.

But everyone's a little tetched. "You're crazy," a hillbilly tells Lewis at the beginning of the trip. "You don't know nothin'. What do you want to fuck around with that river for?"

"Because," Lewis says airily, "it's there." And won't be, for much longer, because a projected dam will soon make the raging river into a lake. Early in the story, there is a kind of sentimentality expressed about this river and some shots of the dam-raped landscape make you want to click your tongue and decry "progress". Your heart goes out to Lewis, at play in the forest of the Lord.

But soon it emerges he's a fool for leading three weaklings into elemental danger. "Sometimes," says Lewis, "you have to lose yourself before you can find anything." The men find nothing but terror.

After their first night's camp, Lewis and Drew (Ronny Cox) go off hunting with bow and arrow and two mountain men, simpletons, assault Bobby (Ned Beatty) and Ed (Jon Voight). As one of the men holds a shotgun, the other does the porcine Bobby in the ass and insists he squeal like a pig in the process. Then they turn to Ed. The man with the shotgun, a toothless degenerate, says Ed's got "a pretty mouth", forces him to his knees, hands



Deliverance: *John Voight as reluctant hero*

over his shotgun to his leering buddy and unbuttons his pants. Zing! His buddy is transfixed with an arrow through his middle, Ed grabs the shotgun and runs off.

Drew wants to tell the authorities. It's a clear case of justifiable homicide, self defense under sexual assault, at gunpoint. No, says Lewis. No mountain jury would say that. Bobby says, "Bury him. I don't want this getting around."

So they bury the corpse in the forest and hustle back into their canoes and onto the rapids. Then, a shot from the cliff above, Drew tumbles into the stream, the canoes collide, the men tumble down a steep falls. Lewis is hurt badly. Bobby is paralyzed with fear. Drew is gone. The three of them hunker down under the cliff, knowing they are easy targets if they get back on the river. So Ed waits for dark, shoulders his bow and arrows and scales the sheer rock cliff. When light dawns, he figures, the toothless marksman will be waiting.

A literal cliffhanger. Jon Voight is perfect as the slightly soft, unwilling hero. Man against mountain. Man against a mountain man. Man against himself.

Appreciate this movie as simply a rattling good adventure story. Or appreciate the message: that the world is not a gentle world nor are many of the men who walk upon it gentle men. It is not a picture for romantics.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS

"Every few minutes," we are reminded at the beginning of *Parades*, "someone goes AWOL from the Army". *Parades* purports to tell us what happens to a couple of dozen American

AWOLs after they are caught and returned to an Army stockade.

Some reporters have already offered impressive documentation about the cruelty and savagery in our service stockades. But *Parades* isn't going to open anyone's eyes to "the way it really is". There is a make-believe quality to the film.

A young redhead (Russ Thacker) keeps trying to commit suicide. "I got four illegitimate kids in Saigon," he says, "and they're screaming for help inside my head." An interesting idea. This soldier is a baby himself, yet he has four bastards in Saigon. It's an idea, however, that comes from nowhere and goes nowhere in the film.

The chief sadist, Sgt. Hook (Brad Sullivan), has a lean and hungry look and carries a four-foot, symbolic pencil to poke people with. But he isn't nearly as mean and menacing as Ernest Borgnine was in *From Here To Eternity*. The chaplain (Andrew Duncan) is a fool, a tool of the military-ecclesiastical Establishment who goes about looking confused. But he isn't a patch on Anthony Perkins' chaplain in *Catch-22*.

Producer-director Robert J. Siegel apparently intended this as a sort of recruiting film in reverse and those who abhor the Army should applaud the effort. Unfortunately, the film's style works against that intention, and it will make few converts to the cause.

At the end of the picture, a choir of unseen voices sing "America, America". The flower children and the gas-masked guards confront one another in two marching phalanxes. The guards shoot the children. Kent State. Right? Well, not exactly. The guards fire point blank, from a distance of two feet, their faces devoid of any emotion. So this is Kent State without feeling. Unreal. *Parades* ends up then as fiction, and bad fiction at that. -*Robert Kaiser*

Parades: *Brad Sullivan as chief sadist*

WORDS

DIGGER STANDS UP

Emmett Grogan is a name that appeared in Haight-Ashbury along with the Diggers, a shadowy group that produced very real food, clothing, and rock parties, all "free because it's yours". The name has been shrouded not so much in mystery as in mystification, since confusion was deliberately spread with statements like: "The leader of the Diggers doesn't exist, and his name is Emmett Grogan, a hoax . . ." "Emmett Grogan is the generic term for an existential hero of our time . . ." "Whenever a Digger identifies himself as 'Emmett Grogan' it means nothing, since all Diggers call themselves Emmett Grogan . . ." A favorite cry in Haight-Ashbury gatherings was, "Will the real Emmett Grogan please stand up."

Now he has stood up—in a full-dress autobiography called *Ringolevio, A Life Played for Keeps* (Little, Brown, $7.95). Of course, this too could be a hoax, but if it is, it's a diabolically skillful one. Its very improbabilities flow so innocently from the character presented that his exaggerations provide the strongest evidence that this is a real, if bizarre, life.

It is actually two lives, lived under separate names. The first was lived totally for the pleasure of Kenny Wisdom, as he gives his original name. The second life, as Emmett Grogan, can't be called selfless, because Grogan has a towering ego, but he hustled nothing for himself and he hustled harder than Kenny did.

The book opens with a cataclysmic game of ringolevio, a wild New York street game, which marked the end of Kenny's childhood. At 15, Kenny was serving his first of several prison terms and withdrawing cold-turkey from heroin. He conceived freedom as his only goal—its symbol a rich-man's suntan. He bought his freedom by a series of sophisticated jewel heists and, still in his teens, he got his suntan in Europe, taking time to make a prize-winning film and to murder a man who framed him.

The real Emmett Grogan appeared after Kenny was discharged from the army in San Francisco for going berserk with a bazooka—a patiently-planned escapade. Haight-Ashbury was beginning to flower, and in the flower kids' crazy search for freedom, Grogan found social expression for his own obsession with freedom.

His drive was and is toward direct action. Not political activism, but making things happen, right now, in the street. He believed the Diggers should be anonymous and should not join political protest, but should see what had to be done in a single community and do it. They quietly accepted the "Hippie Salvation Army" and "Robin Hood" bullshit in the press as a cover, but Emmett scorned the notion of "helping the poor" except to help them realize they could help themselves—to whatever they wanted.

The Diggers are gone, along with the Haight, but Emmett Grogan, boy burglar, self-styled murderer, wholesale hustler, legendary Digger, has his eyes on Brooklyn, where he aims to set up a free city on his old ringolevio turf.

THE MOTHER OF THEM ALL

Maybe the most interesting thing about *No Commercial Potential* (Outerbridge & Lazard, A Fusion Book $2.95), the saga of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention as told by David Walley, is that Zappa, America's leading counter-culture guru and creator of the original freak-out, should have gone to extraordinary lengths to keep you from reading it. Having at first co-operated with Walley, Zappa changed his mind and tried to stop distribution when the finished book turned out to chronicle not only his musical genius but also his abilities as a hustler. Zappa may have been surprised that so many of his former associates had negative feelings about him: example "I'm a little bitter about the fact that Frank has a tendency to deal with other people's lives in a not too nice way . . . The original Mothers . . . I hated to see them fucked over the way they were."

Walley has gone after the whole story and with Zappa that means precociousness, unhappy adolescence, Varese, Mexican bars in Southern California, 13 records, a movie, Zubin Mehta and the L.A. Philharmonic, Reuben and the Jets. It also means being the Beethoven of contemporary pop. And having an ego frail enough to be threatened by a book.

Actually Zappa doesn't have much to worry about. No rock star has yet had a "critical biography" that was more laudatory. Even the people who feel most wronged by Zappa never fail to mention his genius.

No Commercial Potential is laid out with some imagination though it has too many PR pictures of Zappa and the band and too few of other principals like Suzy Creamcheese. It's only a pity that Walley didn't give us a fatter package.

RECOMMENDED READING

A Wild Justice by Francis Clifford (Coward, $5.95). A novel of the Irish troubles. Short, intense, and true.

Sex Talk by Myron Brenton (Stein & Day, $7.95). Not another gimmick book, but a fresh and honest analysis of how we talk about sex, with advice on how to express yourself better in the situations where it counts.

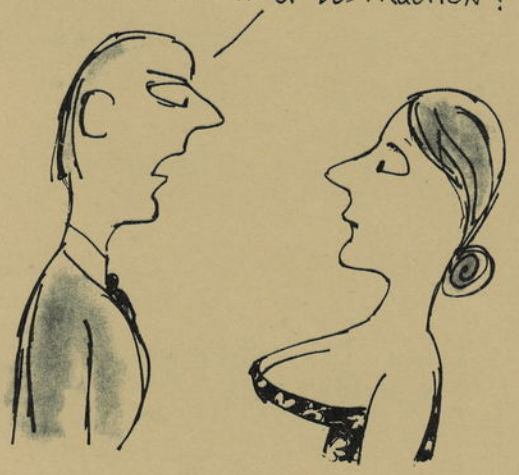
Payoff by Michael Dorman (McKay, $6.95). Exposé of organized crime in politics. Dorman's thesis is that some day organized crime will put a man in the White House and he won't know it until they hand him the bill.

G by John Berger (Viking, $7.95). Berger's wide-ranging talents sometimes get in the way as he re-creates a modern Don Juan myth, but nevertheless a rewarding and thoughtful book.—*Norman Hoss.*

GUCCIONE

ATOM AND EVE

ARE YOU AWARE, MISS PERRIMAN, THAT EVEN AS WE TALK A FINGER, SOMEWHERE, IS POISED ON THE BUTTON OF DESTRUCTION?



THAT ALL LIFE HANGS DESPERATELY IN THE BALANCE — PRECIOUS MOMENTS — WAITING — SECONDS, PERHAPS — TO LIVE — OR **DIE!**

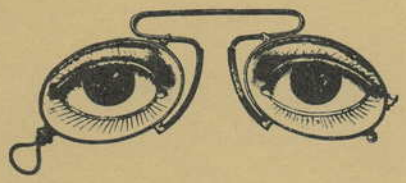
I VERY MUCH DOUBT — YES, **DOUBT**, THAT EVEN NOW, MISS PERRIMAN, EVEN NOW WILL WE HAVE TIME TO REACH MY FLAT — WE — CAN — ONLY — TRY —

THAT TIME IS SLOWLY, METHODICALLY, SEEPING AWAY — FROM MOMENT TO TROUBLED MOMENT — THE FINGER — PAUSING — SEARCHING —

THINK OF IT, MISS PERRIMAN, OF PROMISE UNFULLFILLED, OF THIRSTS UNQUENCHED, MOMEMT TO MOMENT — **TIME**, MISS PERRIMAN, **TIME** ELUDES US —

THEY USED TO CALL IT **SEDUCTION**, TODAY WE CALL IT **ROCKET RATTLE**

Guccione



SOUNDS

Getting it on record

Sha Na Na were, in one way, the most visually exciting band in *Woodstock*, the fabled festival flick that's been wowing hip-attempters since its release two years ago. They came on like a '50s street gang, duck-tailed hair greased back, 12 of them, all in gold lamé, running through ancestral rock memories that ranged from the notorious Danny and the Juniors' "At the Hop", to the simplicity of "Sixteen Candles". In the movie, and in their live act, Sha Na Na had the simplicity of an earth-mover, the grace of a jellyfish, the subtlety of a Demolition Derby.

Musically, the lamé became merely lame. Sha Na Na's first two albums, loaded with potential golden memories for everyone who cared about the history of pop music in the last decade wound up wimpy. "Some of those songs were as much as half a note off," one of the Columbia University pedants noted.

That missed the point by a large margin. The central fact of early rock and roll had been its nascent sensuality, its sense of sound as more important than technique. In trying to deny this crudity, Sha Na Na wound up nowhere: dull, unlistenable, not a little pretentious and eventually infuriating. The records were maddening precisely because of their live act. Even though Sha Na Na were college kids—education being something rock has never had much use for— they obviously had some feeling for the intuitive funk of the streets. But they couldn't bring it off on records.

That has changed now. Their new album, *The Night Is Still Young* (Kama Sutra), is almost as exciting as the group is live. Partially, of course, because much of the material is original and new. But even the oldies work better because Sha Na Na have opted for a new approach, one that is less slick and polished but more spirited and exciting.

At least partial credit is due to producer Jeff Barry. Barry began in the early '60s writing songs for Phil Spector's groups (the Crystals, Righteous Brothers, Ike and Tina Turner), and later formed his own label, Steed, whose primary asset was Andy Kim of "How'd We Ever Get This Way" fame. That kind of music is called bubble-gum now, but it is also good, solid AM radio sound and that is what Jeff brings to the Sha Na Na records. One cut, "Bounce In Your Buggy," is an almost can't-miss single. It should be on the radio by now.

Sha Na Na are, still, more popular abroad than they are here. The group's recent tour of England was even more successful than last year's. The '50s smorgasbord's appearances at the Great Western Festival were the hit of the weekend, and when they showed up at London's Speakeasy Club in pinstripe morning suits and bowler hats rather than their usual Eisenhower Era duds, the reception was unbelievable.

Sha Na Na: *"the grace of a jellyfish, the subtlety of a Demolition Derby"*

The last stop on the tour was an appearance at London's Crystal Palace, for an NBC TV special which aired in July. The opening shot had Sha Na Na members cavorting around the Buckingham Palace guards, those notoriously silent sentinels of the Crown. At one point—unfortunately not filmed — Sha Na Na drummer Jocko whispered something in the ear of one of the guards. Much to his surprise, the guard replied.

"What did he say?" we asked their manager.

"He said 'Rock and roll is here to stay, it will never die,' " he replied. "And the guard replied, 'Bullshit. The Anglican church is here to stay.' "

Can't win 'em all.—*Dave Marsh.*

Hartford Transplant

The face on the album cover wouldn't be recognizable to TV viewers, but it's the same John Hartford who, a few seasons back, played Ed McMahon to Glen Campbell on the latter's *Goodtime Hour*. It's the same John Hartford who penned one of the most pervasive '60s hits, "Gentle On My Mind".

It's the same John Hartford—but there have been severe alterations, personally and musically, for the Hollywood writer-musician since his salad days. His latest album, *Aereo Plain* (whose cover picture, he says, makes him "look like a grasshopper"), is a departure from his recent recordings and a return to the old-timey music he knew while growing up in Missouri.

When barely out of his 'teens, Hartford moved to Nashville and worked there for five years in radio and on recording sessions, honing his skill with 5-string banjo, fiddle and acoustic guitar. Next came the move to California, where he was catapulted to sudden fame and found himself picking banjo on network TV.

"Gentle On My Mind" became a hit by accident, Hartford now recalls. He had gone to see *Dr. Zhivago* and when he got home he had a song running through his mind. He taped it that night but didn't think it was anything special. "It sounded pretty good," Hartford remembers, "but it seemed too personal. I played it for my publisher and he liked it so he showed it to some Nashville singers. But they wouldn't record it because they didn't like the line about the sleeping bag stashed behind a couch."

Hartford finally recorded it himself as a single and it received some radio airplay in the Los Angeles area, where Glen Campbell happened to hear it on his car radio as he was driving home through Laurel Canyon. Campbell liked it and cut it for an album. "My version was going good and then *his* version was released and you know the rest."

All the while that Hartford was becoming a California success, he was gradually growing away from the star syndrome: "The change started several years back. It was that time in my life, I was married and there was that notion of being a musician and traveling. There were things in me I didn't want to deny. It was the same sort of head change that happened to people who let their hair grow

and smoke dope. It's no big deal. A greening, I guess."

Earlier in his recording career, he had worked frequently with Mason Williams, late of *The Smothers Brothers Show*, from whom he drew the inspiration to "record with 30 strings and 25 French horns and all that behind me. I had a lot of fun but it got me back to the point of simplicity."

Which is where John Hartford is now with *Aereo Plain*. On it, he's accompanied by Nashville acoustic giants Vassar Clements, Norman Blake and Tut Taylor. They do 16 old-time-flavored cuts, all but one authored by Hartford. The exception is "Turn Your Radio On", the gospel classic written by Albert E. Brumley, whom Hartford calls the "Bob Dylan of the 1940s."

That album has not been a crashing commercial success but that doesn't overly bother Hartford: "These last two years have been the best for me musically, but they've probably been the worst for me career-wise. After the television show, my prices and gigs have declined but I'm happier now. I wanted to go back to old-time music, which is what I was into before I was recording."

He brings to old-time country music a whimsical modern touch: rather like the S. J. Perelman of country music, his polished nonsensical lyrics draped over wide-open country picking. His subjects range from "Steam Powered Aereo Plane" (about a steam plane that would cruise at 35 mph with travelers sitting in deck chairs on the wings) to the capricious dope riddle "Holding" to "Steamboat Whistle Blues".

Steamboats, it turns out, are Hartford's second abiding passion, after music. "I'm a freak for Mississippi River steamboats. I'd love to be a riverboat pilot. It'd be so neat if I could make all my personal appearances by steamboat: you could crawl into an upper berth and get a good night's sleep or we could sit up on deck all night and pick."—*Chet Flippo*

True Browne

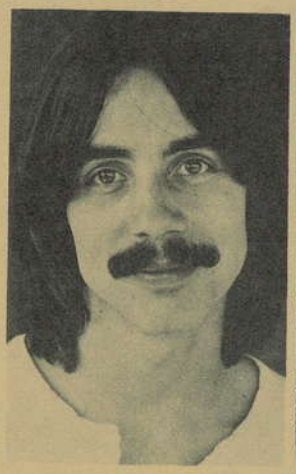
Somewhere around 1969, a new breed of performer began to emerge. It started with sensitivity; the notion that an entertainer should bare his innermost trials and tribulations to his audience. The stereotype called for emaciated troubadours in quasi-rural costume, carving out grand visions of pain and despair. (You were supposed to ignore, of course, that the greatest tragedy to befall most of them was having their allowances cut off.) Soap opera meets acoustic guitar: a little something for the counter-cultural housewife.

Fortunately, not everyone who might seem to fit that stylistic bill actually does. One such nonconformist is Jackson Browne, still in his early 20s even though he was at the game long before the current rash of emotionally-crippled balladeers.

Until his debut album was released early this year, Browne was known only as a writer of uncompromisingly beautiful songs. (Those songs, which began popping up in 1966, have enriched albums by, among others, Tom Rush, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Nico and Linda Ronstadt.)

Finding the name only on the songwriting credits, however, created a mystery around it which seemed to increase with time. Talk about Jackson Browne was strictly under-the-table; all even the most knowledgeable musicrats could tell you was that he came from somewhere in Southern California and had once been vaguely connected with Andy Warhol's media circus.

When a Jackson Browne album actually was delivered (*Saturate Before Using*, Asylum), many of his newer songs revealed the innocent poetry giving way to a slightly less romantic reality. The record *did* flash enough brilliance to justify the wait and mystery, and the success of the single "Doctor My Eyes" gave him immediate access to the vast audience that knows only as much as they're told by the radio.



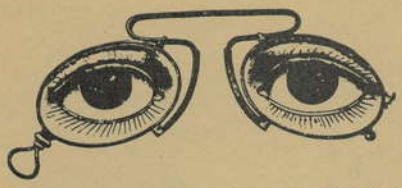
Hartford after the greening;
(top left) *Browne, the man himself;*
(top right) *Alice Cooper, what a drag.*

Even through such transitional phases, Jackson easily outdistances the limp pace of the competition. "Doctor My Eyes" is really only the sketchy outline for a face that's being constructed to complement an established name. And should you have little use for the stylistic company Browne keeps, you'd still be well advised to keep an eye on *his* progress chart. You'll discover soon enough that he's the genuine article.—*Ben Edmonds.*

PRESSING IMPRESSIONS

School's Out/Alice Cooper (Warner Bros). Alice Cooper (the lead singer and the group have the same name, though all are nominally male) began as an ultra-hip drag-rock quintet, progressed to the heaviest theatric overlay ever seen on the counter-culture stage (Alice, the singer, was hung, shot, electric chaired and, most recently, shot from a cannon) had a hit single called "18", a more minor one called "Under My Wheels", and then did the title song from this album. It swept AM radio, coast to coast, and all of a sudden the group which had been driving patrons away in droves with its obnoxious wham-bam was packing them into halls all over the world.

School's Out is presented with the kind of paraphernalia your mother wouldn't have liked. The record is enclosed in a pair of sheer



paper (feminine) panties, a sleeve that opens up like a school desk (complete with bubble-gum stuck beneath) and a report card and hall pass inside. Unfortunately, the music is not so interesting. When they aren't copping riffs from *West Side Story*, Alice Cooper rocks out; when they *are*, they just limp along with more of the same old drag-gy camp. Pick up *Killer* and *Love It To Death* (their most recent pair of prior successes) and then worry about whether or not you want this one.

Last of the Red-Hot Burritos/Flying Burrito Brothers (A&M). This is absolutely the *best* country rock record ever made. It's live and it was supposed just to be the farewell album before the Burritos broke up, but in the weird way that these things sometimes do, *Red Hot* transcends anything else ever done in the style. Shitkicking for city boys finally makes sense.

Live At Madison Square Garden/Elvis Presley (RCA). Elvis Presley changed the face of modern music without ever setting foot in New York City, save for a couple of mid-1950s TV appearances and to sign his contracts with RCA over in Rockefeller Plaza. Until this summer, that is. *Live At Madison Square Garden* was released within a week of that appearance, and it is amazing. Presley is everything good about trashy pop culture and if this is a throwaway, it's still worth the price. You'll thrill to hear the Pelvis sing parody versions of his old hits, wonder at his scorching versions of more contemporary, "adult" material, and giggle at his audacity as he sings, "Oh my darling I love you/Won't you take the pill!" You gotta listen around the screams though.

Amazing Grace/Aretha Franklin (Atlantic). This is the most difficult, bizarre recording in Aretha's lengthy career. Perhaps the best black woman soul singer in history, Aretha turns here to her roots: gospel music. It's recorded live, in a church in Watts, and Aretha lets out with versions of religious music that might astound her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin (a well-known gospel preacher himself, for Checker and Jewel Records). But unfortunately, unless your interest in Ms. Franklin is more than casual, this probably isn't the record for you. To listen to gospel music, it seems, you need to possess the kind of stamina it takes to sing it; and that ain't something most of the people we know are rolling in. A connoisseur's classic, nonetheless.

The Sidewinders (RCA). The Sidewinders are a fine young band from Boston who specialize in rock and roll of the Top 40 genre. Their first album falls a little flat, but there's more than enough competence and life present to make them a group to watch in the next few months. "Rendezvous", incidentally, is almost worth the price of the album by itself; it's a near-hit single than's more fun than anything since "Secret Agent Man", which the Sidewinders also do (and well) in their live act.

Greatest Hits/Simon and Garfunkel (Columbia). This is a collection of hit singles, album cuts and never-before-released live versions of many of S & G's past successes. It doesn't have Paul Simon's recent hits—"Mother and Child Reunion", "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard"—but it does have their *Graduate* smash, "Mrs. Robinson", and "Bridge Over Troubled Water". There are some omissions, but all in all, this set has more impact than many of their early albums. While you're at it, check out Simon's solo album, *Paul Simon*, on Columbia.

Moods/Neil Diamond (UNI). Aside from his hit, "Song Sung Blue", this album's title sums up Neil Diamond's predicament: too moody. There isn't the color and brashness of the early smashes like "Cherry Cherry", or the alienated *joie de vivre* of later ones like "Cracklin' Rosie". More's the pity.

RANDY NEWMAN "SAIL AWAY" A graphic review by David McClelland
WHO THE HELL IS THIS RANDY NEWMAN THAT MY DEGENERATE CHILDREN ARE RAVING ABOUT!?! HE MUST BE A COMMIE PERVERT OR SOMETHING!
SENATOR SNAT
DON'T BE SO UNCOOL, DADDY— HE WRITES LOVE SONGS.
LOVE SONGS! WHAT?!
DIG IT! LIKE, HERE'S ONE OF HIS NEW ONES!
"BABY TAKE OFF YOUR COAT... (REAL SLOW) BABY TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES... (HERE I'LL TAKE YOUR SHOES...) BABY TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS YES YES YES YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON..."
SHOE!
I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF MAGAZINE THIS IS— I'M THE SENATOR AND I'M CENSORING THE SECOND VERSE!
"SUSPICIOUS MINDS ARE TALKING TRYING TO TEAR US APART THEY SAY THAT MY LOVE IS WRONG THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS I KNOW WHAT LOVE IS"
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DADDY?
TAKE OFF YOUR COAT!

© Lorillard 1972

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.

America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

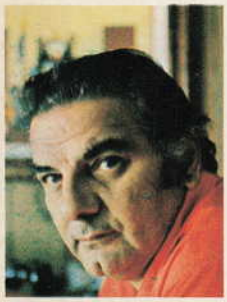
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PENTHOUSE POLL PROGNOSES

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

BY ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

Ten years ago, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy was trying to put Jimmy The Greek in jail. This year some elements within the mass media are conspiring to establish him as the highest prophet of the land. Ten years ago, nobody knew an honest, hardworking gambler named Jimmy Snyder. This year you phone the most elegant inns, the Regency in New York, the Royal Sonesta in New Orleans, the Raphael in San Francisco, and you get a standard bit from the telephone girls: "Mr. James Snyder?" Then, after an incomprehending beat: "Oh, you mean Jimmy The Greek? Everybody knows Jimmy The Greek!" Ten years ago, Jimmy was pleading for probation before the federal judge. This year at the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs he was a king: celebrity watchers ignored the elegant foursome of Doug Sanders, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra and Spiro Agnew and kept their eyes on Jimmy The Greek.



Jimmy the Greek

Jimmy The Greek *was* an eyeful. Six feet two, 230 pounds, definitely of Greek origin (20 years ago, Synodinos was simplified to Snyder), dark eyes, brows like black caterpillars, five o'clock shadow at noon, leonine but well groomed, even to his polished nails. How could anyone miss him out there in front of the press tent! He wore handmade alligator loafers, a pair of red-white-and-blue checked double knit slacks, a crimson sports shirt open at the neck, a white cashmere jacket imported from Ceylon and a red ruby on his hand. Vice President Agnew waggled his No. 1 wood and limbered up on the first tee. Jimmy put on his most sober mien and offered $100 to a dollar that Mr. Agnew would *not* drive his Spalding Dot into the crowd. Just for fun, members of Jimmy's own retinue said they liked the odds and pressed their dollar bills upon him. "Hey," said some yahoo in yellow suede shorts 27 yards away. "That's Jimmy The Greek. He's giving $100 to a dollar . . ."

That's the way it is now with Jimmy. He's become a folk hero. Naturally, he's made a business out of it. That's the American way. The public wants heroes, sell the public what it wants. The only danger is—and the Greek admits it—that even he will start believing all this crap.

It is hard for him not to take himself too seriously. Consider the way the year began. In January, National Educational Television did a feature on him called *The Wizard of Odds*. Few days later, a front page story in the *Times Picayune* told its readers about the royalty arriving in New Orleans for the Super Bowl: "Former President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, oddsmaker Jimmy 'The Greek' Snyder, Walter Cronkite of CBS-TV . . . *"Lyndon, The Greek* and *Walter.* Jack Anderson started quoting Jimmy's odds on the Presidential campaign. Cartoonists started using him as a genuine icon. In *Berry's World,* we saw President Nixon turning to tell the adviser at his side, "Frankly, John, I don't care about the Gallup Poll, or the Harris Poll. What does Jimmy The Greek say?"

This is heady stuff. In 10 years Jimmy The Greek had turned the game around. Why shouldn't he be proud?

I have come to like The Greek, and he me. And so, in the spirit of real friendship, I can say, in print, why he shouldn't be proud. He turned the game around by going straight—but going straight has turned him into something of a crook. In the '40s and '50s, Jimmy had no pretensions and no illusions. As a gambler he worked outside the law or on the edge of the law, but his marker was

JIMMY THE GREEK'S ELECTION ODDS

at presstime for Penthouse

NIXON to win: 1-5

(*i.e. bet $100 to win $20*)

CONTINGENCIES:
Peace in Vietnam, Nixon is 1-10 favorite
POW's come home, Nixon is 1-10 favorite
G.O.P. spends $30 million on campaign, Nixon is 1-5 favorite
G.O.P. spends $40 million on campaign, Nixon is 1-6 favorite
War breaks out in Middle East, Nixon is 1-6 favorite
Stock market rises, Nixon is 1-6 favorite
Assassination attempt on Nixon, Nixon is 1-6 favorite.

McGOVERN to win: 5-1

(*i.e. bet $100 to win $500, and your money back*)

Fighting continues in Vietnam (if not escalated), McGovern 5-1 underdog
Assassination attempt on McGovern, McGovern is 4-1 underdog
Stock market plunges, McGovern is 3-1 underdog.
New war elsewhere in world, McGovern is 6-1 underdog.

as good as the Federal Reserve's. He played hard and he played fair and he was not a conman. One New Year's Day, he lost $265,000 on a single football game, but he paid off without a whimper. After Kennedy's indictment, Jimmy had to find another way to survive and the way, though legal, was, ironically, the way of the flim-flam, the con and the hype.

Jimmy became a newspaper columnist dispensing dreams to the masses. He converted his friendships with the press into a public relations gig for, among others, Howard Hughes. And then he began selling out—sometimes for a price, sometimes for the hope of a future favor: to the Chevrolet dealers of Kansas City, to Howard Samuels and the Off Track Betting Corporation of the State of New York, to the guys hustling ads for *Time* magazine, to President Nixon himself.

Jimmy's columns weren't very good columns. The Greek will never be anthologized alongside Red Smith or Jim Murray. But that didn't make any difference. Jimmy began to provide a special service to "the people". He became the country's "let's pretend" bookie. Most Americans can't really say, *"my lawyer"*, *"my agent"*. In Jimmy, however, they have something pretty close to *"my* bookie". After a look at Jimmy's column, they could say: "Jimmy The Greek says . . ." The column put middle America in touch with "the smart money in Vegas" and the column began to take off. First there was only Hank Greenspun's Las Vegas *Sun*. Now Jimmy appears in almost 200 papers, setting the odds on every important sporting event in the world.

"This is just a service," says Jimmy. He explains: About 65% of the persons watching any sporting event, either at the stadium or on television, have some money riding on the game. Most of these people, he says, are little people; in a betting situation they could well be victimized, even by their best friends.

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POINTERS FOR McGOVERN

BY FRED DARWIN

About a week after George McGovern got the Democratic nomination, most experts were saying he didn't have a chance to beat Richard Nixon. These were roughly the same experts who had told us in January he didn't have a chance at the nomination and that Ed Muskie "just couldn't be stopped."

Las Vegas odds-maker Jimmy the Greek made McGovern a 5 to 1 shot, a long price in a two-way race. *Newsweek's* early survey (which "could change drastically") named only the District of Columbia and his home state of South Dakota as "solid for McGovern". Clark MacGregor, Mr. Nixon's campaign manager, made an even more one-sided assessment. He predicted the President would carry "all 50 states". But in keeping with his chief's wish to avoid over-confidence, he did concede McGovern the District of Columbia.

And yet . . . This is the first time in 16 years, for a start, that an incumbent President with a full four-year term behind him has tried for re-election. The last time was when Eisenhower did it successfully in 1956. Of the 32 men who have been elected to the Presidency, only 11—barely a third—have succeeded in being re-elected the next time around.

This is the first time ever that 18- to 20-year-olds have been eligible to vote nationally. Together they and other young people who have turned 21 since 1968 will form a pool of first-time voters numbering 25 million. That's more than twice as many as in the last election, roughly one-fifth of the electorate.

It's the first time more than a third of all eligible voters will be under 35 and the first time blacks and other minorities —young and old—have been registered in significant numbers in many parts.

The only things that have not changed

FRED DARWIN'S ELECTORAL VOTE TIP

State	Nixon	McGovern	State	Nixon	McGovern	State	Nixon	McGovern
Alabama	9		Maine		4	Pennsylvania		27
Alaska		3	Maryland		10	Rhode Island		4
Arizona	6		Massachusetts		14	South Carolina		8
Arkansas	6		Michigan		21	South Dakota		4
California		45	Minnesota		10	Tennessee		10
Colorado	7		Mississippi	7		Texas		26
Connecticut		8	Missouri		12	Utah	4	
Delaware		3	Montana	4		Vermont	3	
D.C.		3	Nebraska	5		Virginia	12	
Florida	17		Nevada	3		Washington		9
Georgia	12		New Hampshire	4		West Virginia		6
Hawaii		4	New Jersey		17	Wisconsin		11
Idaho	4		New Mexico	4		Wyoming	3	
Illinois		26	New York		41			
Indiana	13		North Carolina	13		**TOTALS**	**187**	**351**
Iowa	8		North Dakota	3				
Kansas	7		Ohio		25			
Kentucky	9		Oklahoma	8				
Louisiana	10		Oregon	6				

Needed to win: 270

since last time are the names on the Republican ticket. But even that can be misleading. For all practical purposes, Mr. Nixon is in the position of one who has switched parties. The last time he ran, he was a member of the Outs; this time he belongs to the Ins. It's traditional in politics for the Ins to "point with pride" while the Outs "view with alarm". Richard Nixon was in a position to view a great deal with alarm back in 1968: the war, civil strife, campus unrest and crime. This time, it is he who must point with pride while McGovern views with alarm.

Peace and prosperity are what incumbents need most to point to in seeking to get their options renewed. All four who successfully ran for re-election in this century were able to do that. McKinley had the Spanish-American War behind him in 1900. Those who could vote at that time were mostly well-fed. He ran on the slogans of "the full dinner pail" and "leave well enough alone". Wilson, in 1916, had "kept us out of war," and an economic boom had replaced the recession of 1914. Franklin Roosevelt had led America out of the Great Depression of the early '30s, and the country was still at peace in 1936. And in 1956, Eisenhower had ended the Korean War; he was re-elected on "peace and prosperity."

America was at peace in 1932, but Herbert Hoover could hardly point to prosperity in spite of anything he could do, and tried to do, as President to influence the economy. That fact more than any other upset any chance to be re-elected. Roosevelt viewed it—as the public did—with alarm; and the public, blaming it on Hoover, voted overwhelmingly against him. FDR and his qualifications, personality and political leanings were never really issues. He was only the means for change.

Again this time, with a President seeking re-election, his challenger's qualifications, personality and political leanings are not the issues. The issue is Richard Nixon, and whether the people, based on his record and where the country stands on November 7, want a change. George McGovern acknowledged as much in his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention last July when he declared that Richard Nixon would be "the fundamental issue of this national campaign".

In such circumstances, one of the best statistics we can get from the polls is the Presidential Performance ratings based on answers to the question: "Do you approve or disapprove of the job the President is doing?" Harris began putting out these "report cards" on the President in 1963 during Kennedy's last year. Gallup began doing it back in 1945 under Harry Truman. The reports come out at irregular intervals about five to ten times a year. Obviously a less-than-50% rating would indicate the people want a change.

In March 1968 Lyndon Johnson, who followed these polls so closely he kept them in his pockets, had sunk to an all-time low of 38% approval in the Harris Poll and 36% in the Gallup Poll; and he announced his decision not to run again. A month after the announcement, he shot up to a majority approval rating in both polls—proving again the old adage that some people spread joy wherever they go, and others *when*ever they go.

When Eisenhower decided to run for re-election in 1956, more than two-thirds of the people interviewed by Gallup expressed approval of the job he was doing. Only 20% voiced disapproval, with 13% offering no opinion.

Richard Nixon's performance ratings have never been extremely high or low. Like any other President, he got his best ratings in his first year in office. Since then, he has hovered rather close to the 50% mark. He has never risen to the 70s like Ike, or sunk to the 30s like Johnson. He did hit 60% right after the Peking and Moscow trips, but it looked suspiciously like Johnson's sudden peak following the Glassboro summit in June, 1967. Johnson's ratings plummeted again two months later when the euphoria had passed.

A sticky problem is that Nixon's apparently unspectacular ratings are in fact an average made up of two parts: foreign affairs (the peace issue) on which he rates high, and his handling of the economy (the prosperity issue) on which he rates low. Successes in reducing international tensions could actually work against him by allowing the voters to concentrate more on their own pocketbooks. Things like unemployment, taxes and the price of beef. These have more effect on the vote and the size of the turnout than foreign affairs. The other polls—those pitting one candidate against the other—contain a built-in trap which the pollsters themselves concede.

"It is important to bear in mind," said Gallup in releasing the final figures on the eve of the 1968 election, "that the current survey findings refer to the

TABLE NO. 1 **Predicted And Actual Popular Vote Compared To Percentage Of Electoral Vote.**

YEAR	FINAL GALLUP SURVEY		ACTUAL POPULAR VOTE		PERCENTAGE OF ELECTORAL VOTE	
1936	Roosevelt	55.7%	Roosevelt	60.8%	Roosevelt	98.5%
1940	Roosevelt	52.0	Roosevelt	55.0	Roosevelt	84.4
1944	Roosevelt	51.5	Roosevelt	53.4	Roosevelt	81.4
1948	Dewey	49.5	Truman	49.5	Truman	57.0
1952	Eisenhower	51.0	Eisenhower	55.1	Eisenhower	83.2
1956	Eisenhower	57.8	Eisenhower	57.4	Eisenhower	86.2
1960	Kennedy	51.0	Kennedy	49.7	Kennedy	56.4
1964	Johnson	64.0	Johnson	61.1	Johnson	90.3
1968	Nixon	43.0	Nixon	43.4	Nixon	55.9

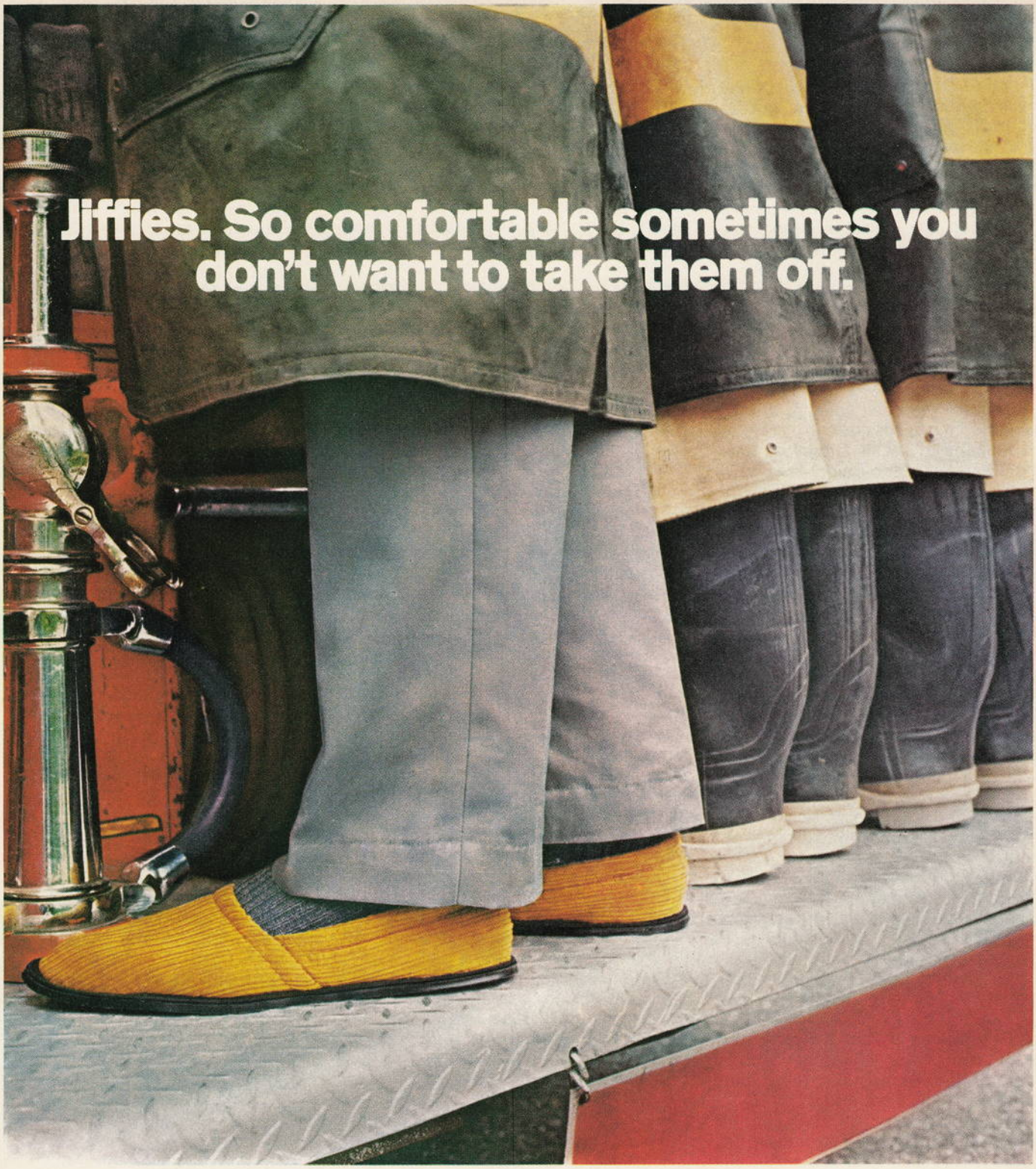
TABLE NO. 2 **Three Bellwether States & One County To Watch.**

All voted with the winner in all elections since 1936, except California in 1960.
Figures in percentages of popular vote cast. D = Demoorat, R = Republican.

YEAR	NATIONAL	NEW MEXICO	CALIF.	ILLINOIS	LARAMIE CITY WYO.
1936	D-60.8%	D-62.7%	D-67.0%	D-57.7%	D-63.6%
1940	D-54.7	D-56.7	D-57.5	D-51.0	D-56.9
1944	D-53.4	D-53.5	D-56.5	D-51.6	D-51.3
1948	D-49.6	D-56.4	D-47.6	D-50.1	D-57.0
1952	R-55.1	R-55.4	R-56.3	R-54.8	R-55.2
1956	R-57.4	R-57.8	R-55.4	R-59.5	R-53.8
1960	D-49.7	D-50.2	R-50.1	D-50.0	D-50.9
1964	D-61.1	D-59.0	D-59.1	D-59.5	D-65.2
1968	R-43.4	R-51.8	R-47.8	R-47.1	R-46.8

TABLE NO. 3 **States Which Influx Of New Voters Could Swing From Nixon To McGovern.**

STATE	ELECTORAL VOTE	1968 MARGIN FOR NIXON	NUMBER OF NEW VOTERS	ADDED MARGIN FOR McGOVERN
California	45	223,346	2,580,000	387,350
Illinois	26	134,960	1,321,000	198,150
Ohio	25	90,428	1,313,000	196,950
New Jersey	17	61,261	769,000	115,350
Missouri	12	20,488	569,000	89,175
Wisconsin	11	61,193	565,000	84,750
Tennessee	10	47,800	511,000	76,650
S. Carolina	8	38,632	391,000	58,650
Delaware	3	7,520	68,000	10,200
Alaska	3	2,189	29,000	4,350



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Jiffies. More than a slipper. Nicer than a shoe.
And much too good to take off.

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popular vote, not the electoral vote. It is possible for a presidential candidate to finish second in the popular vote and still win in electoral votes".

It's not only possible, it has happened. Andrew Jackson got the most popular votes in 1824 but less than a majority of the electoral vote and he lost to John Quincy Adams in the House. Samuel Tilden polled a popular majority of 51% in 1876 but lost to Rutherford B. Hayes when the decision went to a special commission appointed by the House and Senate. In 1888, Grover Cleveland won a majority of 100,000 popular votes but he lost in the electoral college to Benjamin Harrison, 233 to 168.

Said Gallup in 1968: "The Gallup Poll makes *no attempt* to estimate the division of the electoral vote. To do this, it would be necessary to conduct individual and full-scale surveys in each of the 50 states of the union." So while the polls might accurately predict the popular vote they can be, and often are, far off the mark in the electoral vote. The figures in *Table No. 1* show that many a seemingly close contest wasn't really so close in the electoral vote—the one that counts.

Six of the last nine winners came in with better than 80% of the electoral vote. And the three "minority" Presidents actually polled rather comfortable majorities of better than 55%. How can that happen? How could Nixon, for example, with a mere 43.4% of the popular vote in 1968 get a clear majority in the electoral college over both Humphrey and Wallace of nearly 12%. Here's a clue—admittedly extreme, but accurate:

Nixon's 90,000 vote majority out of 4,000,000 cast was enough to give him all of Ohio's 26 electoral votes, while Humphrey's 700,000 vote majority in Massachusetts earned him only 14 electoral votes from that state. An absolutely accurate poll of those two states would have shown Humphrey with a popular majority of better than 600,000 votes; but it would not have indicated Nixon's nearly two-to-one advantage in electoral strength.

A Presidential contest is a game of states; the winner is not necessarily the one with the most votes but the one with the most votes in the most populous states. These are: California (45 electoral votes), New York (41), Pennsylvania (27), Illinois and Texas (26 each), Ohio (25), Michigan (21), Florida and New Jersey (17 each), Massachusetts (14) and Indiana and North Carolina (13 each). Together, these 12 states will cast a total of 285 electoral votes—well over the 270 either candidate needs to win. A candidate who could win the "Big Ten" plus either Indiana or North Carolina—a total of 11 states—would win the

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But not if they know the odds—or the point spread. Thus, Jimmy says, he is like the handicapper at a race track who assigns different weights to an entire field of horses. If the handicapper does an absolutely perfect job, each horse race ends in a ten-horse dead heat. That's what Jimmy tries to do, to "equalize" with his numbers what, in reality, is an unequal contest. If Jimmy favors the Giants by four points, for example, and the Giants beat the Eagles 21-17, Jimmy has "equalized" the contest for bettors on both sides.

In a gaming society, everyone seems to need a Jimmy. Everyone likes to know who is favored and by how much. Naturally, there will be upsets, as in Super Bowl III, when Jimmy made the Baltimore Colts 17 point favorites over Joe Namath and the New York Jets. After a call like that, the uninitiated call The Greek a bonehead. (In fact, it was after the Jets upset Baltimore that The Bonehead Club made Jimmy a blue ribbon member.) Jimmy says they misunderstand. He's not a seer, he's an oddsmaker. He doesn't call the winners. He calls the favorites.

So far, so good. But notice how this makes Jimmy a bellwether for society's front runners, for the rich, the famous and the wonderful. "I guess," says Jimmy, "that my odds are the Establishment's odds." This is where the temptation—and the trouble—starts: those who want to *look* like favorites may take almost any steps to become identified with Jimmy The Greek. If Jimmy The Greek is with them, then they have a certain psychological edge—in their own minds and, they hope, over their competition. The trick is to buy Jimmy's presence. Only it's not much of a trick. The price has to be right, but Jimmy is only too ready to sell.

Watch Jimmy in action. In early January, he comes to the center of the universe, the big apple, New York City, to make a number of television appearances. The invitations alone indicate that somebody has passed the word: Jimmy The Greek is "in" this year. The high mucky mucks who decide these things fall in line. The Greek appears on the *David Frost Show*, on the *Today Show*, on *Dick Cavett*, on NET's *Great American Dream Machine*, on *The Advocates*.

Once established in this wise, Jimmy moves on for some serious selling. He jets to Louisville as the featured dinner speaker before the assembled stockholders of Stouffer's International, restauranteurs and caterers. He endorses Intra American Mobile Homes at a trade show in Louisville, pops over to Vicksburg, Mississippi, for meetings with another one of his clients, F. L. Cappaert, who heads a transportation conglomerate with tentacles all over the South.

Then New Orleans for the Super Bowl. Among Jimmy's guests for the game, and its pre- and post-game parties: ex-Governor Paul Laxalt of Nevada, John Y. Brown, a man who made millions on a Kentucky Colonel's fried chicken, and J. W. Hooker, a man who lost millions on Minnie Pearl's.

After Super Bowl VI, which Jimmy's favorite wins for a change, Jimmy flies off to St. Maarten's in The Netherlands Antilles as a week long guest of executives from *Time* who are gathered there for a series of sales meetings—and for a dinner speech at meeting's close by Jimmy The Greek. He tells the ad men how he figures the odds in their head to head competition with *Newsweek*. He gives *Time* an overall rating of 2 to 1 over *Newsweek*. You wonder about the utility of all this, but you stop wondering when you note that the ad men at *Time* plan to send The Greek around the country soon to convey this special message about *Time's* superiority to potential advertisers. As the Greek sees it, *Time's* superiority has nothing to do with intrinsic editorial merit. *Time* gets the nod because it has a bigger circulation. If this is all the ad men are selling (and may well be: *Time's* editorial budget keeps diminishing and the magazine is getting dull), Harry Luce should roll over in his grave.

Then Jimmy pops off to Steubenville, Ohio, for his very own awards dinner. It is one of those emotionfilled, home-town-boy-makes-good affairs attended by 1,400 persons, including his brother, Johnny, three doting sisters, Mary, Marica and Angela. The citation read by Fr. Kevin R. Keelan, President of the College of Steubenville, is typical of several bestowed that evening upon Jimmy, pretty words, but gobbledegook:

"... to Jimmy Snyder, a native son who has not only been an eloquent emissary, but who has combined the communication of thoughts and ideas through a successful Public Relations Service, and who has so diligently applied probability of human action and reaction to certain strenuous undertakings as to astound large segments of the millions who follow spectator sports in America."

Next night, San Francisco, for personal appearances at the Pacific Automotive Show on behalf of the Columbus Shock Absorbers Division of the Questor Corporation—which retains Jimmy as "special public relations counsel". Columbus Shocks has been running an ad in the automotive trade journals featuring Jimmy The Greek: AMERICA's NO. 1 ODDS-MAKER WITH A WORD ABOUT AMERICA'S NO. 3 SHOCK. Soon, *Life* ads will give Jimmy (and Columbus Shocks) further exposure: Jimmy, in a dapper sports jacket, leans on the hood of a Belchfire 8 and gives us the inside word: "The odds are

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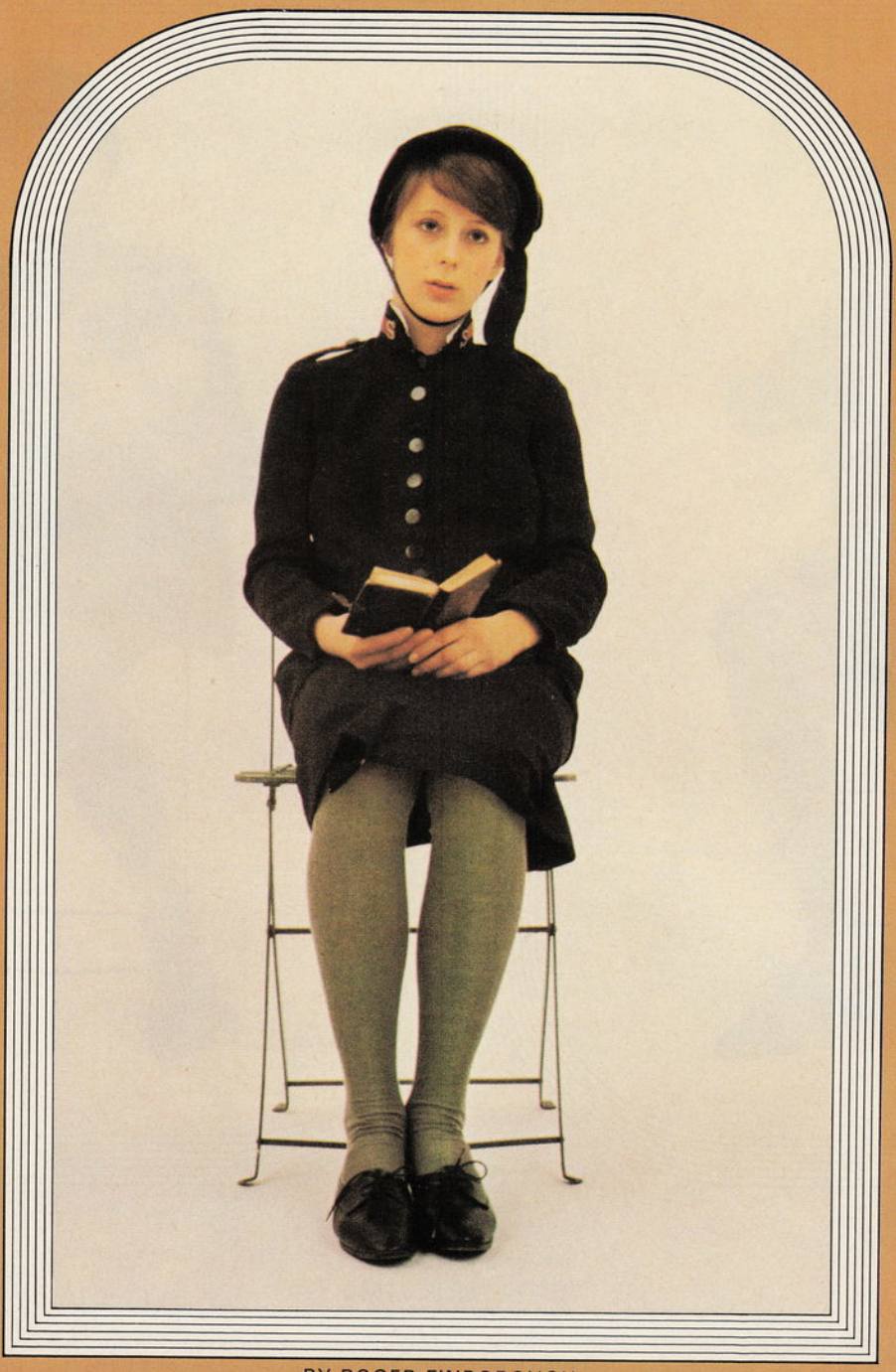

BY ROGER FINBOROUGH

PSALM LIKE IT HOT

What with hot pants
and see-through tops, it's
getting hard for a
girl in full-length black to
attract attention on
the streets these days. To
boost the declining
audience ratings of the street-
corner Salvation Army
sing-songs, I therefore suggest
a new routine to
attract the casual passer-by,
especially those who
are susceptible to the

weaknesses of the flesh.
A special regiment of
versatile young ladies, handy
with a horn and practised
with a pamphlet, yet
capable of doffing their
uniforms to the tempo
of *Jerusalem the Golden*,
would be an invaluable
asset to the force, and prove
that there's more under
that familiar black
straw hat than one would think.

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But a lot of other people get Magnavox components instead. Because with all the stereo FM/AM radios, phonographs, tape players (8-track, cassette, reel-to-reel) Magnavox offers—you can choose from 70 different combinations customized exactly to your requirements. Ranging from a sensational 150-watt IHF system, to an economical 6-watt IHF system.

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Magnavox stereo?

Or proudly displayed?

Magnavox

Paul Birkbeck

HE LOVED ME, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

My affaire with Paul McCartney – a candid account by **Francie Schwartz**

In the winter/spring of 1968 I was in a state of jubilant recovery. Just a year before that I'd sat bundled in hospital blankets listening to the Beatles' *Revolver*, a resident of the funny farm. *This* year I had become infatuated with a handsome street violinist, and he'd asked me to write his life story in movie form. When I presented the script to his managers, they demanded that I hand it over for nothing. I told them to go be fruitful and multiply. When they asked me what I *was* going to do, I said the first thing that came into my head.

I told them I'd take it to Paul McCartney at Apple. They laughed. When the plane for London took off I faced the unlikelihood of my success with Beatles, etc. Then I remembered how unlikely my life had been so far, and I decided to ignore the obstacles. This was the result.

"Is this it? Is this the guy that millions and millions of chicks are moaning and groaning over? Writing letters about and masturbating about, and dreaming about?"

He struck me as still somehow clumsy and confused. He said he had a date with his solicitor, and would I like him to drop me off at a nice place for lunch. We walked on the street for the first time, and the sun could not block out the way people stared. As if we were in a glass cage, and couldn't see them. We got into a cab, and he immediately started

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

talking about acid. He smiled the cosmic smile. "I want a complete itinerary for you. I want to know where I can reach you at all times, 24 hours a day." I called his secretary after lunch and she put me right through, saying Paul was expecting my call.

"Hello".

"Hi, I'm sorry I can't see you any more today, but I've got these terrible meetin's. And I have to go away tomorrow."

So he went away, and a month went by.

The phone rang, finally. *He* said hello and I said hello and I thought it was someone else. *He* said, "No it's *me*." The Great Me, who had met my sister.

"What did you think of her?"

"She's the *nicest nymphomaniac I ever met*."

"Now you're embarrassing me." I hoped she hadn't.

"No, she looked good. That's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I'm sure you were a perfect gentleman. Now what are you doing?"

"Shining my shoes," he answered.

"That's good. Every good boy should shine his shoes. When are you recording?"

He excused himself, and as if the other three were sitting there digging the whole conversation, yelled, "Hey fellas, when are we recording?"

He came back to the phone. That evening. Eight. Abbey Road, EMI studios. Could I make it? Could I ever. Opening the big double doors to the cavernous studio, I caught four Beatles, gathered around a grand piano, four owls, gazing with half-amused looks at me approaching.

Paul had changed from his businessman gear, and was dressed in tight dark green slacks. He seemed taller, ready for the music, and I had to reach up when he asked me to massage his shoulders.

At the beginning, huddled in a corner, digging Yoko's sweetness, but by the time the hash and goodies were out I was dancing to a pulsing "Revolution". The music filled the flesh, and was alive all by itself, carrying us along into the night. I sang backing with George, smiling and doing a Ray Charles falsetto. There was much laughter and electricity, and a covering cloud of incense.

I fell onto my pillow still throbbing and pulsing with the beat. The moon lit up the Avedon black and white panorama, hung above my fireplace, and I flashed stonily: *they were from another planet, and not real at all.* I thought about how badly I wanted to get there, behind those black gates.

A few more sessions, with too many visitors, and I was not sure anything would ever happen. I wrote him an illustrated note saying, "Dear Mr. Plump, I think I'm going to have to go home soon. When Am I Going To See You?" That Sunday, when I went down the stairs to get some milk, I discovered a telegram, "MAKE IT MONDAY, MR. P." Zapped!

Monday morning, in the bathtub, curlers entwined in hair; the doorbell screamed for attention. I ripped the rollers out, powdered my nose, and ran downstairs in my culotte pajamas to let him in. He settled right into a chair, with me on his lap. The eyes were bigger than ever, and the kisses started on the neck and worked their way into more interesting places.

He was brown from sunning himself in Wales at his brother's wedding. Pink cheeked, he fell asleep after, and I lay there looking at his face, not sure how to make it seem more real. He hadn't been terribly good or terribly bad. He seemed to rush into it, as if thinking about it too much would mean he wouldn't make it.

After breakfast, we visited friends in the country and it rained. The lady of the house took me aside, and said meaningfully: "Be thankful for whatever time you have." I looked at her, puzzled and then understood what she meant.

I didn't hear from him for eight days. This time he showed up at five o'clock in the morning. I ran down to the door. He needed a shave, and looked forlorn and spaced out of his mind. He ran me up the stairs like before, half-singing, "It's F-Day, it's F-Day."

As he was pushing me back into the pillows, moving, dancing over me, I looked at his face, and asked, "Are you in love with me?"

He just whispered, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know." I wondered if he had had a fight with the girl.

I wanted more definition to it. I wanted to confront him. Later on I told myself I wasn't really in love with him. His nervous aura was almost coy, but after bulshitting around with myself, I went to the studio.

During the tea break I struck up a conversation about contraceptives. He had never asked me if I took the pill, as if he wanted a chance to decide our future. He said we would go to his house after the session. I waited, and soon it was 3 a.m. and we stumbled out into the dark, past the forlorn and patient groupies.

He poured us a drink, and began to unwind, talking, almost melodramatically, about himself. It all seemed to lead inevitably to the writing of his saddest and most beautiful song, the one about his fiancée who wouldn't give him what he wanted most of all.

"That's not where it's at," I said. His eyes searched mine in a tender little-boy-lost way.

"Where is it then, do you know?"

"If I were your lady, nothing would be more important to me than your happiness. I mean that, and that's where it should have been for her."

He hardly paused. "Do you think you could take care of me?"

"I don't know . . . we are so different. I'd be glad to try."

He stood up, smiling, and held out his hand. He led me up the stairs to the giant dark room, and we flopped on the immense lonely bed. I left a note for the maid not to knock, or wake us up, and we slept till eleven when I performed the daily ritual of making and serving him hot tea in bed, climbing the stairs with the tea and morning papers, having snatched the bundle through the mail slot past the peeping groupies. I thought maybe this was the beginning.

The sunlight in England is quite different from California. It's not hard and yellow like New York. It's very, very soft, and drifts over you the way the air in some gardens has a way of doing. I woke in that sunlight, morning after morning, when Paul left one of the heavy velvet curtains open on the wall nearest the bed.

It's not important sometimes if a person isn't particularly good in bed. He had his hang-ups, and I think he felt sometimes that he wasn't manly enough. His body was sweet, and beautiful, with almost undetectable curves in it. Nothing to get hung up about, and one could be happy, if one didn't demand too much, or even want too much. The relationship had begun on his "save me" lament, not on a rush of sexual flashes in me. But he seemed to have so many minds that untangling the hang-ups in each one would take all the energy in me.

He hadn't formally dumped Jane and so at first I was a secret. I stayed in the house for weeks, cleaning, reading, calling the dope dealer. I was to score for my old man. You'd think he could have taken care of it, but he didn't. When I started to get restless, he noticed, and just at the right moment, sent me to work in his elaborately constructed playhouse called Apple.

The phone rang occasionally. Sometimes it was easy to tell Jane was on the other end. He would get very uptight, very awkward and phony. I simply gritted my teeth, and realized that this wasn't a one- or two-week shack-up now.

One sunny afternoon, about 5.30, my friend Peter from Bath dropped me off, and when I got inside the big white kitchen door was closed and I could hear a pathetic scratching sound, a puppy. He looked like a silky, gray moustache running around loose. His name was Eddie. His papers were on the mantle in the living room. Paul burst in, still in his

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executive posture. He said he'd bought the dog for Jane when they were living together.

"We're going to keep him. What's for dinner?"

Eddie wasn't housetrained, and Paul wouldn't let me train him. On sodden drunk nights, he'd sometimes get very rough with the dog, and I thought that was quite schizo. With five cats, the sheepdog, and Eddie, I was constantly cleaning up shit, and shit looks like shit, even on an oriental rug.

After dinner, the rain came down. Paul was silent, then animated and weird.

"You'll have to go. I've got to have this talk with Mrs. Asher. I ran upstairs, shaking, threw my dresses into a bag.

I went home, freaked out, sat by the phone in the dark, tried to sleep, back to the phone. Hours were weeks. When the phone finally rang I thought I was hallucinating.

"What are you doing?" he said lightly, with his pussy-tease voice.

"I'm sitting here twiddling my thumbs, dummy, of course. I'm waiting for you to call me."

"Well, you can come home now." He was serious.

"Give me an hour." It was raining, and cabs were scarce. I flew into the bedroom, raped the closet, and tried to find a taxi. My Chelsea layabout pals saw me on the street and smiled. With the bundles of clothes, and my radiant looks, it was obvious why I was jumping up and down for joy. The taxi appeared out of nowhere. Cinderella's pumpkin coach.

At "home" my ward and keeper was crooning to himself in front of the fire, a vision of the out-of-sight in repose. For the first time, he was Paul to me. Vulnerable, even weak. But he was trying. He talked about everything but Mrs. Asher until we went to bed. I couldn't take it anymore.

"Come on Paul, what happened?"

He was sad, but a little proud. He sounded as if he had turned over these words in his head many times before.

"I've told her that I've met a girl who's offering me something Jane never could, that's all."

It sounded like enough. It was what I needed, and the moment I began to trust him.

Every day of that summer was crammed with events, large and small. Never a moment's break at the center of the Beatle manor. I worked from 10 to 6. When I got home I would cook something quick for whoever might be there. That could mean any one or all of George Harrison, Mal Evans, Derek Taylor, Paul's middle-aged cousin from Liverpool, Zsa Zsa's daughter Francesca Hilton, the list could go on. It seemed like just as I was catching my breath, he'd be waving goodbye to me at the front door.

When the traffic stopped, I'd play records, light the fire and play the piano or harpsichord (Open Your Heart To a Nice Jewish Girl). Martha and I would roll and romp in the long soft grass, listening to the latest mix of *Hey Jude* (there were four or five) on the turntable.

More often than not, I would just be falling asleep around two in the morning when John and Yoko and Paul would crash in; show films, or play tapes from the session. If he wasn't in a good mood, he'd drink hideous scotch-coke combinations, throw food at the dogs and cats, drop his clothes in a path from the door to the bed, and ignore me completely.

Sometimes, we'd go to a club, have a good time, then zip home for the ephemeral thing we substituted for lovemaking. He wasn't happy. But the big things that were driving him mad were beyond me. He kept on working and writing, but when John came over, all *he* could talk about was how much he loved Yoko. Paul stifled his jealousy with not-very-cute bursts of racist crap.

He cruised Jane's house, and rang her from the phone in his Mini. She would say: "Sorry, I've got somebody here." He would creep home in a rage, and take it out on me. He never hit me, but he didn't have to.

Good times made up for those nights, just barely. Like the night we went to Revolution, and Terry Doran, one of his old friends, told him he should marry me. It put Paul in a reckless mood. We walked through Regent's Park, climbed through the bushes and found a leaky rowboat. Fooling around wet in the dark! When we got home we were muddy from trying to leap over the railings round the park.

He was in the bathtub when I stuck my head in the door to check him out. "*Knickers down*" he roared, pulling me into the water to splash and make crazy sounds, rub each other pink.

Then there was the night we stood in front of Buckingham Palace at 4 a.m., watching the sentries change, stiffly in formation. We talked about the Queen, and he seemed like a college kid, pushing his beautiful nose between the bars for a closer look. We drove round and round the Victoria monument, and then steamed up to a park that stays open all night. We climbed up to the top of the highest hill, looking at lights, catching our breath, whistling and waiting for echoes, answers. A springy rain began, although midsummer had come and gone. Halfway down the hill, we melted into the grass, and I watched his round cheeks get pink, his little boy mouth pursed into a pleasured ooo. We were making love somehow between our clothes in the rain-spattered grass, beyond all reason.

By the end of July, I was a smudged little secret,even when we were out. I wondered how he could expect it to stay out of the papers for long. I had been seen playing a duet with him at the studio, drinking with him in Mayfair.

I keep saying how he was, how he was. How was I? Sometimes in awe. He *was* so pretty. He bitched when I gazed at him while he was driving. But he never bitched when I went down on him at 90 miles an hour on the road.

We celebrated crazy dawn trips to Liverpool with wine, grass, sandwiches, jellies. He even tried to snap us together while he was driving. ("Put your head on my shoulder, camera at arm's length.") I never had any advance warning about those trips. He'd just come home and shout "Pack a basket, and my bag, we're going to the Pool!" His father missed him so, and begged me to make Paul telephone more often. When we finally made it to his home city, we acted very proper, sleeping in separate rooms.

He had a hard time staying sober up there, and we traipsed under the Mersey to the city to drink with his cousins and pals. Singing in a Liverpool pub could be fun. Even the autographs he gave were in good spirits. But he wasn't wearing it well. He just wanted to be one of the boys, but he wanted to be the one-man band as well.

The next time we went back, the trip was a real downer. He was drunk as hell, playing the piano at a party given *around* him in a shabby little house. He slipped away to a pub one of his cousins owned, without my seeing. His cousin came to me sweating bullets.

"You had better fetch your fella, Clancy." (That's the way Paul had introduced me.) I walked down the street smelling disaster. He was backed up against the mirror behind the bar, red and swollen with self-pity, self-contempt.

"You don't treat me like I was me. You treat me like I'm Him, and I'm not him, y'know. I'm just me!"

I took his hand as gently as possible.

"Come home, love. Come home."

When we reached the cobbled street, he fell down on his hands and knees, pounding his fists on the pavement.

"*It's just too fuckin' much, that's all. I can't take it.*"

He was hysterical.

"What can't you take?"

"*The money. It's the damned money. I've given them a fortune and they never even paid me back a shilling. They expect it!*"

"How much have you given them?"

"About 30,000 pounds." I thought that was a small sum for him to get hung up about, and anyway weren't these people his family? Yes, his family. I understood.

When we got back to Birkenhead, where his father's

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Sometimes different is better.

house beckoned sleepily, he sobbed hopelessly on the floor, while the dogs climbed all over him. His trouble was deep, and nothing I said could set him straight.

One consolation: Yoko Ono Lennon. She and John moved in with us while their story was still something to hide. As the two of us cooked breakfast for our respective men, she'd rap with a kind of new, feminine wisdom about how hard it was to make them happy. She was fighting her own battle staying sane amid racist attack from the Apple cock-and-cunt garden. She was also opening up her wealth of strength and determination to John. All the same, she confided in me that she didn't believe any relationship could last more than seven years.

John, Yoko and I would watch the "telly" through the evenings when Paul was out raving and drinking and getting it up for God knows whom. The three of us felt young and weird and relaxed, and talked about how we could save the company if only it could change direction, motivation. I was amazed that John never said a bad word about Paul's management capabilities. I asked John why Paul didn't do a solo album. It would've seemed the logical outlet for all the ego crap he was laying down at the studio. John half laughed and said: "We thought of it a long time ago. It was going to be called *Paul McCartney Goes Too Far.* But he wouldn't do it. He's too hung up about us bein' Beatles, y'know."

John obviously loved Paul enough to let him run wild if it would help ease the tension Paul was creating in the studio and at home. Yoko could see it, too.

But Paul was treating *them* like it too. He even sent them a hate letter once, unsigned, typed. I brought it in with the morning mail. Paul put most of the fan mail in a big basket, and let it sit for weeks, but John and Yoko opened every piece. When they got to the anonymous note, they sat puzzled, looking at each other with pain in their eyes.

"You and your jap tart think you're hot shit", it said. John put it on the mantle, and in the afternoon, Paul bopped in, prancing much the same self-conscious way he did when we met. "Oh I just did that for a lark . . ." he said, in his most sugar-coated accent. It was embarrassing.

I was sad to see the Lennons go, even though it took pressure off Paul. My daily routine went back to the old chaotic one. I'd chase away the groupies, who were for the most part a 24-hour drag. When a bunch of them chased me down the street as I was walking home, I understood at last the ambivalent feelings of the Beatles. Paul let two of them sleep in the garage one night, and in the morning they walked me to the bus stop.

"How is he, how *is* he?" they asked in funny Brooklyn accents.

"Moody as hell. A bitch in the morning, mostly."

"Ohhh, love it, love the *MOODS,*" said the pudgy one. She reassured me that the house groupies liked me better than Jane, who was snotty and wouldn't talk to them at all.

As for my old man, he'd have me call the cops on Sunday mornings when the squealing outside bugged him, but half an hour later, he'd be up at the window, peeking through the curtains to see if they'd come back.

I was getting tired to the bone, and lonely. Paul's enthusiasm for Apple was shrinking. Even the recording sessions were strained. He came home drunk on the nights they had recorded a John or George song.

The only time he ever mentioned Linda, the girl he later married, was during a discussion of how hard it is for "people" to make contact with each other. He said he had "made contact" with her right after he met me.

"So why isn't she here when you're so fucked up? Why don't you send for her?"

"I want to try it with you," he said, a little wistfully, knowing he had not given me the evenest of breaks.

If that was a declaration, the effort never came clear. The next time, we left Revolution, the club-of-the-month, and drove to some girl's apartment. He left me sitting in the car while he went upstairs to fuck her. I wanted to rip off the Aston Martin and drive until it broke down. I was stockpiling humiliation. When he returned, about 15 minutes later, I was burning.

"Why did you do that? Why the hell couldn't you take me home first?"

"I don't know," he answered, and I could tell he was a little sick inside about it too.

From the other three sides, that of John, George and Ringo, it looked like his ego trip might just destroy the whole structure. Ringo would rather have quit the band than go through Fat-Face McCartney's daily torture trip. So Fatso turned into Honey Pie, and Ringo stayed. George saw it all, but chose to be happy and go along until later. He saved me from utter freakout several times. He enjoyed teasing Paul. One afternoon we were in the back seat of the limousine, George in the middle, on a photo session which consisted of two Beatle limos, several photographer limos, and assorted better halves. George and I shared a joint, the only willing dopers in the car. We giggled, snuggled up, and finally George started rolling up his orange and green-striped pants leg. Paul, who up to that moment had been trying to stare out of the window, sat up

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straight and barked disgustedly, "George . . . what are *y'doing?*"

George kept looking at me and smiling, "I was just turnin' Franny on to m'knees." I laughed so hard that nothing mattered any more. September was coming, and I got sick. He waited on me for the first time, a rough nanny but a kind one. He was still angry about the day Jane came over. We had been asleep (at least *he* was) and she walked right in and knocked on the bedroom door. He whispered disdainfully, "Who is it?"

"Jane."

He was out of bed in a minute, grabbing the midi coat that always hung on the back of the door. I could almost hear Jane breathing. I dove under the pillow until the soft talking sounds grew a bit louder. Then I peeked through the second door and saw them walking down the stairs, silent. Into the bathroom, out on the balcony I climbed. He was walking across the courtyard, grouchy. Then he spotted me, and yelled, "Get back in the house Clancy".

I stumbled downstairs, knowing that this would be the day. It was completed, over. The things he said were stupid and

He was angry about the day Jane came over when he was asleep, walked right in and knocked on our bedroom door

petty, and I was far too weak to fight back. Yes, he is (they are) different from all other human beings. But their limits had been seen, at least internally.

One never knows whether a man is from outer space until one has loved him. There were a million girls that summer who wanted to fuck Paul. But not enough who wanted to love him. I can't say that I ever liked him, but how do you *like* a superstar? Bullshit, he never wanted it, he just knew it was there. As he climbed into bed, he gentled me to sleep, saying, "When this LP is finished, I'll take you to the farm, and we'll rest."

"Oh, please mean that."

"That's what I said. I promise."

In the morning, everything was different. My American accent was wrong, my looks were wrong, everything was wrong. The afternoon brought tears, and he came into the kitchen to catch me saying a tearful *Hello Goodbye* to my mother. He wrapped me in his arms.

"Don't cry. I'm a cunt. I'm going out for a while, will you make dinner?"

I made the dinner, with my head high, and in the morning, I packed and took a taxi to the accountant, getting just enough for a taxi to the airport and a coach seat on a flight back to New York.

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HENRY MORGAN

UP YOURS, RABBI

The late, late Robert Browning thought up this cat he called Rabbi Ben Ezra, and every once in a while Browning's poem is quoted to prove that getting to be an old foof has its points.

"Come, grow old along with me," says the rabbi, "the best is yet to be." The best *what*, rabbi?

You don't mean sex, do you? Because if you do you must have been one hell of a swinger. Rabbi means teacher and if this guy were around today I would certainly take some lessons.

But it's probably too late. I spent all summer at the beach looking at girls in bikinis and wondering how they'd look with their clothes *on*. God knows I'm not in the dress business. The only meaning I can attach to it is that either I'm a frustrated designer or I went to the wrong beach. I didn't look at the men at all, so it can't be that.

But is this the *best* I've been hanging around for?

I've gotten to that stage Ring Lardner once described: "When there's a letter in my mail that smells of perfume, I open that one last." He also said that one of the benefits was that some kid would always stand and let him have a seat.

That was some time ago. Today's kid *can't* stand up. He wouldn't have any place to put his guitar.

When I make an entrance at a party, the other men's wives all come over and kiss me hello. Where were they all when I needed them? And why are they kissing me anyway? Because I'm safe? Because my hair is turning gray and I'm nice and clean?

One of the minor comforts to be derived from my condition has to do with my peer group. When one of the guys starts up with tall tales of his sex life, we both know that if he makes any claim whatsoever, he's lying. When one of us "makes out" it means that he took a lady for a walk, bought her a cup of coffee, and was home in his own bed by ten. When one of our boys says to another, "I'll knock your teeth down your throat," we all know he can do it. The teeth aren't attached to anything.

The other day an old buddy I hadn't seen in a year came up to me on the street. "Gee, you're looking great!" he said. I knew what he meant. "Gee, I thought you were dead!"

It's like the one about the two old boys sitting around shooting the breeze. One ancient codger says to the other: "Sam. Do you remember the first girl you ever had?" Sam thinks for a bit and says: "You know something? I can't even remember the last one."

So it isn't sex, rabbi, right?

And it can't be friendship that gets better. If you have an old friend who's still actually breathing, he's retired and lives in Florida. Or he's given his life savings to a home where they let him play a game of shuffleboard every other Thursday. If it's one of his good days, *i.e.*, if he can stand up.

The rabbi seems to forget that, as friendships ripen, they get to the point where, if you want to commune with good old Harry, you are obliged to make a tiring trip out to Rest With the Angels Throughout Eternity Park ("Our inter-denominational Chapel is also available for weddings.") Harry has a great spot from which he will be able to keep an eternal eye on the pickle works.

Knowing a guy 30 years leads to very short conversations, *i.e.*,

"Did I ever tell you about the time . . .?"

"Yes, you did."

So it isn't friendships, rabbi, right?

Food? There's a lot of talk about old wines. What they don't tell you is that most wines, if allowed to age long enough, turn into vinegar.

Then you get to the point at which you call your doctor every day to see what he's allowing for lunch. A typical day for the guys I know starts with a glass of hot water with a drop of lemon juice in it. Lunch is half a grapefruit, two caraway seeds and the second section of the *New York Times*. Dinner is served on a medium-sized lettuce leaf. This handsome platter contains a quarter teaspoon of cottage cheese and a grape. Dessert is a glass of hot water with a drop of lime juice. Sunday is treat day. The patient is allowed a soft-boiled egg and a spoon. Lunch is black coffee and a slice of Melba toast. Dinner is one Alka-Seltzer.

After falling asleep the client is allowed to dream but, because of his condition, his dreaming is limited to one portion of tapioca pudding and a cookie.

Smoking can have an effect. After 30 years of three packs a day I breathe like a wind-broken dinosaur. I'm up with the birds but it takes me till 11.30 before I can get my throat clear enough to say "Good morning". This is addressed to my 75-year-old maid who can't hear me anyway.

It can't be the gustatory delights, eh, rabbi?

Old guys don't buy hi-fi sets either. If you live in a city, by the time you're 50 about the only thing you can hear is a massive bombing attack. And if you had a kid who listened to a lot of rock, you end up thinking that the subway is a forest glade.

There's no way to follow sports because all the players whose names you knew are now running pizza chains.

One never feels old, of course. It's just that you get up one day and you notice that all the cops look like children in play costumes. Your doctor is some kid (the regular man having konked out long since from doing something or other he used to tell *you* not to do) and if you made a feeble pass at the nurse she'd get you for child-molesting.

So you want someone to grow old along with you, rabbi? The best is yet to be? *These* are the golden years?

It seems to me that this fellow was either some kind of dirty Godless red commie fink traitor, or he had fewer marbles than any teacher ought to have. Or he knew something I don't know. I'd sure like to pop him one right on the nose.

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In this era of new superlative categories, contenders for the nomination as Superstud would have to recognize Burt Reynolds as the man to beat. With a historic nude debut on the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan* magazine Reynolds not only set a publishing "first", and stirred (or frustrated) a million women readers. He also finally broke out of a 15-year acting career on the fringe of stardom, and became at 37 the hottest up-and-coming property in the movie business. By a fortunate juxtaposition the centerfold exposure followed a popular series of appearances as stand-in host of Johnny Carson's television show, during which Reynolds revealed that his undoubted acting talent is more than matched by his wits. The outcome is the emergence of a public personality who—what with charm and an articulate outlook—has all it takes to be around a long time. Not that he's a newcomer to public notice, with two TV series behind him, *Hawk* and *Dan August*, both featuring him as a hardnosed detective. Then there was his movie appearance along with Raquel Welch in *100 Rifles*, one of several earlier movies he remembers with less than enthusiasm. Originally an athlete, Reynolds graduated from Florida State University with the intention of playing professional football for the Baltimore Colts. Then an automobile accident forced him to change his plans and he took up acting. He won the 1958 Florida drama award, which gave him a scholarship to New York's Hyde Park Playhouse, and soon afterwards he landed a part in a stage revival of *Mr Roberts*, starring Charlton Heston. This led to a television debut in *M Squad* and to roles in other TV series, notably as an Indian blacksmith in *Gunsmoke* (Reynolds is part-Cherokee). He also married a television star, *Laugh-in*'s English comedienne Judy Carne, but he is now single again. Serious about his acting, Reynolds feels that none of his movies has yet established his potential, but lately he has made four in quick succession that may lead to revised assessments. One of them is *Deliverance* which was entered for the Cannes Film Festival. Another, *Everything you always wanted to know about sex*, was directed by Woody Allen with an all-star cast. What is certain is that Reynolds is now firmly headed for international stardom, where his say-so will select his scripts. His near-overnight surge to success shows no signs of unsettling him, and he accepts the pressures and pleasures of acclaim with his customary engaging humor and earthy enjoyment. In this exclusive interview, conducted in Toledo, Ohio, by **Fred Robbins** (an old friend), while Reynolds was touring in *The Rainmaker*, he reveals a gratifying partiality for Penthouse and a detestation for its rabbit rival . . . "they ought to sell rain coats with it". Conscious that he is talking to an audience of men, he discusses with unabashed frankness his experiences of sex and his attitudes to women, including his current closest companion Dinah Shore. He also makes clear that it was not modesty on his part that deprived *Cosmo* readers of a view of his privates . . .

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BURT REYNOLDS

('superstud')

Penthouse: If the enthusiasm of the audiences during your current tour of *The Rainmaker* is anything to go by, you seem to have experienced a new surge of popularity following your nude centerfold appearance in *Cosmopolitan.*

Reynolds: I'm in shock over it. One night in Toledo I walked on stage and they applauded for 15 minutes. I see guys every day that look a hell of a lot better with their clothes off than I do. It was the Carson TV show that did it, and the way I handled the centerfold thing after it came out. The difficulty was keeping a sense of humor about it.

Penthouse: What were the pressures?

Reynolds: A lot of guys tried to get me in a corner and get a quote from me. *Newsweek* called and *Time* called – obviously, nobody realized that the magazine was going to sell the way it did. Helen Gurley Brown is certainly the best businesswoman in the world. She printed 400,000 extra copies. Hell, if she'd known what was going to happen, she'd have printed two million extra copies. The reason it sold is that women have a lot better sense of humor than men give them credit for, and they're tired of coming home and looking at Penthouse and *Playboy* pictures with all that cleavage and having the husband say, "Why the hell don't you look like that, Martha?" – after they've had eight babies, you know. So it was a chance to take something and stick it in the husbands' ears. Jesus, to be a part of that, was a terrific fun thing. But it could have backfired easily; it could have been a disaster. I could be playing to empty theatres right now.

Penthouse: It could have affected your career, as you say. Was it an instinct that made you confident to go ahead and do it?

Reynolds: Well, I was counting on the kind of image I had adopted for the talk shows and I'm positive that's why the magazine sold the way it did. I looked as if I was sending it up, and I was. A lot of women write me all the time and say they were turned on by the picture – which I never expected. You and I both read the books for years that Masters and Johnson put out, saying women are not sexually stimulated by pictures of men. Well, they're full of shit.

Penthouse: A lot of women were disappointed that they didn't see the whole thing. Dyan Cannon says that. She wasn't kidding – "Me and my friends, we wanted to see the whole thing."

Reynolds: Yeah. I got a lot of that, too. But I judged it by the way I judge photographs of women – to me, the sexiest thing is something that leaves a little to the imagination. Plus the fact that I wanted to be funny. And I've never found anything terribly funny about a man's cock.

Penthouse: Romantic, yes – funny, no?

Reynolds: I suppose some of them are funny. I'd hate to think mine is. I had no objections to showing it. I just really thought it would spoil the put-on, fun thing I was trying to do.

Penthouse: Were you asked in the beginning to do it completely nude?

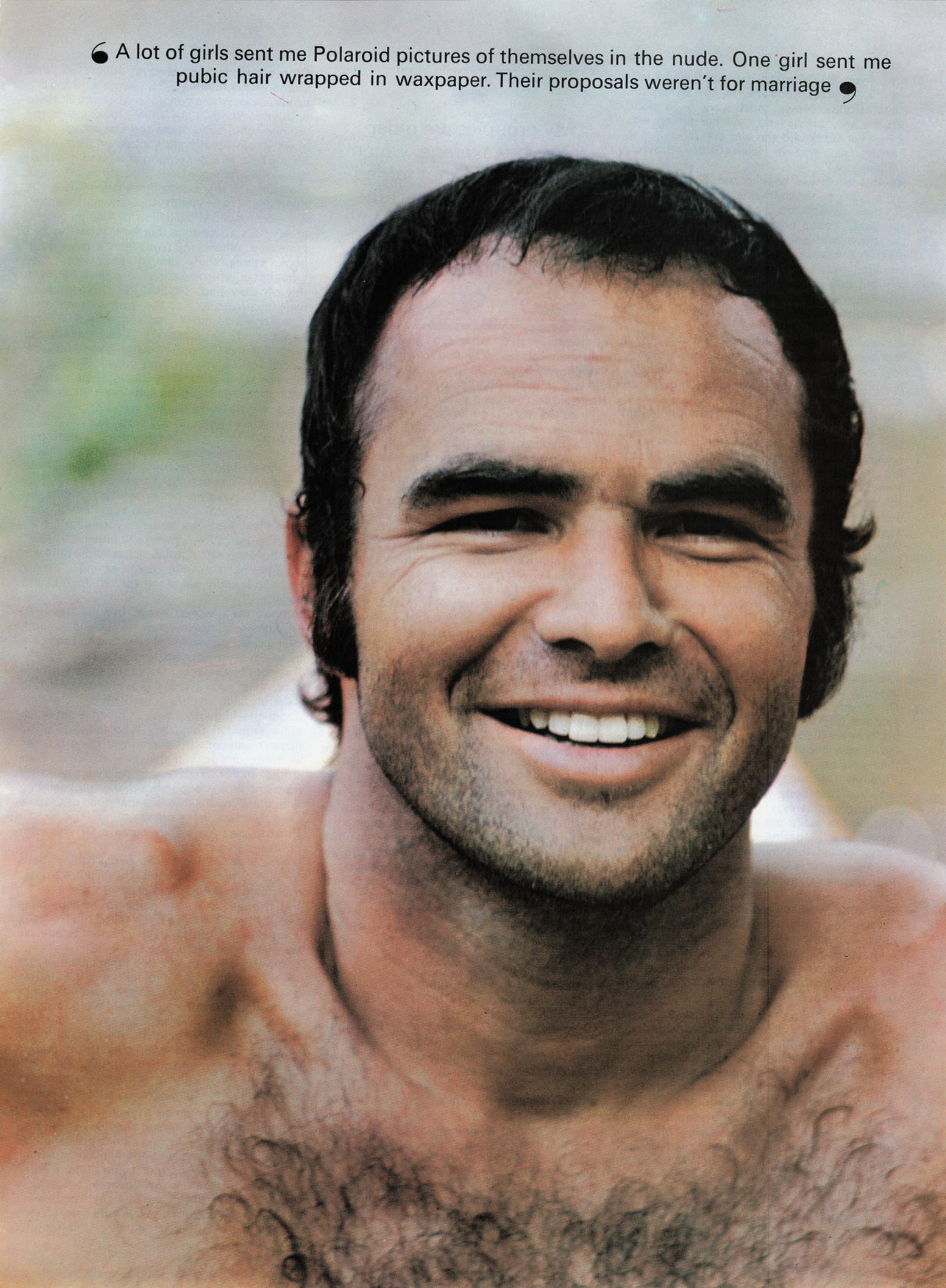
Reynolds: We tried both ways. They took a million pictures, and I'm sure, right now, in the underground in New York, there's a lot of pictures circulating of me with everything hanging out. It was a cold day. I'm sorry they got those. I'm sorry that Dyan feels that way too – but the mere fact that she was disappointed is a plus when you meet her. I mean, if she had seen everything, she might not be so curious.

Penthouse: Did you attempt to exercise any control over the unused nude shots?

Reynolds: Yeah, they gave me the negatives – but that doesn't mean anything. As you know, they can hold some back. And the picture that I picked, they didn't use – they used another one. But if I'd sued *Cosmopolitan* it would have just made more controversy and spoiled what I wanted to do – which was to accept the whole thing for fun. So, I just kept my mouth shut, and never really told anybody that it wasn't the picture I picked.

Penthouse: Was there any argument about the way the shot was done?

Reynolds: No. The only thing we disagreed about was that I wanted to be laughing hysterically, and she wanted me just smiling.



“A lot of girls sent me Polaroid pictures of themselves in the nude. One girl sent me pubic hair wrapped in waxpaper. Their proposals weren't for marriage”

Also, I wanted to wear a hat with feathers in it – and a few crazy props around. As it turned out, Helen Gurley Brown must have been right. She's a very bright lady, and her timing was right. Everybody said she was crazy.

Penthouse: Was it Helen Gurley Brown's original idea?

Reynolds: I was hosting the *Tonight* show and she happened to be one of the guests. She put it to me right on the air. I laughed at her, and said "You're crazy." My ex-wife was on the show and said "I think that's a terrific idea. You have a great ass." And everybody, knowing Judy – she has such a gift for words – thought that was very funny. Then Helen just kept following it up and following it up.

Penthouse: You were warned about how it might affect your career.

Reynolds: There were great debates about that before I did it. My agent, whom I respect, told me not to do it. But I honestly believed it would turn out the way it did, though not as big as it did.

Penthouse: Is it right that you didn't get paid for it?

Reynolds: Not a cent. I didn't want to. I couldn't very well say I did it for fun if I got a lot of bread for it.

Penthouse: One female reaction was that the picture wasn't exciting because it's a *soft* picture – no athletic motion, with muscles stretched taut.

Reynolds: You and I both know that what turns you on may not turn me on, etc. I'm sure that's just as true with women. A lot of women are turned on by fat chubby little guys. A lot of women are turned on by jocks, etc. Very few are turned on by the Charles Atlas muscle-bound egg-shaped guy – mostly because most of them are so busy working on their bods, they never have time to work on their personalities. I think it's sexier if it's a face you recognize because then you fantasize all kinds of things. Open up a magazine, and there's Ursula Andress or Raquel Welch or somebody in her underwear – you think, "Gee, that's terrific. Never saw her in her underwear before." And then you can conjure up all kinds of things. Probably the most stimulating thing to guys is to see somebody who doesn't do that kind of thing ordinarily, I would think. If I see Raquel, I'm really not that turned on, but if I open up a magazine and see Carol Burnett – that would turn me on. If a woman thinks she's sexy, she is.

Penthouse: Carol Burnett would love you for that.

Reynolds: Well, I happen to be her No. 1 fan. If I had to go on a desert island and take one chick with me, I'd take her—because you've got to have some laughs. Also, she looks like a tigress, and that's nice.

Penthouse: Were you surprised by the wild letters you got?

Reynolds: I didn't expect to get thousands which I did get. I also got thousands saying it was fun and terrific, and "I'm glad you did it and my whole family loves you, and my grandmother loves you and my husband loves you"—you know I even got one, from a chick who's on a roller derby team and has it in her locker. The freaks' letters were what you would imagine some guy with a raincoat beating off would write to some chick—downright sex letters: "I want to fuck your brains out" etc. Where do you go from there? Some started off very nice, and said, "I think you're a very nice actor, and I think you're very funny on the Tonight Show . . ." and all of a sudden, the letter gets worse and worse and worse. A lot of them sent Polaroid pictures of themselves in the nude. One girl from Canada sent me pubic hair wrapped in wax paper.

> "My groupies are older than your average, which flatters me. I'm not turned-on by the dirt-under-the-fingernails broad. Also, my groupies aren't interested in putting it in plaster"

Penthouse: Wasn't there one who papered the wall with the centerfold?

Reynolds: Yeah, she called up from Chicago and asked for, I guess, 500 magazines. It ended up costing her $700. She papered her entire bedroom with them. I called her and said: "Listen, for $700, I'll come over." And I was sent a check in the mail—a certified check—for $700. I haven't dropped by there yet. But I intend to. I had a funny experience a few years ago with two girls named Franny and Zooey, still very good friends of mine, whom I ended up in the sack with after a telethon. They'd been very good friends of mine—and they're strictly a duo, you know. I mentioned this sort of casually, on the Tonight show and I had a lot of letters signed "Franny and Zooey" with photographs, too. That was hysterical. I also mentioned one day that I like healthy chicks. I guess they assumed I meant big breasts, and almost 75—85% of the letters give measurements. Which is nice.

Penthouse: How many letters contained pubic hair?

Reynolds: Just the one. If it was ever mentioned on the air, I'm sure there'd be lots of bald broads. I happened to mention one night on television that I was invited to dinner and Carson said, "Did you go?" I said: "Yes, it was terrific." Well, everywhere I go now I get invitations. In Toledo, I had like 50 invitations a day to have spaghetti because I happened to mention that I love Italian food. Which is sensational. I suppose if I mentioned that I got pubic hair, I'd get thousands of pubic hairs.

Penthouse: Funny it took a girl from Canada to be the one who sent you the pubic hair.

Reynolds: Canada is where most of the crazy mail came from. They've got a lot of frustrated ladies in Canada, apparently. And I'm going up there very soon.

Penthouse: Any other offers?

Reynolds: Oh yeah, hundreds, to do the craziest things you ever heard of. One company wanted me to do a wrist watch ad—at 12 o'clock. I would be nude, I guess. Ford Motor Company wanted a new commercial—that was damned near half-a-million dollars. The thing is, I've waited 15 years to be popular as an actor. I just don't want to do a lot of commercials right now. That doesn't mean that next year I won't, and it doesn't mean I'm above it all. It just takes a certain amount of money to have a great time and I'm having a great time. Anything above that that I don't have to do—to make more money—doesn't appeal to me.

Penthouse: What have you learned about women, Burt, from the response to this centerfold. Was the outpouring of aggressiveness a surprise to you?

Reynolds: I had always suspected that women were that way. For example, in a pick-up situation, where you go to a bar and sit there with your No. 3 "I am virile" look, it was the women who really made the first moves. Any guy that did usually got shot down. But today, it's a whole new generation and I find it, sometimes, fun and marvellous. I do, however, enjoy the hunt, and that's sometimes taken away. The thing that I was happy to see was that they weren't afraid to stand in line for their magazine, to say "It's about time this was done." In San Francisco, where, my God, there's more adult book stores than almost anywhere, they wouldn't put the magazine out at the A&P, even though they had *Playboy* there. Now, that's male chauvinism. But the women customers complained so much that suddenly A&P was apologizing to *Cosmo*: "Please send the magazine over". So they sent it over, and A&P sold them. To answer your question—I wasn't surprised. I was pleased but in some cases a little shocked, I suppose, to see that women were as aggressive as they were.

Penthouse: Out and out proposals?

Reynolds: Oh sure, but you get those anyway if you're on television. A guy goes to the moon, and he's going to get a lot of proposals. These proposals weren't for marriage. They just wanted to jump my bones, which is a different kind of proposal. "We could sure have a good time. I just want two hours of your time."

Penthouse: With a picture to illustrate.

Reynolds: Yeah, right. Which is a little different from the old, romantic way of saying: "I think you and I would get along very well. I'd like to have tea."

Penthouse: As you know, our era has bred groupies who follow rock musicians around, racing drivers, baseball players and so forth. Are there any Burt Reynolds groupies?

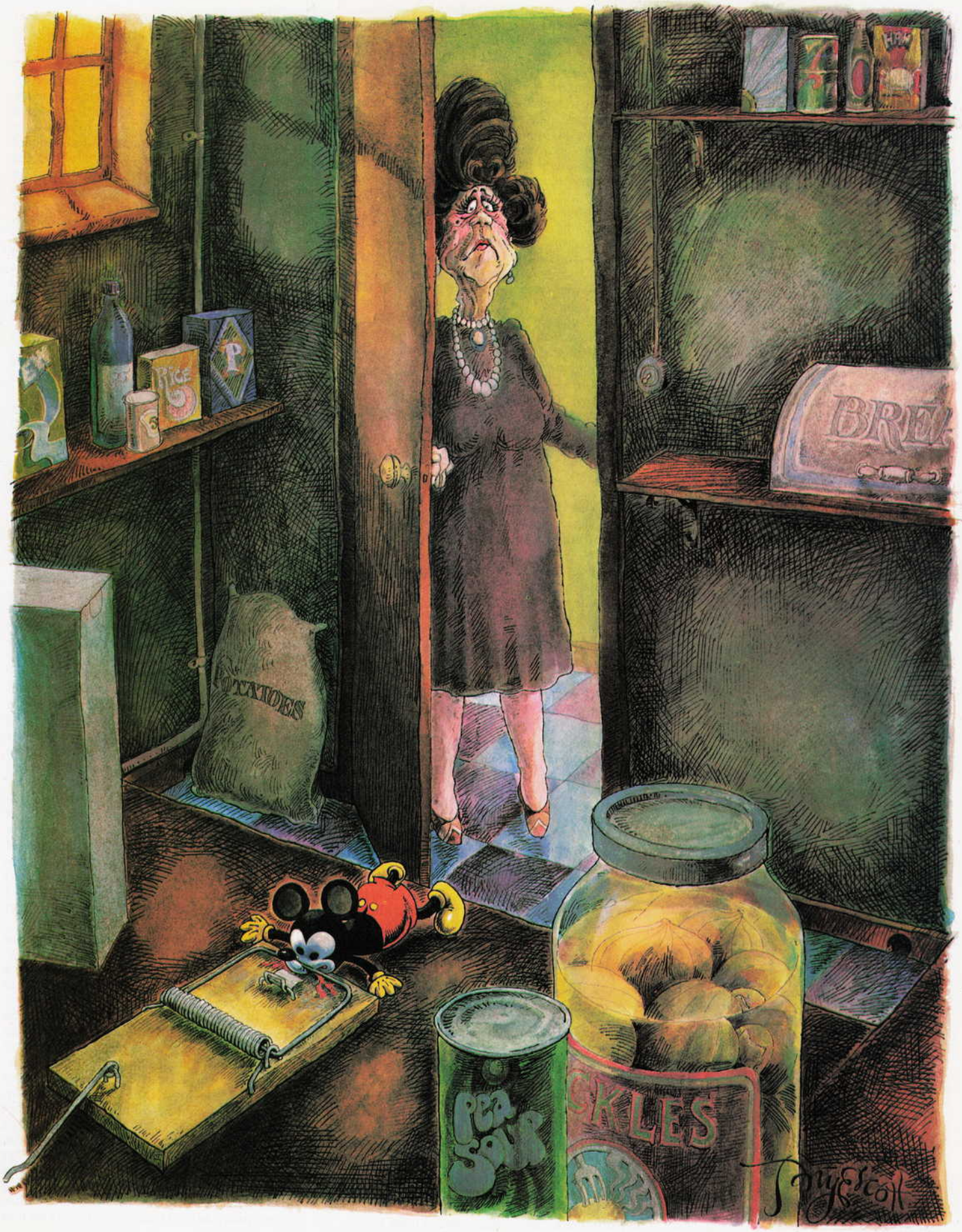
Reynolds: Oh sure. My groupies are a little older than your average groupie, which I find flattering. I'm a little turned-off by the dirt-under-the-fingernails type of broad. I am much more attracted to a lady who looks like she doesn't ordinarily do that sort of thing but has all kinds of talent in that area that has been stored up for years. Camp followers who go from one rock group to another group, carrying with them various diseases that none of us have even heard of, that's not my thing.

Penthouse: Have they come after you with plaster casts yet?

Reynolds: No. No plaster casts. I think that's for the younger generation. These ladies are not interested in putting it in plaster!

Penthouse: It's very hard to be objective about yourself. You've been called the No 1 sex symbol—Super Stud. Have you tried to analyse why you appeal to women?

Reynolds: First of all, I don't think it's true that I'm Super Stud. But I thank you. If I had to analyze why I think a woman or two women or any women are attracted to me, I would have to say it's because most of them say to me—I get this line every night at the theatre: "I really don't want to go to bed with that *Cosmopolitan* thing; I want to go to bed with *you*. You look sexy with your clothes on. I love your crazy personality." I think it's a related kind of attitude that women are attracted to. The *Playboy* image of what a man should be I send up constantly. I mean, having a bunny decal on his glass says to me he ain't gonna make out at all. If you have to go around saying "I am a *stud*" then you ain't—because people tell *you*. I think women are attracted to a guy who doesn't wear big belt buckles and talk with a deep voice and smoke Marlboros and say "I'm tough".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They want a guy who is going to treat them like a lady, and is going to respect them, and who likes women. It has become very chic in the last five or six years to say: "I don't like women". That's bullshit. They're all lying anyway. I happen to really like women. I think they're bright and fun to be with. Another thing I think they're attracted to is a man who's not intimidated by a woman's intelligence, not afraid to be backed into a corner by two chicks or three chicks, who is going to kind of fend off one question at a time and make his own choices. There's a lot of so-called sex symbols who really are sex symbols because of something other than an ability to do something physical. I mean, Joe Namath certainly isn't a sex symbol because he throws a football 80 yards down a field, but because he has a kind of Peck's Bad Boy crazy kind of grinning, fun image of a guy. A lot of men hate him because he's doing everything that they'd really like to do. I happen to think that Joe is a terrific guy, and I envy him and like him. I think it was kind of thrown in his lap before he could handle it—but he can handle it now. It would be difficult for anybody at 23 or 24 years old, to have the kind of pressures that he had. Fortunately for me it didn't happen until I was 36. Ten years ago, I would have been a basket case. Now I really understand that it could all fade away next year, that it could be over tomorrow. I am going to enjoy it while it's here—try to make some good movies, so I can stay in a certain position; try to be a better actor; and try to have a hell of a good time. That's really the most important thing to me; that's number one. The rest of the things are secondary. And I think that's Namath's motto, obviously. I think the guys that people think of as sex symbols and it turns out that really is "their image"—that it is an *image*. That's not really that attractive; like the female sex symbol—they're really icebergs.

Penthouse: There was a newspaper clipping today calling you the No. 1 sex symbol in the country. If it wasn't you right now, which other guy would you say would fill the image?

Reynolds: There are a lot of guys who would qualify, but who happen to be married, which makes it very difficult for them to go on a show and say the things that I say. Not that being married can stop you from being a sex symbol, because Paul Newman is married and he certainly is a sex symbol. Clint Eastwood, I think, probably could be because he has a tremendous sense of humor, as very few people know, mostly because Clint is a kind of recluse and prefers it that way. He's a great-looking guy, a very physical guy—but he also happens to be very happily married and has just had a second baby. He's a huge box-office star. My example of what I think is tremendously attractive is a guy like Don Meredith, a sports commentator and former All-American football player. He's a former professional football star who can quote Scott Fitzgerald, play the guitar and sing, do imitations, who is terribly funny, who loves women, who is a tremendous dancer, who is ready for a party any time of the day or night. He has the ability to listen well, and he looks like, even when he's on national television in front of 40 million people, he doesn't give a shit. It's the throwaway that attracts women. It's the guy who cares desperately about what he's doing, but is going to be his own man. I find that attractive too.

Penthouse: As Penthouse is an international magazine, can you apply your standard to any foreign guys?

Reynolds: Well, Mastroianni certainly fits. He's a guy who pursues life, and I've heard so many fabulous stories about him. I don't know if they're true or not, but if one of them is true, he sounds terrific—and he certainly lives his life his own way.

Penthouse: He became a new father with Catherine Deneuve—and he's still married.

Reynolds: I'd say he's No. 1. Also, Belmondo—I'm a big fan of his. He does the kind of movies I'd like to do. And he seems like a kind of crazy, wild, fun guy. I think, obviously, the Europeans were that kind of man long before we ever thought about it. I've heard some great stories about Michael Caine too and the women I've talked to that know him think he's terrific. Some women think he's horrible, but that's a good sign—he obviously doesn't affect anybody just casually. I am crazy about English ladies. I might go over there soon and make a tour; I'd have a better opinion then.

Penthouse: What kind of response did Super Stud have from the Gay Activists? A guy who writes for the *Village Voice* said they weren't very turned on by your centerfold.

Reynolds: No. Well, the *Village Voice* is not going to be turned on because I didn't stand there and jack off. I knew they were going to knock it, and I'll probably win the Bad Taste Award from *Esquire*.

Penthouse: Women's Lib should have been delighted. They have considered it an act of discrimination for magazines to show women nudes and never a male nude. Finally, they get a male shown in the nude.

Reynolds: I sort of hoped that would be the reaction. It really wasn't. I haven't talked to Germaine Greer (and I'd like to—very sexy lady)—but there were 700 Women's Lib ladies in Chicago when I was doing the play there, and they were very cool, it seemed to me. Individually, they all wanted me to sign the *Cosmo* which they were sneaking around in their purses, but as a group they rather frowned on the whole thing.

Penthouse: Does it ever worry you that you might meet a chick who has seen the *Cosmo* thing and has fantasized all kinds of expectations that you're now expected to live up to?

Reynolds: That would be just terrific. I've never worried about something like that. It's probably one of the plusses for going out with starlets. They're hoping for a three-star rating, so they draw your brains out. Knowing Hollywood, the way it is—everybody thinks everybody knows what everybody else is doing, so God knows you don't want to be called a bad lay. If some chick had fantasized something about me, I think she would be terrific in the sack, just by the mere fact that she had fantasized about it.

Penthouse: How do you react toward the nudism trend generally?

Reynolds: I am not turned on, quite honestly, by the nude look. To me, there is still nothing more sexy than a great looking broad in underwear. Also, I like to see a chick fully dressed but in one of those blouses where you can just see the nipples. That's very sexy, but not if she's got size 48s and the nipple is right around her bellybutton. It really depends on the chick. As far as society is concerned—society is going to go as far as we let it go. You can get some very nice, polite people in a room, and I've seen it happen where certain situations get started and all of a sudden these people turn into animals. I don't want to be involved in a situation where every night you go to somebody's house and jump everybody's bones. That's not my idea of a lot of fun. I enjoy the hunt. I'm a romanticist; always have been.

Penthouse: Are we in the U.S. catching up with other countries in permissiveness?

Reynolds: No, we're not anywhere near Denmark in terms of pornography—nor Amsterdam, which is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but has a great red-light district. If we had a great red-light district in New York it would make it possible to walk down Sixth Avenue without getting tripped every other store. I think we've got to be able to have pornography in one specified section of town. A lot of freaks run over there and get those magazines, run home and jack off, and then they don't attack anybody. It seems to me that that would release a little pressure. There has been pornography around ever since I can remember—playing cards and those funny little Dick Tracy magazines. The problem is that it's done in such bad taste. I think you can just about do anything, if you do it with taste. If you walk down a street with your kid and there's some broad holding her tits in a guy's mouth, that's not too cool. Your kid's nine years old, and he says: "What is she feeding him, Daddy?" Why not have a store where it just says what it is on the outside and that's all, and all the goods are hidden inside?

Penthouse: Similar to the shops in Hamburg, Germany—which are like supermarkets, and you can go in and buy whatever you want with no sweat?

Reynolds: And the women don't give you that funny look when you buy them, either. "What would you like, sir? 19-inch vibrator? Wonderful."

Penthouse: Part of your mystique and attraction is your relationship with Dinah Shore. What attracts you to a mature woman like her?

Reynolds: I'm not very interested in what took place in a person's life before they arrive at the point where I find them funny and attractive and wonderful. All of our personalities are an accumulation of our experiences with other people. If we're dumped around with Gene Barry and Milton Berle, by the end of the year we might be rather obnoxious. I think that I happened to meet Dinah at a time in her life when she had had a lot of personal tragedy, and kind of become the Perle Mesta of Beverly Hills, which is a shame—because she's worth a lot more than that. And I really am not concerned about what it took her to get there. Or the number of years it took her to get there. I just happen to be the lucky guy who was there at that time. What I think I've done for her is she doesn't have to have 50 people around her at night to be happy. People aren't taking advantage of her any more. There's something about me that kind of intimidates them a little bit. I think it's the way I look at them. And I just happen to think she's special.

Penthouse: You know that young girls say things like: "Burt Reynolds and Dinah Shore—my goodness, what does he see in her? She's so much older than he is." What does a more mature girl bring to a guy?

Reynolds: First of all, I don't want it to be misread. The attraction isn't a mother complex by any stretch of the imagination. In terms of what's missing, Dinah has the body of a 25-year-old woman—so that ain't missing. In terms of the way she looks, she's a beautiful lady. Now, inside the head Dinah's got a lot more going for her than a younger girl because she's done a lot more things, seen a lot more people, and been to a lot more places. Just look at her television show, five days a week. One day she's got Pandit Nehru, and the next day she's got Sidney Poitier and the next day George Wallace, and the next day Oral Roberts. You can't do that and not come away with something.

Penthouse: Is Dinah jealous of the great

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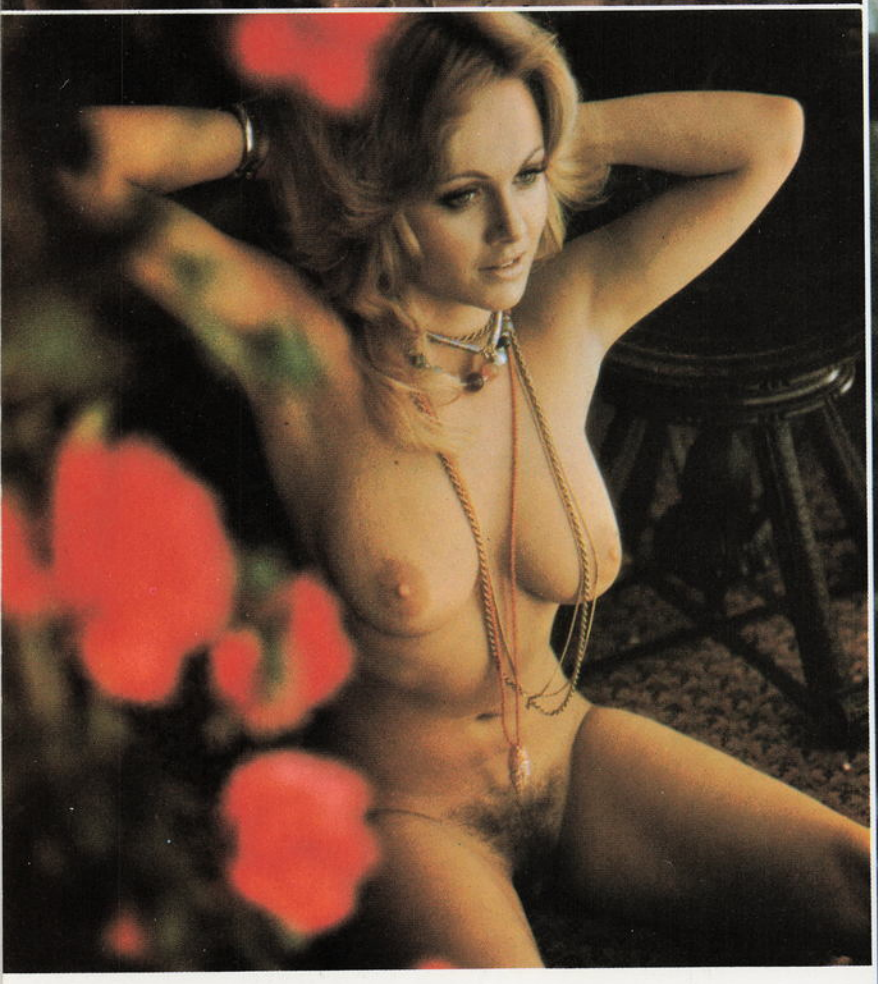
ANGELA

A novel view
of an aspiring
lady writer

PAPER DOLL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

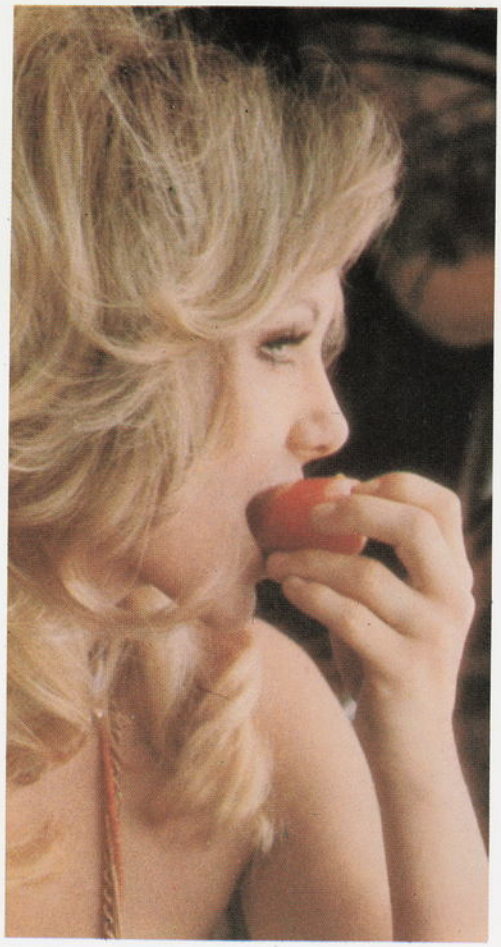


With the disarming candor of the hotel doorman who claimed he could have been as great as Caruso if only he'd had the voice, 20-year-old Angela Adams admits that, given the right plot, she'd make a best-selling novelist. This highly-cultivated English rose, who was trained into her 36-24-37 shape in Kent—"the garden of England"—classifies herself as an aspiring authoress, and has the blank paper to prove it. "Every weekend, when I go home to Canterbury, I spend at least two hours sitting in front of my typewriter. I never seem to write anything I keep, but the view out of the window is gorgeous." Her problem, she confesses, is that she is too easily molded: "Everybody I meet makes an impression on me, changes the way I think. I haven't got the same opinion from one day to the next. And the trouble is, a novelist has to have some kind of opinions about things." Angela started to write when she was 13 ("it was very mushy, very romantic, about a girl who falls in love with the drunken son of a taxi driver.") Despite several attempts at publication during her seven years at a very expensive private girl's academy, Angela remained out of print, and on graduation, became an escort for a London agency. "All I had to do was go out with men, chat to them,

be entertaining, and say no when they offered me money at the end of the evening to go to bed with them." Why did she decline the offers? "I don't think it was anything moral. It just wasn't the way I like to go about loving somebody. I know a lot of girls who do accept, though, and that's their choice." After five months of solid dating, Angela found that her figure was feeling the effects of nightly feasting, and quit to become a publishers' secretary. "It hasn't got me any nearer publication, but at least I know what's going on. I actually enjoy being a man's secretary. I sort of masochistically like the way I'm really nothing more than his slave and his shadow, and that the only letters I write are his. When I'm typing an angry letter, I really bash the keys, even though I don't even know what he's angry about. That's what I mean by being molded. I respond automatically to the mood of whatever man I'm with." Does that extend to sex? "It extends to everything. If a man's feeling very sexy, it makes *me* feel sexy too. And if he's very violent when he's making love, if he bites and scratches, then that's how I behave as well. I enjoy things because the man I'm with enjoys them." Schooled as she was at

one of England's more elitist academies, how does Angela react to permissiveness? "This always amuses me. The British upper class have always been infinitely more permissive than the rest of the population. I mean the royal *Georges*, with all their hideous mistresses . . . Debby girls these days are fantastically promiscuous. They will jump on to anyone provided he's male and he knows that one ought not to hunt south of the Thames. One of the girls at the escort agency came from a family that's so well known I can't really tell you her name. Well *she* . . ." The sentence, like those of all best-selling novelists, is left hanging.

For the future, the literary Miss Adams is trying to bring off the coup that all writers fantasize about—a number-one best-seller with film rights to boot. "I don't know what it will be yet," she says, half-amused and half-wistful. "The



only really good original idea I ever had was about a boy and a girl who meet at college and the girl dies of leukemia, but then someone else came out and did that." What about marriage? "I want to be very sure before I take a step like that. I shape my behavior so much on the man I'm with, it would be terrible if I married the wrong man. We'd *both* be wrong, then. But I'd marry any man if he could find me a good story." Personally, we believe that Angela needn't bother: every picture in this Penthouse portfolio is worth a thousand words.

MISS ANGELA ADAMS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONT

"Homeward Bound"

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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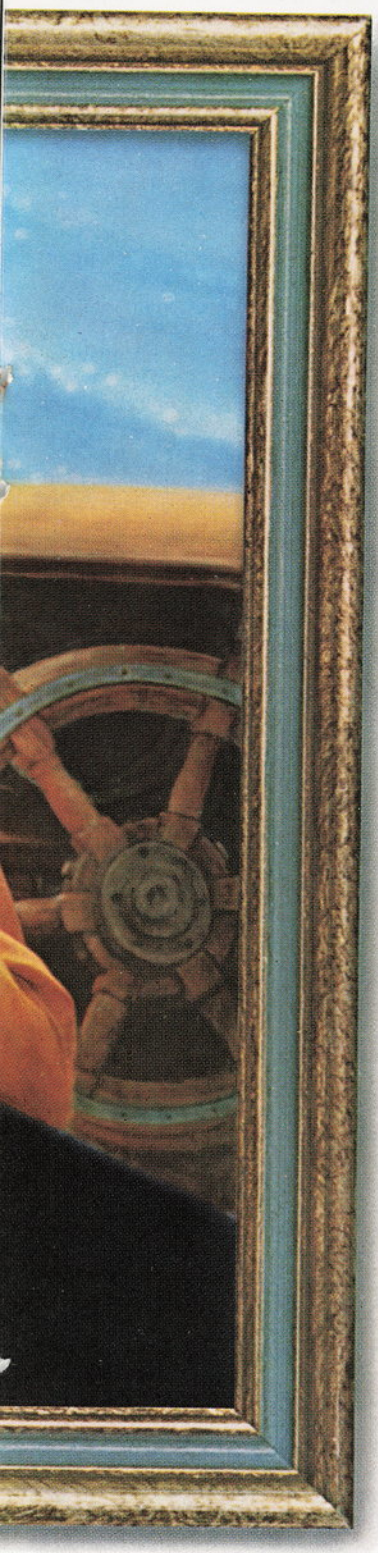

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with Winston's finer flavor

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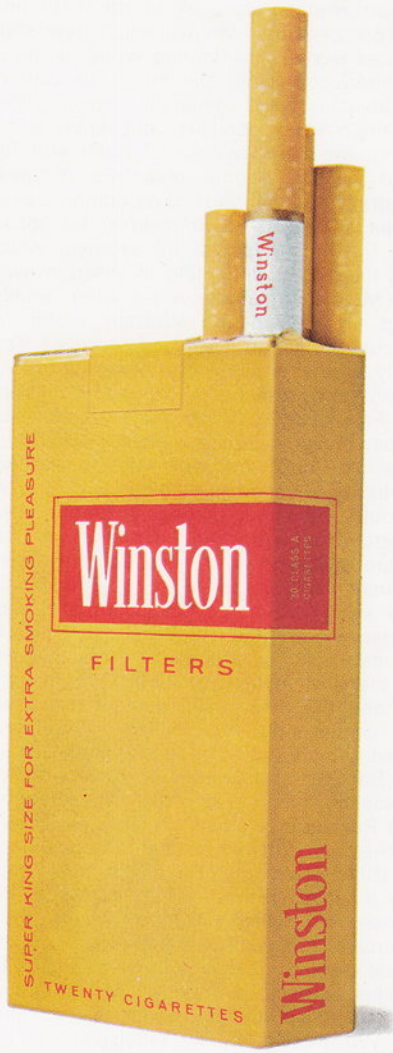
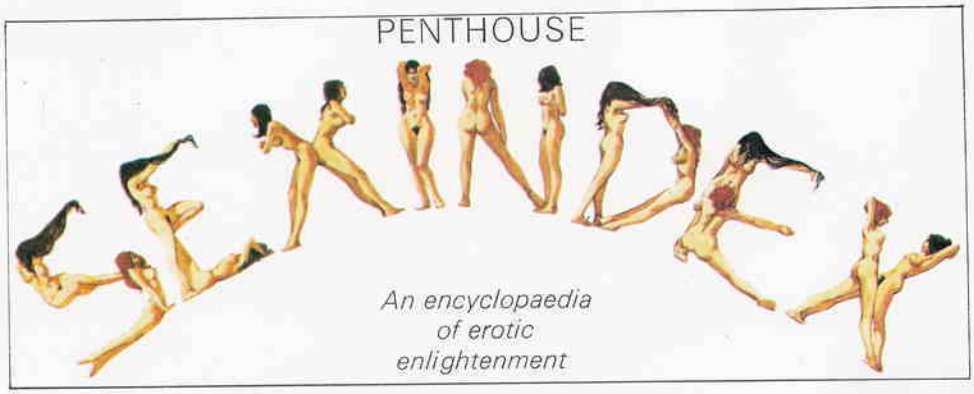


20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR.'72.



Eros: Greek word for love, also personified in Greek antiquity as a god, son of Aphrodite. Eros was generally considered the god of erotic *sentiment*, often interpreted as homosexual love and especially the passionate devotion of a grown man to a boy, while Aphrodite presided over the erotic *act* and heterosexual love. The statue of Eros was usually found in the gymnasium, which Plutarch notes as a pick-up place for pederasts. The Greeks were well aware of the androgynous nature of human beings and Eros was often represented in hermaphroditic forms.

erotic art: Distinguished from pornographic illustration by the artist's aesthetic intentions, erotic art is found in most societies in most periods of history. It has probably flourished most consistently in the Orient. Japanese erotic art reached its peak in the 17th and early 18th centuries when a much freer style known as *ukyo-e* or "floating world pictures" was introduced. Until the mid-17th century the subjects were generally nude, often with emphasized genitalia, but later artists preferred the partially-covered body and the kimono became highly eroticized. Chinese erotic prints and paintings never emphasize the genitalia or breasts—their main erotic appeal lies in the bound feet of the women, which makes them less stimulating to Western eyes. In the Middle Ages there was a wide "underground" market in the Western world for woodcuts depicting copulatory scenes (especially in the public bath-houses), brothels, birchings, and scurrilous drawings of monks and nuns. Few of these show much artistic merit but they have a certain amiable Rabelaisian abandon. In "public art" before the Renaissance the artist was limited to religious subjects, but he would sometimes manage to imbue these with erotic content, and the themes of Lot's incestuous liaison with his daughters and Susannah being surprised in her bath by the Elders were far more popular than Biblical importance warranted. The Renaissance opened up a new field of potentially erotic subjects from classical mythology. One favourite was Leda and the Swan (still being used in the 20th century by *e.g.* Nolan). Rembrandt painted Jupiter and Antiope; Annibale Caracci drew Bacchus and Ariadne in the sex posture traditionally known as "the wheelbarrow". Some Renaissance artists dispensed with even a mythological pretext for their erotic subjects, *e.g.* Giulio Romano, Raphael's best pupil, made a set of erotic drawings known as *The Postures* to which Aretino (*q.v.*) added descriptive sonnets. Da Vinci drew an anatomical diagram of coupled sexual organs but disdained erotica, writing in his notebook: "The act of procreation and the members employed therein are so repulsive that if it were not for the beauty of the faces . . . nature would lose the human species". Most other great artists—e.g. Goya, Fragonard, Boucher, Degas—have turned to erotic subjects on occasion. Probably the greatest erotic works are by lesser-known artists who have specialized in the genre. The 18th-century English artist Thomas Rowlandson was of this type, and he won many commissions from rich collectors including George IV. Ashbee (*q.v.*) lists 126 erotic works under his name. On the whole, Rowlandson preferred straightforward, often vulgar, copulatory scenes, but sometimes he was commissioned to do something more esoteric, e.g. a watercolour of three young women urinating. He often shows old men copulating with young girls, and one of his drawings shows an old man examining a girl's vagina through a magnifying glass. Gustave Courbet, the 19th-century French painter, also took erotic commissions—one of them is a lovingly-executed close-up of an isolated vulva. In 1866 Khalik Bey commissioned him to paint three scenes of lesbian love, and the only one which survives, *Sleep*, is of extremely high quality. The 19th century was also the great age of erotic illustrators, notably the Marquis Franz von Bayros (*q.v.*), Aubrey Beardsley (*q.v.*) and Felicien Rops. Rops is a master of rococo fantasy (his "phallic bird" is often reproduced) but his women are always rather unattractive. Countless 20th century painters and sculptors—including Paul Delvaux, Dali, Hans Bellmer, Chagall, Karel Appel, Souza, Dubuffet—have turned their attention to erotic subjects but the leader in this genre (as so often) is Picasso. Eroticism in Western art has remained much the same since the Middle Ages, and is centred on the nude female body and straightforward scenes of sexual intercourse. Male homosexuality is almost never depicted and though lesbianism is a popular theme this is presumably aimed at the male voyeur rather than an actual lesbian market. Birching and flagellation were fairly common in medieval woodcuts, and the use of an enema is shown in an 18th-century engraving by Maleuvre called *Le Curieux* and again in a 19th-century watercolour by Peter Johann Nepomuk Geiger. But with these few exceptions, the vast majority of Western erotic art is "straight".

erotic bibliographies: Bibliographical scholarship in the erotic genre, despite the hidden nature of most erotic and pornographic literature until recently, has been strong, particularly in the suppressive 19th century. The principal bibliographies are the three volumes by Henry Spencer Ashbee (*q.v.*); *L'Enfer de la Bibliothèque Nationale* (Paris, 1913) by Apollinaire, Fleurek and Perceau; the *Bibliographie du roman erotique au XIXe siècle* by Louis Perceau (Paris 1930, 2 vols); *Bibliographie des ouvrages relatifs a l'amour* by Jules Gay (Turin/London 1871-3, 6 vols); *Registrum Librorum eroticorum* by Rolfe S. Reade (Alfred Rose) London 1936, 2 vols; and the *Bibliotheca Germanorum erotica and curiosa* by Hugo Hayn and Alfred N. Gotendorf (Munich 1912-14, 8 vols, with additional volume 1929 by Paul Englisch).

erotic postcards: An offshoot of progress in cheaper engraving, erotic postcards—usually of voluptuous nudes—date from the last century, and had their heyday in the period 1900-20, when holiday travel spread to the many in western Europe. They were larger than the modern postcard—about 6 ins by 3 ins—and showed, for example: nudes with pubic hair, posing as part of the "heavenly host"; a nude paddling in a pond while a swan's erect head moves in close to her pubis (memories of Leda); a uniformed hussar holding an outsize dummy penis out of his flies while his mistress smilingly looks on (dummy penises were often used because photography in those days was a long and arduous business making inhuman demands on a real erection); and Brighton belles in striped knickerbocker-style bathing costumes. In this period, as today, the authorities were less harsh on pornography if it had "artistic" pretensions, and any classical or godly allusion helped prevent prosecution. In Denmark in 1916 many erotic postcards were seized for obscenity but acquitted on the art defence. British seaside postcards of blonde-haired busty blowsies skirts-in-air with joke attached are usually more vulgar than erotic.

erotic songs: Folk songs on a lewd theme, many dating back do medieval times. They usually refer to sexual parts in euphemistic terms, such as the English Midland song: "I'll follow my man with his own peg and awl". One of the finest of old English erotic songs (to be sung by a woman) goes: "I have a furzefield, my own dearest love,/Where all my fine pheasants do play,/And if you go ferretin',/When ferretin's in season,/I'll show you, love, how to proceed." It is impossible to trace the sources of songs like these, because they were passed from mouth to ear for hundreds of years before any ethnographer wrote them down (and hundreds have been lost for ever). Most erotic songs concerned themselves, up to the 20th century, with fallen milkmaids, promiscuous barbers hiding under beds, and seductive passers-by. There is an old English erotic song known as *The Song of the Trades*, which has countless verses, one of which is full of suggestive references to "The butcher, the bloody old butcher," and "The miner, the dirty old miner," finding various uses for their cleavers and picks. With the First and Second Wars, barrack-room camaraderie was fertile ground for erotic songs such as *Eskimo Nell* and *The Good Ship Venus:* "The first mate's name was Carter,/By God he was a farter,/If the ship wouldn't start,/Carter would fart,/And Carter the farter would start 'er." Songs like these survivé at sports clubs (especially rugby) and reunions. Other old erotic songs are still passed on by word of mouth—"I see a blackbird up in yonder tree—bugger!", one of the oldest Sussex ditties, survives. So, in parts of Scotland, does the lament about impotence: "The weary, wanton, moudiwarp" (old English for "mole"). The qualities of a lasting sexual song seem to be utmost simplicity, coupled with a memorable punchline, rather like this verse from a modern lyric: "Oh, there was a man called Hunt who thought he had a cunt,/But he only had his arsehole back to front."

erotica: Literature, art or any object intended to arouse sexual interest, *e.g.* the *Kama Sutra*,

Erotic art, 18th-century styles: English watercolour *(above)* by Thomas Rowlandson, and *(left)* Japanese painted scroll.

Exhibitionism on stage: London cast of *The Dirtiest Show in Town.*

Erotic postcards: Honeymoon amours from an early French set.

Aubrey Beardsley's erotic illustrations, the fur stole used with memorable effect in the striptease scene in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita. Erotica exotica* include the *guesquels* used by Patagonian Indians—a small wreath made of hair from a mule's mane and attached to the penis. The effect on women was striking, according to one observer: "They foam at the mouth and have such a paroxysmal orgasm that they lie around stupefied and exhausted after intercourse." In Burma, men inserted little bells under the skin of the penis, and an Italian visitor in the 15th century reported hearing the tinkling of bells everywhere he walked. Erotic ornaments were popular in ancient Greece and Rome, a favourite Greek vase theme being to show a girl positioned between two satyrs who advanced on her with penises erect. Roman girls openly wore necklaces of model penises, while erotic lamps in Roman bedrooms showed both brides and slave girls the postures to adopt for orthodox and anal intercourse. As in the frescoes of Pompeii, decorative themes also included female flagellation cults, where newly-initiated girls were whipped before the unveiling of a large phallic symbol. Like other classical art, erotic ornamentation was revived in the 18th century. The Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France, commissioned a complete Sèvres dinner service in which every shape and decoration was blatantly obscene. By 1860 it was already valued at £30,000. During the Napoleonic wars, French prisoners in England made and sold erotic ornaments. Snuff-boxes and powder boxes showed sexual intercourse on their lids. When the vendors were prosecuted, it emerged that there had been a brisk trade at girls' boarding schools. Wealthy Victorian rakes bought expensive opera cloaks which opened out to reveal amorous scenes embroidered on their silk linings. Obscene watches were made for the English market in which the mechanism activated a tiny man and woman copulating. One owner reported the theft of his watch, but, though it was recovered, the police refused to

let him have it back. Increasing public prudery from the mid-19th century forced erotica-manufacturers to exercise all their ingenuity. Hence in 1872 sweetshop-owner Samuel Parkinson was accused of "exposing for sale a number of indecently stamped pieces of confectionery". An Inspector Bottoms (*sic*) who went into Parkinson's shop to buy some cough lozenges noticed a "number of cakes of boiled sugar on which were stamped the figures of men and women in the most disgusting positions". The offender received a month's imprisonment with hard labour. Equally ingenious and popular among Victorian rakes were gravy-boats which appeared innocent when full. Then, as they were passed round the table, the gravy level dropped to reveal a picture of a buxom, grinning peasant-girl bending over with her skirts up, while a lusty young man with a monstrous erection charged her from behind. Cads were said to have switched gravy-boats at respectable dinner parties.

erotographomania: Compulsive desire to write or draw sexual subjects—possibly as a substitute for sexual activity. Many modern authors, notably Henry Miller and Norman Mailer, seem to suffer a degree of erotographomania, and Women's Liberationists such as Kate Millett and Germaine Greer have leapt at the chance to expose men's fond virility fantasies. Many aboriginal tribes may also be described as erotographomaniacs, as they insist on drawing male and female genitals on their party invitations.

erotomania: Excessive sexual appetite: in men called satyriasis and in women nymphomania. A classic example of an erotomaniac was the Boston Strangler—his wife reported that he forced her to make love to him 14 times a day.

Esalen Institute: Psychiatric institute founded about ten years ago in California to teach people "awareness" and "personal growth" by means of group therapy. Participants discuss their feelings about themselves and each other in "encounter groups". Other techniques include yoga, massage, hypnosis, psychodrama (acting out one's fantasies) and "bio-energetics". The most publicized aspect of Esalen's activities (highlighted in the movie *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*) are the "sensory awareness" sessions in which members get to know each other by "non-verbal conversation", *i.e.* touch. Esalen-type groups are now held in most major US cities, and by Quaesitor in London.

eugenics: Racial improvement through selective breeding. Sir Francis Galton, who coined the word in 1890, defined it as "the study of forces under social control which enhance or impair the inborn qualities of future generations". Many Victorian couples with a genealogical history of mental illness remained childless on eugenic grounds, among them the Havelock Ellises and the Bertrand Russells (but when Russell remarried he decided to ignore the advice of his family doctor and produced healthy children). Eugenics has acquired a bad name from Hitler's race purification program, which seemed to echo the *Brave New World* of Aldous Huxley where human robots were scientifically bred and conditioned to obey their masters. With worthier motives a doctor in England has suggested that "genetic cripples" should have their reproductive rights restricted to avoid defective children. Birth control practised in this fashion could undoubtedly help eliminate handicaps, but who would decide the rules?

Erotica: Mink stole striptease in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita.*

eunuch: Man who has undergone castration (*q.v.*). Eunuchs were employed until the late 19th century as guards in oriental harems in the mistaken belief that castration also removed sexual desire. In fact many eunuchs married and led almost normal sex lives. Those unable to perform intercourse (because the penis as well as testicles had been removed) sometimes sublimated their frustration with successful careers as torturers or executioners. Usually eunuchs castrated before puberty retain their high voice and juvenile, effeminate appearance. The Hijras, a community of male prostitutes in India and Pakistan who dressed as women, recruited boy apprentices and removed their genitals in early childhood.

exhibitionism: Sexual self-display. The opportunities for it have multiplied with the relaxation of "public decency" laws, and Edward M. Brecher in a chapter on the swinging scene in *The Sex Researchers* mentions several studies of swingers where the women had said that showing off their sexual prowess was a major motivation. Several specified that they liked to be watched intently by the remainder of the group. Enjoying a new vogue, according to publishers of some contact magazines (*q.v.*) is "amateur photographic modelling"—there are more housewives and mothers wishing to pose with dogs, whips, in rubber, etc. than there are male photographers willing to snap them. The blue film business survived on being able to use the services of exhibitionist women free, before such films became accepted for public exhibition. Professional exhibitionists can now be said to include striptease artistes, the nightclub copulators of Copenhagen, and the paid-up union casts of *Hair*, *The Dirtiest Show in Town* and *Oh Calcutta!*

exposure, indecent: Defined in English law as "exposure of the naked person with intent to insult a female", which indicates that this is an exclusively male proclivity. The intent to insult has to be proved, so a man who leaves his flies accidentally undone or who undresses in front of an open window can rarely be prosecuted. Nakedness is essential to the offence, and an erection obvious through clothing would not qualify. Indecent exposure is probably the commonest of sexual offences and accounts for more than half the male sexual convicts in British prisons (maximum sentence three months). But "flashers", in police slang, tend to have regular habits and return to the same "beat", which makes them easier to catch. For this reason, correctional psychiatrists know more about the flasher than almost any other kind of deviant. Leon Radzinowicz in his survey of *Sexual Offences* (1957), found that 75% of the indecent exposers interviewed were married men between 21 and 50, mainly with children. Psychologist Dr. Hesnard, refuting earlier findings that the act of flashing was wholly compulsive, concluded: "It is a perverse tendency characterized by an effort to obtain erotic enjoyment by displaying, in a more or less indecent manner, to one or more witnesses, the sexual organs or parts of the body participating in their traditionally shameful character. The combination of shame and visual pleasure is characteristic of this form of sexual aberration, the aim being rarely to produce shame in the partner, *but nearly always in the subject himself.*" It used to be thought that flashers always masturbated during or immediately after the flash but this, after years of research, has been found to be false. Some like to flee the scene of their exposure and masturbate later, while recalling the shame and guilt of their conduct. An American sex offender, caught in the 1950s, described his feelings: "One day while driving around I had an erection and without giving it a thought, I unzipped my trousers and began holding my penis, with a bit of manipulation, but not vigorously so far as I recall. I did not see any sights that could have caused the erection, even though I drove around for a relatively long time exposing myself, I didn't know I had been detected by two different people at two different places. At about 4.30 the erection ceased without ejaculation, so I zipped up and went home. The next evening I repeated the procedure in the same general area, but this time a man got my number and brought with him two police officers. I parked my car and police officers found me. They said, 'We know what you do and you do too, huh?' I said, 'Yes, I know and I guess you do too.' I felt as small as a man can feel." Flashers are rarely "oversexed" and more often worried about their sexual performance, believing they may be impotent. Though they are obviously a nuisance and can have an upsetting effect on their victims, they rarely commit any more serious offence against a female. ***(continues next month)***

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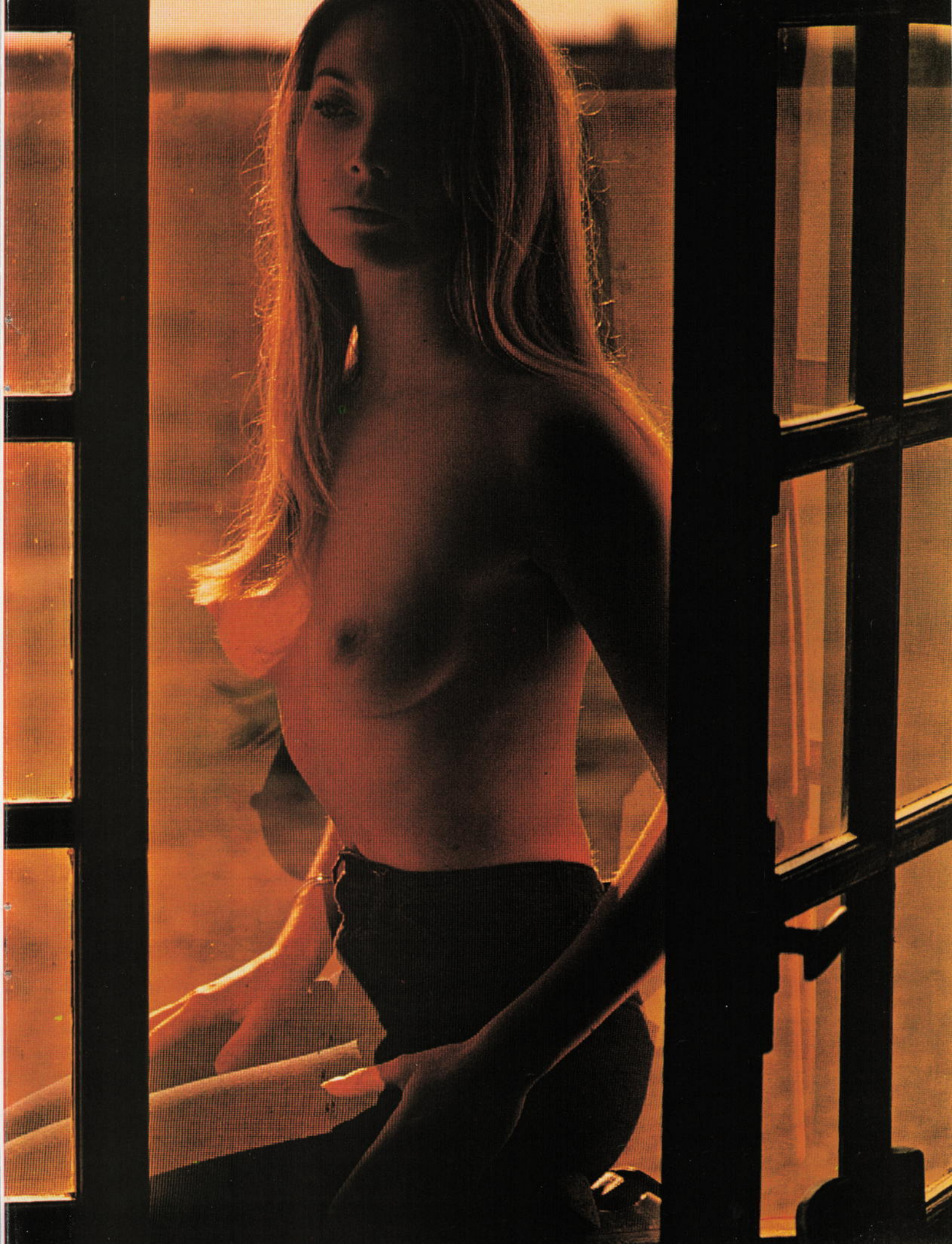
Beaune Idyll

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAGARDE

Beset by the tensions of urban living, European girls are taking the weekend drop-out one stage further: retreating from metropolitan routine to a rural fantasy-land, where for two or three days, they can spin out a paradise of their own invention. The experience is ephemeral, but because it never lasts long enough to come to terms with the reality of primitive life, the illusion of never-never land is preserved intact

Their names and numbers vary from week to week throughout the Indian summer. They are mostly French, but sometimes an Italian or American voice will mingle with the soft accents of private-school Parisiennes. What they share is a well-paid career in the city, an elegant employment like boutique buyer or executive's assistant, and a common love for the sort of sophisticated wildness that can soothe away urban pressure without demanding rural drudgery. They arrive in twos and threes at the half-abandoned Beaune farm during Friday afternoon and Saturday morning : chic girls in Dyanes and on mobilettes. They are still dressed, coiffed and made-up for their office existence, but as Saturday's sun waxes hotter, the scent of Balmain is superseded by Ambre Solaire, and the exquisite clothes are folded in tissue in favor of miniscule bikini-bottoms or (more often) total nudity. There may be nakedness, but there is

none of the rigorousness of the usual "sun-club" atmosphere. Here the gentle conversations meander from the latest social scandals to the gorgeousness of someone-or-other's couture. And though some ride the local horses bareback, and light evening camp fires out of twigs, they ride with the straight-backed posture of the Bois de Boulogne, and eat cold pheasant from wickerwork hampers. "It is as far from the 'rough life' as Maxim's is from a *routier's* restaurant," one of them said, with the sort of haughtiness that usually comes with a floor-length silk dress, not a wind-tanned nudity.



"We come here because it is private, and one can relax completely and get brown. There is something very superior about knowing that one is utterly brown, all over, under one's clothes at work." So far, the drop-outs have only been girls, though several of them have asked to bring their boyfriends or lovers. "But that would change the whole character of it. It would make it aggressively sexual, instead of passively *érotique*. We don't want an orgy." Winter has drawn the nature-buffs' activities to a temporary close, but spring will probably see the re-emergence of this small and highly select community. They feel—as anyone would, scanning this pictorial essay—that you can't beat a retreat.

BURT REYNOLDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

attention you're getting from girls around the country now?

Reynolds: Well, if she is, she's smart enough not to show it. She handled the whole *Cosmo* thing incredibly well. They tried to nail her, in LA, Rona Barrett's staff got her, and she said: "I thought it didn't show his best attributes." It's a certain kind of lady that can do that. She got a lot of hate mail. You know, a lot of women wrote in and said: "I thought you were sweet and stamped out of that same cookie-jar that Doris Day was stamped out of—all that crap—and I'll never watch your show again." But there were a lot of ladies who said: "I've never watched your show before—but I'm going to now." So I think it balanced out.

Penthouse: You must have done more for girls over 45 than any guy in the world.

Reynolds: That wasn't the intention. My ex-wife is the original flower child. She looks 11. I'm not attracted primarily to older women: I am attracted to women. Somebody that is a complete woman, and my experience has been that most of them have been mature ladies and not young little girls. By all standards now, I should be going with Raquel Welch and Dyan Cannon—the two of them at the same time, but I really don't follow any pattern of what a stud swinger is supposed to be, and I don't want to. I mean, I didn't read my *Playboy* philosophy. I want to be able to carry on a conversation *after* I make love. Also, I have a terrific Ma and Pa. Pa's an old Indian, he's tougher than hell. I don't want to take some broad home who's going to come striding in wearing her open-to-the-belly-button dress. My old man is crazy about Dinah.

Penthouse: Mom and Dad probably said it was about time you brought home a nice Southern girl for a change.

Reynolds: Yeah, they want a nice Southern girl. Actually, they're still waiting for an Indian. I can't find one. I've been looking all over.

Penthouse: Are you into Indian activities?

Reynolds: I was into them long before it became a *cause célèbre* (which really irritates the hell out of me), and I'll continue to be in them long after it passes over. *Wounded Knee* is now going off the best-seller lists, and I'm sure we'll go back to having Italians playing Indians on television again. It's a shame, but that's the way with this country. Get all het up about ecology for a while, then it becomes the American Indian. Soon it'll be something else. If we could just stay with a situation until it gets better. Somehow most of the situations get cleaned up by their own people. I mean, a Jew bought Miami Beach because they wouldn't let him into Miami. It's a capitalistic country. That's what made it great and also what made it rotten. The Indian has a lot of things that the white men want and doesn't quite know how to get himself in a position of power. This is mainly because there are 300 different tribes who don't even communicate. They can't even speak the same language. The Seminoles' problem is not the same as the Navajos' or the Arapajos'. The Navajos have an incredible amount of money in banks. The Seminoles considered somewhat bastard Indians by a lot of other Indian tribes. There are a lot of people in this country, including one very recent President, who would like nothing better than to eliminate the entire Indian population—just have them intermarry until there aren't any more Indians. We go for glamour boys.

Penthouse: Does your Dad think you should be more involved in Indian affairs?

Reynolds: I suppose he does, but he thinks I should do a lot of things that I don't do—and doesn't say anything. He's the most honest man I've ever known in my life. I wish I had a lot more of his qualities, and I've always wished he had a lot more of mine. He would have been a hell of a lot more financially successful. But he's a happy man, and he's the only man I know who can look in a mirror and say: "I have never done anything in my life that I regret or am ashamed of."

Penthouse: Has your sense of humor helped you to cope with Hollywood?

Reynolds: It wasn't always there. I always was a bit of a clown, but probably the thing that was in front of it all was this incredible hostility. In my hostile period people would say "Hello" to me, and I'd say: "What do you mean by that?" I had probably the worst temper in the world. Fortunately, I married a girl from England who had a terrific sense of humor, and physical prowess in terms of throwing people out of rooms didn't impress her a bit. But when I could put somebody down with a few words she thought I was terrific. Not only did she think I was terrific, but you don't lose the argument. The moment you grab someone by the lapels, you've lost. No matter if you beat the shit out of him, you still lost. It was a big lesson for me. I learned that, not only could I come up with a barb back at a guy, but I was damned good at it. Because it takes a very sensitive person to know what hurts somebody. You can have all the killer instinct in the world, and not know where to attack. Fortunately, I've gotten the shit kicked out of me by the very best in the world. Listen, I wouldn't want to sit down today and fight with Gore Vidal. I mean, he'd tear me apart. But I would get in a couple that would be quotable for a few days, and it would be funny. I could at least hold my own—whereas ten years ago, I wouldn't have lasted eight seconds, and I'd probably have been forced to throw him out the window.

Penthouse: What about the notorious incident when you hit a guy in a bar?

Reynolds: I did hit a guy who had no legs, but I didn't know he had no legs at the time. Obviously—or I wouldn't have struck the poor fellow. But I've often hoped that he became a gentleman after that, too. God knows how I'd act if I had no legs. It was in a very dark theatre bar in New York, and it was in my Southern chivalry days, and he was saying some obscene remarks to a couple behind him, and I said: "If he says anything to me, I'll nail him". Just on cue he turned around and said something. I hit him. He was a great big guy—which I later realized was from using his arms constantly, and I figured I had to sucker-punch him because he was so big. I nailed him and he went sailing off the bar and landed on his back, and looked like some 12-foot turtle that someone turned over. Nobody moved—which was very interesting. The bartender just started polishing glasses, and the couple just turned and looked at each other, and I had to climb over him. It's been a nightmare ever since. It didn't stop me from hitting people, but I used to get the shit kicked out of me, checking to see if they had legs.

Penthouse: The word is mightier than the punch?

Reynolds: It is, and that is why Muhammad Ali is such an incredible personality, as opposed to poor Joe Louis, who (God bless him) is just a kind of shell now in Vegas—it's a tragedy. Certainly Louis was as great or better a champion.

Penthouse: Are you happy about *Fuzz?*

Reynolds: I'm not happy because the comedy side that I wanted isn't there. To be very honest with you, the laughs that are in it are laughs that Jack Weston and I and Tom Skerritt improvised. It's a cute, funny little picture. It isn't the kind of comedy that I do best. I happen to think that Cary Grant is the best in the world at what he did—and I had a strange thing happen to me when I was at the Friar's Roost for Jack Benny and George Burns. Jack Benny had asked for two people. One was Frank Sinatra, and the other was me. I had never met Jack Benny. I didn't know him, but I got a call from him and he said: "I know a little bit about timing." I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "You're the funniest guy in the world and I want you to be there." I arrived and on the podium were Cary Grant, Helen Hayes, Frank Sinatra, David Frost (who wasn't allowed to speak), Dinah, who sang, Pearl Bailey, who sang, Paul Anka, who didn't do anything and Lillian Gish. Joey Bishop was the M.C. It was frightening for a young actor who is not a comedian to be there with people like that. Just before I went up to speak, I turned around and looked down and saw a guy on his hands and knees who had crawled behind the table. He said: "Look here, I understand you're a little nervous. My name is Cary Grant, and I think you're absolutely wonderful. Now just be yourself." And he crawled back. I couldn't believe that Cary Grant was crawling around like that to help me. A lot of other people had seen him crawl over, so when I got up I said: "A man I have always idolized and patterned my whole life after—and want to be—just gave me a little advice, and I want to thank Paul Anka." It got a tremendous laugh. I said: "It's not true that George Burns hasn't reached a sexual climax since 1948. I know a girl that was with him last night, and he has—and it's dust." Well, Benny fell right out of the chair. Burns coughed and the smoke came out—I said: "He even coughs dust." I was home free, and that became the most-quoted line of the night.

Penthouse: What do you play in *Fuzz?*

Reynolds: A cop. It's based on some very well known pocket books, a series that Evan Hunter wrote. *87th Precinct.*

Penthouse: Where does Raquel Welch come in?

Reynolds: She plays a cop – and she got very disturbed about the ads they took out. She was going to sue Ransohoff because they have her in leotards. If anybody has grounds to sue, it's me. They called and asked if they could use the foldout in the ad, and I said no, they can't, and they ended up using that nude drawing. But, what the hell.

Penthouse: You've worked with Raquel Welch on *100 Rifles, Marie of Spain* and *Fuzz.* How did you get along with her?

Reynolds: I always wanted to believe she was a misunderstood girl who was unhappy because she didn't have any real good friends – and was much smarter than anybody gave her credit for, and really just needed a guy to love her . . . and I'm quite sure that's true. However, she does make it very difficult to be a good friend of hers. She is hard to get to know, and she gives you that kind of smile, and the next day it's gone, and the next day it's something else. She looks unhappy and she brings unhappiness sometimes. I understand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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DIVISION OF GENESCO

THE JAZZ GENERATION

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Photography by Bob Huntzinger

The jeans generation is beginning to dig the jazz generation. The swingers are shifting fashion gears once again and moving towards an image that is still freewheeling and colorful, but above all stylish. Far-out, funky and freaky are no longer words of praise on the fashion scene; today's new styles enthusiastically echo those of the 20's, 30's, 40's and 50's. Pleated pants and cuffs have reappeared, the skinny belt is back, bow ties and tassel shoes are being worn once more. Button-down and rounded collars are becoming popular again, and plaids and banker's stripes are the patterns of the moment.

This fall has also seen the emergence of a new mass jean look: baggies. The baggie pant widens out at the thigh and remains loose and floppy all the way down. Pleats, waistband treatments and cuffs are all additions to this pant style, but it's the looseness of leg that makes it a baggie. This look is completed by a long-sleeve pullover or sleeveless sweater, brightly patterned and colored, worn over a shirt or under a jacket.

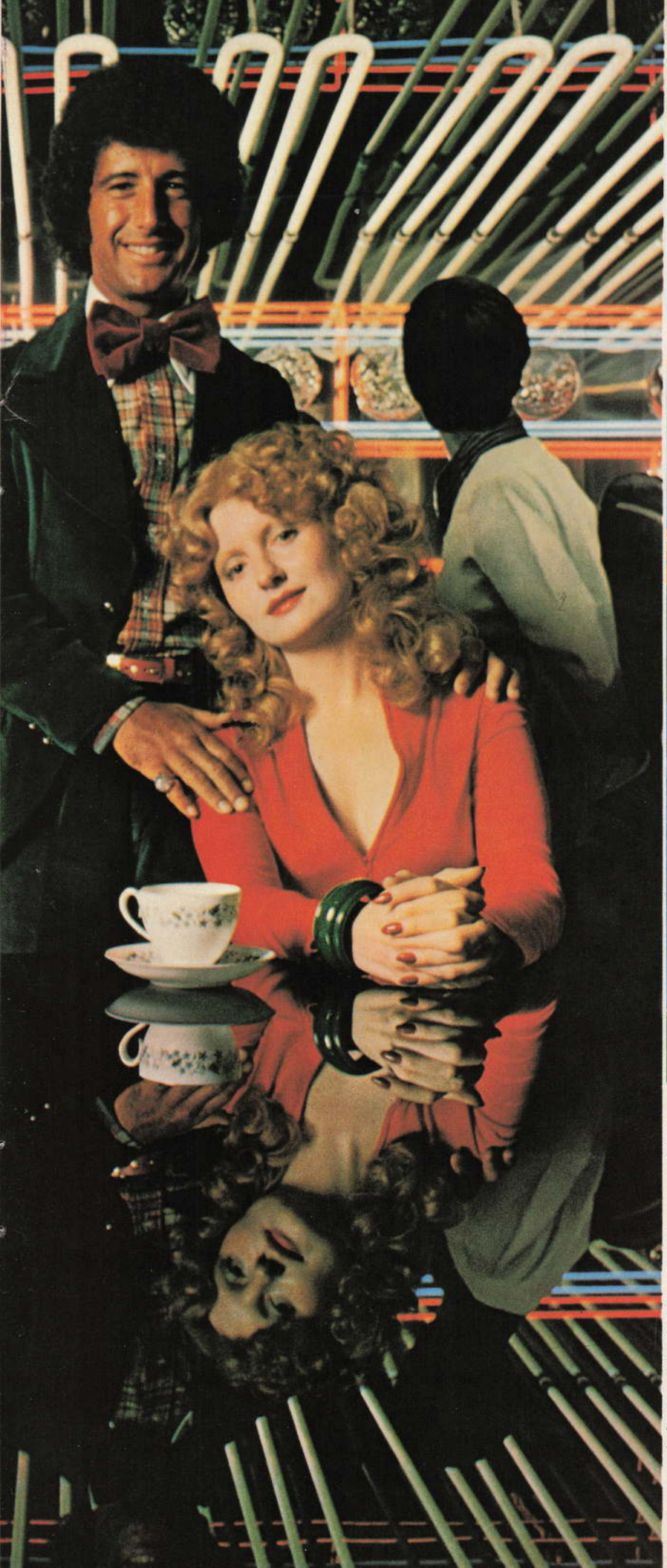
At the bubble office Craig Barrie (seated), *Fabergé's regional sales manager, wears a round-lapel corduroy blazer $25 by Pineapple Inc., pleated and cuffed pants $13 by A. Smile, cotton plaid shirt by Michael Milea & Peter Sinclair and Melis shoes by Arrowsmith; Ronnie Stein (center), national sales manager, features a V-neck cable design pullover with semi-cap sleeves $8 by Truth and Soul, pleated plaid baggies $40 by Pierre Cardin Boutique, shirt by John Weitz for Excello and patent high-heeled Nunn-Bush shoes by Arrowsmith; Rick Shaw* (right), *sales administrator, sports a classic block design wool pullover $45 by Robert Schafer for Burma-Bibas, wool pleated pants $29 by Boulette and skinny belt by Harper's Ferry; dress is by Jon Haggins for Stella Fagin.*

In the surrealistic hallway Rick Shaw (above) *wears a classic velvet banker's stripe suit with vest $150 by Bill Blass for PBM and patent leather slip-ons by Fortina Imports; satin evening dress is custom tailored by Dimitri. On the sculptural staircase he is attired* (right) *in a wool sport coat $125 and green wool pants both by Bill Blass for PBM and high-heeled Melis slip-ons by Arrowsmith.*

The suit and sportcoat are getting bravos from a generation that formerly shunned them. Smooth sophisticates are gadding about like Gatsbys in piped blazers and suits with embroidered lapels and exaggerated shoulder pads.

These new fashions are showing up everywhere, even in today's business offices; they are also much in evidence in the offices many people regard as a blueprint for the future, the spectacular "2001" New York headquarters of Fabergé Inc. where this feature was photographed. The original idea of George Barrie, the jazz-playing president of the company, these futuristic interiors provide a unique yet compatible backcloth.

Unlike today's interior design, fashion is turning to the past in an attempt to re-create the elegance that preceded the do-your-own thing mania of the 60's. The new look marks the end of an era of strictly youth-orientated styles; its nostalgic mood is best conveyed by men possessing sophistication, savoir-faire and self-confidence. So start working on it, you old smoothies.



Craig Barrie (above) *is featured in the bubble lounge of George Barrie's private music room wearing a collared polo-style jacquard pullover $11 by Truth and Soul, matched with pleated gabardine baggies $40 by Pierre Cardin Boutique and a plaid newsboy cap by Adolpho; Cedilla nylon shirt dress is by Jon Haggins for Stella Fagin. In Brut Production's conference and screening room* (left), *Ronnie Stein* (with cup) *lounges in a peak-lapelled suit with double-breasted vest and floral embroidery on the lapels $185 by Leon of Paris and tie by Chest Knots; Richie Barrie* (with girl) *wears a velvet youth suit featuring an elasticized back jacket band $50 and pleated pants $27 both by Landlubber, madras plaid shirt by John Weitz for Excello, one inch belt by Harper's Ferry and velvet bow tie by Ditz.*

M.C. ESCHER PRINTS $3.00 EACH

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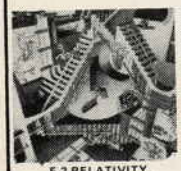
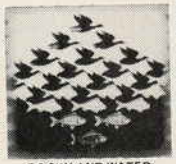


E-2 RELATIVITY. 18" x 24" B&W



E-8 SKY AND WATER. 23½" x 31½"

E-5 THREE WORLDS. 18" x 24". B&W

Z-29 TV MAMA. You have to see it to believe it. Giant 30" x 40" photo. Sepia. $2.00

Y-151 MOLLY. Sensuous unretouched full color photo, 22" x 31". $1.98

Y-167 DOPE WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO MONEY BETTER THAN MONEY WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO DOPE! Full color Black Light, 23" x 29". $1.98

C-50 FOR COMPLETE LISTING OF POSTERS AND THE NEW SENSATIONAL DO IT YOURSELF 20 FOOT WALL COVERINGS (ENVIRONMENTAL GRAPHICS) ADD 25¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

Y-158 LOVE IS CONTAGIOUS – WE GET IT FROM ONE ANOTHER. Full color drawing 11" x 17" $1.00

Y-60 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY. You'll get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock 12"x 17" $1.00

Y-159 IVONA. Full color photo, 22" x 34". $1.98

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Y-116 PATIENCE, MY ASS –I'm Gonna Kill Something! Black light. $2.00

A-32 SO WHAT! Daily Newspaper on Moon Landing. Black and white. 25" x 35" $1.00

Y-205 W. C. FIELDS. The classic Fields! Black white photo 30"x40". $1.00

Z-7 FLOWER 23" x 29" Full Color Photo $2.00

Y-169 LOVE. Full color photo on coated stock, 23" x 30" Only $1.98

Y-62 58-22-36 – THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM. Vivid black and white on glossy stock. 23" x 31" $2.00

Y-209 ADA Revealing full color photo, on coated stock. $1.98

Z-24 KING KONG. At his best. 30" x 40" photo, black and white. $1.50

Y-86 THIS POSTER EXPLOITS WOMEN. Black and white (unretouched) photo. 23"x29" $2.00

Y-115 BEEP BEEP YURAS, 23" x 29". dayglow color. $1.98

Y-202 MORALITY POSTER, Full color. The evils of pornography graphically revealed, 23" x 29". $1.98

Y-220 CALIFORNIA DREAMING. Undershirts can be beautiful. Full-color photo. 23" x 34". $2.00

Y-302 MONA GORILLA. (homage to the renaissance) Full color reproduction exquisitely printed on 23" x 29" coated stock. $2.00

Y-39 AGNEW. The New Agnew? Looks like photo. Sepia on heavy stock. 22" x29". $2.00

Y-147 HAIR BEARS. Comic Art full color blow up, 23" x 35". $1.98

A-5 TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SHIT. Brown sepia. 23" x 35" $2.00

Y-126 NUDE FIGURES EMBRACING IN FULL COLOR SUNSET. 22" x 26" Only $1.98

Z-13 WEREWOLF Giant black and white photo, Guaranteed to scare the crap out of you. $1.50

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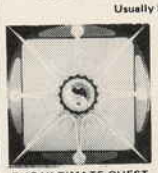

B-18 ULTIMATE QUEST

B-19 HOMAGE TO JUNG

B-20 YINYANG MANDALA

Y-67 FLY UNITED. Day glow red, blue and pink on coated stock. 17"x22" $1.00

B-3 VIETNAM. Travel Poster blues and greens white stock. 23"x31" $1.00

Y-135 THE JACKSON FIVE. Superb full-color drawing, 33" x 21" Only $1.98

C-3 DO YOU HAVE BARE WALLS?

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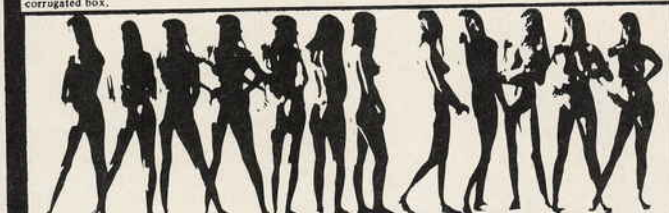

ITEM C-3 $29.95

Y-106 VA VA VA VOOM. Yes Arts latest in a series of too hot to handle pin-up girls, B/W. $1.00

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people so seldom say I love you ... and then it's either too late ... or love goes, ... so when I tell you I love you, it doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to

Z-10 Lawrence Craig Green. Dayglow, 24" x 36". $2.50

Y-162 CALIFORNIA BEAUTY. Full color photo, 20" x 20". $1.98

Y51 - POWER TO THE PENIS, Women's Lib! Full color on coated stock, 23" x 29". Special: $1.98

Y-139 SISTER. Full-color drawing, black light. 21" x 27". $1.98

Y-244 QUAKER OAFS Famous cereal box made more famous. Black and white 23 x29 $1.00

A-31 WITH LOVE J. (Superstar Poster) Sepia on heavy stock. 23" x 29" $2.00

Y-234 COCAINE! IT'S THE REAL THING! Red on white. 24" x 36". $2.00

Z-26 MARX BROS. 30" x 40", black and white photo. Only $1.00

Y95. TRIKEE DICKEE. Nixon with Oriental eyes. Golden Sepia 23" x 29" $1.00

Y-32 HE KEPT OUR BOYS OUT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Full color Nixon poster. 17"x 23". $1.00

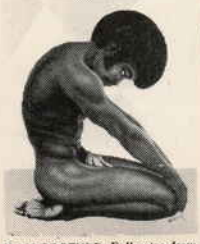
B-56 SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET. Full color photo on deep blue background 22"x 34". $1.00

Y-136 THE PHANTOM. Fabulous full-color comic-strip blow-up, 23" x 34". Only $1.98

Y-130 STOP WAR. 20" octagon. Only $1.98

Y-85 Flaming Love Dayglow on black background 22" x 30" $2.00

Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY. Giant 30" x 40" photo. $1.00



Y-140 BROTHER. Full color drawing, black light, 21" x 27". $1.98

A-9 THE PILL IS A NO-NO Pope Paul on the Pill. Brown and black on white. $1.00

Z-8 CLASSIC CHAPLIN GIANT Black and white photo, 30"x40". $1.50

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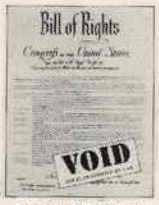


Z-11 BILL OF RIGHTS Exact replica of Bill of Rights printed on heavy parchment with red stamp void where prohibited by law. **$1.00**

Y-165 WE ADMIT IT! THIS POSTER SMELLS! Just like strawberries, that is. Sumptuous full color black light photo. Scent lasts 6 months. 22" x 34". **Only $2.98**

Y-131 FRIENDLY REMINDER. Full color 11" x 17" on heavy stock. **$1.00**

Y-133 SMILES? Yellow and black on heavy paper. 12" x 17". **Only $1.00**

Y-150 GINA. Exciting full color unretouched photo, 23" x 31" **Only $1.98**

Y-132 CHICKEN DELIGHT! Unretouched photo, 23" x 23". Black and white. **Only $1.00**

Y-243 STONED AGAIN by R. Crumb. Man Losing His Head in 6 Panels. Full color, black light. 29"x39" **$2.00**

Y-114 KEEP OUT OF REACH OF ADULTS! Amen! Full color, 22" x 29" **Only $1.96**

Y-121 "STOP IN THE NAME OF SPINACH"—Popeye. Full color. **Only $1.98**

Y-127 B. B. KING. At his very best! in black light, 23" x 29". **$1.98**

Y-168 SPHERES. M. C. Escher black light, 19" x 31". **Only $1.98**

Y-166 FU — HOUSEWORK. Fabulous full color on mat stock, 11" x 17". **Only $1.98**

A-8 IF YOU GAVE AT THE OFFICE YOU NEED NOT GIVE AT HOME. Full color, 11" x 17". **$1.00**

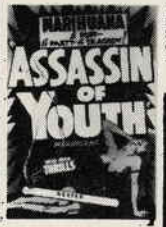
Y-154 VERNS CHOICE. It's a great choice. Full color photo, 24" x 38". **Only $2.00**

Y-137 YOUR PROBLEM IS OBVIOUS. Man losing his head! 17" x 22". **$1.00**

Y-120 FLASH GORDON #1. Brilliant full color comic strip blow up, 23" x 35". **$1.98**

Y-163 LOVE DOLLS. Doing their thing in full color, 27" x 22". **Only $2.49**

Y-145 AFRO LOVE. Black light drawing, blues, 21" x 33". **$1.98**



B-46 MARIJUANA POSTER, 1920's. Multi-colored 25"x36". **$2.00**

Y-78 PEACE. Human Peace Symbol. Full color 22" x 32". **$2.00**

Y-74 DON QUIXOTE. Picasso litho. Black and white. 24"x30" **$2.00**

Z-25 FRANKENSTEIN is scarafying! 30" x 40". B/W photo. **$1.50**

Y-100 POSTER MOUNT. Good things come in small packages. Sticky Yippy is the miracle poster mount that works on all walls—even brick—and is reusable. Enough for 10 posters. **$1.00**

Y-118 JAMES BROWN POSTER. Black light, silk screen. 24" x 30" **$2.98**

Y-117 SCREWED. Rubens painting retouched in full color. **Only $1.00**

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Y-108

Y-109

Y-111

Y-123 "THERE'S A LITTLE OF ME IN ALL OF YOU." Archie Bunker with blue eyes. 23" x 29" photo. **Only $1.50**

B-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. Rebel Against Hell 23"x23". Red, blue and yellow. **$2.00**

B-23 GRETA. Painted lady on Motorcycle. Full color photo. 29" x 42". **$1.98**

Y-128 CURTIS MAYFIELD. In black light, 23" x 29". **$1.98**

Y-164 MICHAEL CORLEONE (Al Pacino). Full color still, 22" x 34". **Only $1.98**

Y-104 Astrology Positions Dayglow. 23" x 31" **$2.50**

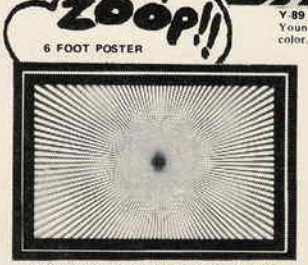
B-40 SHIT CENEDELLA. 23"x23" Vibrant Red, Green and Blue **$2.00**

Y-40 CHISHOLM AND WALLACE TOGETHER black & white on heavy stock. 23"x29". **$1.00**

Y-73 DAVID CASSIDY. Giant B/W photo. **$1.50**

Y-89 OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE Young Ones Do! Silkscreen full color. **$.98**

A-17 ELDREDGE CLEAVER P.O. WANTED POSTER. 23" x 29". **Only $1.00**



Z-6 ZONK Six foot by four foot dayglow monster. A Mind Blower. Only $5.95. Shipped in four foot tube.

Y-72 EXPRESS THYSELF. Photo progression. Full color photo, 28" x 30". **$2.00**

Y-152 FICKLE FINGER. Dennis Hopper doing his thing in full color, 23" x 31". **$1.98**

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A-5	A-8	A-9	A-17	A-31	A-32
B-3	B-18	B-19	B-20	B-23	B-40
B-46	B-47	B-56	B-99	C-3	C-50
E-2	E-5	E-8	Y-32	Y-39	Y-40
Y-51	Y-60	Y-62	Y-67	Y-72	Y-73
Y-74	Y-78	Y-82	Y-85	Y-86	Y-89
Y-95	Y-100	Y-101	Y-104	Y-106	Y-108
Y-109	Y-111	Y-114	Y-115	Y-116	Y-117
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Y-135	Y-136	Y-137	Y-139	Y-140	Y-145
Y-147	Y-150	Y-151	Y-152	Y-154	Y-155
Y-158	Y-159	Y-162	Y-163	Y-164	Y-165
Y-166	Y-167	Y-168	Y-169	Y-202	Y-205
Y-209	Y-220	Y-233	Y-234	Y-242	Y-243
Y-244	Y-302	Z-6	Z-7	Z-8	Z-10
Z-11	Z-13	Z-14	Z-24	Z-25	Z-26
Z-29					

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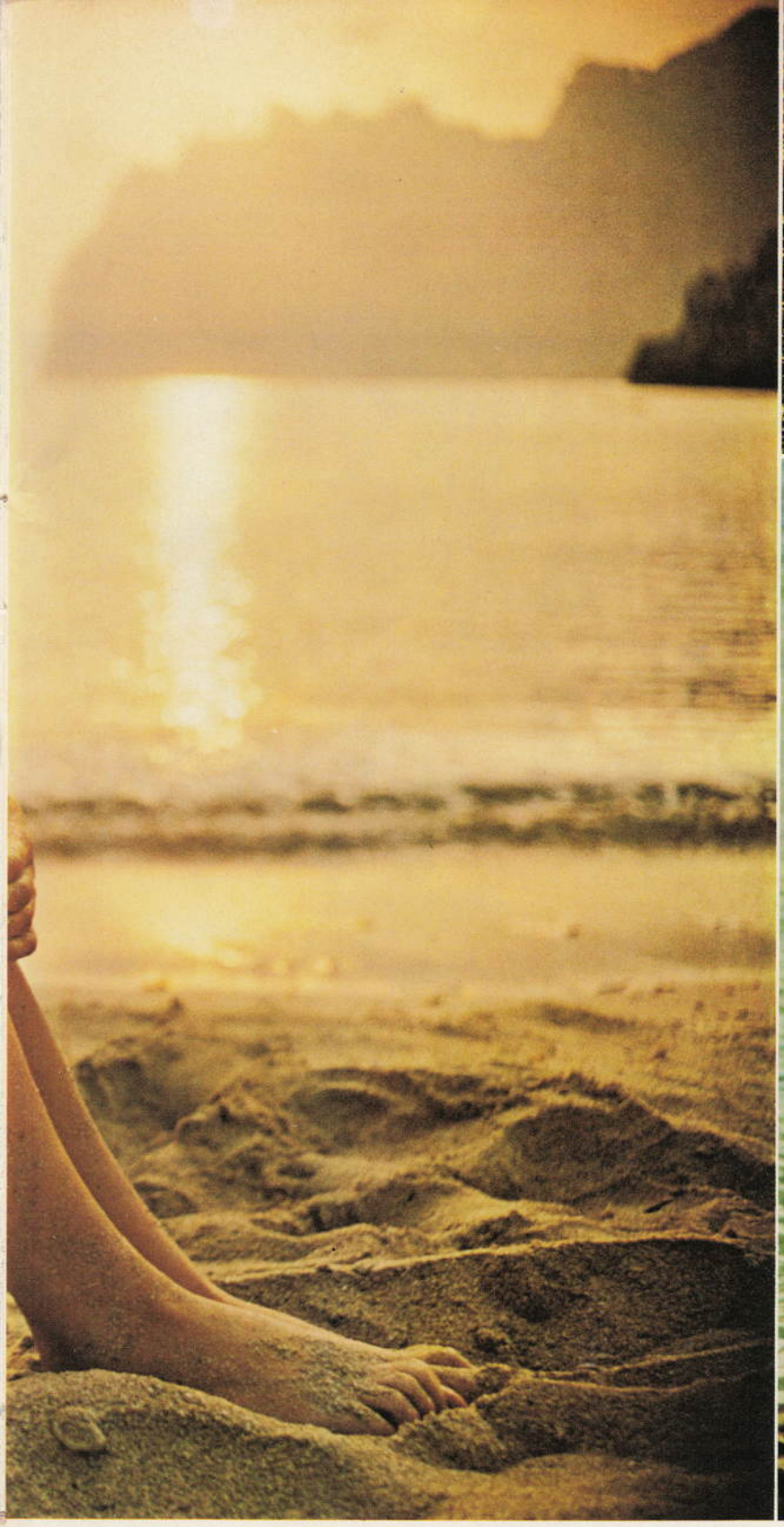
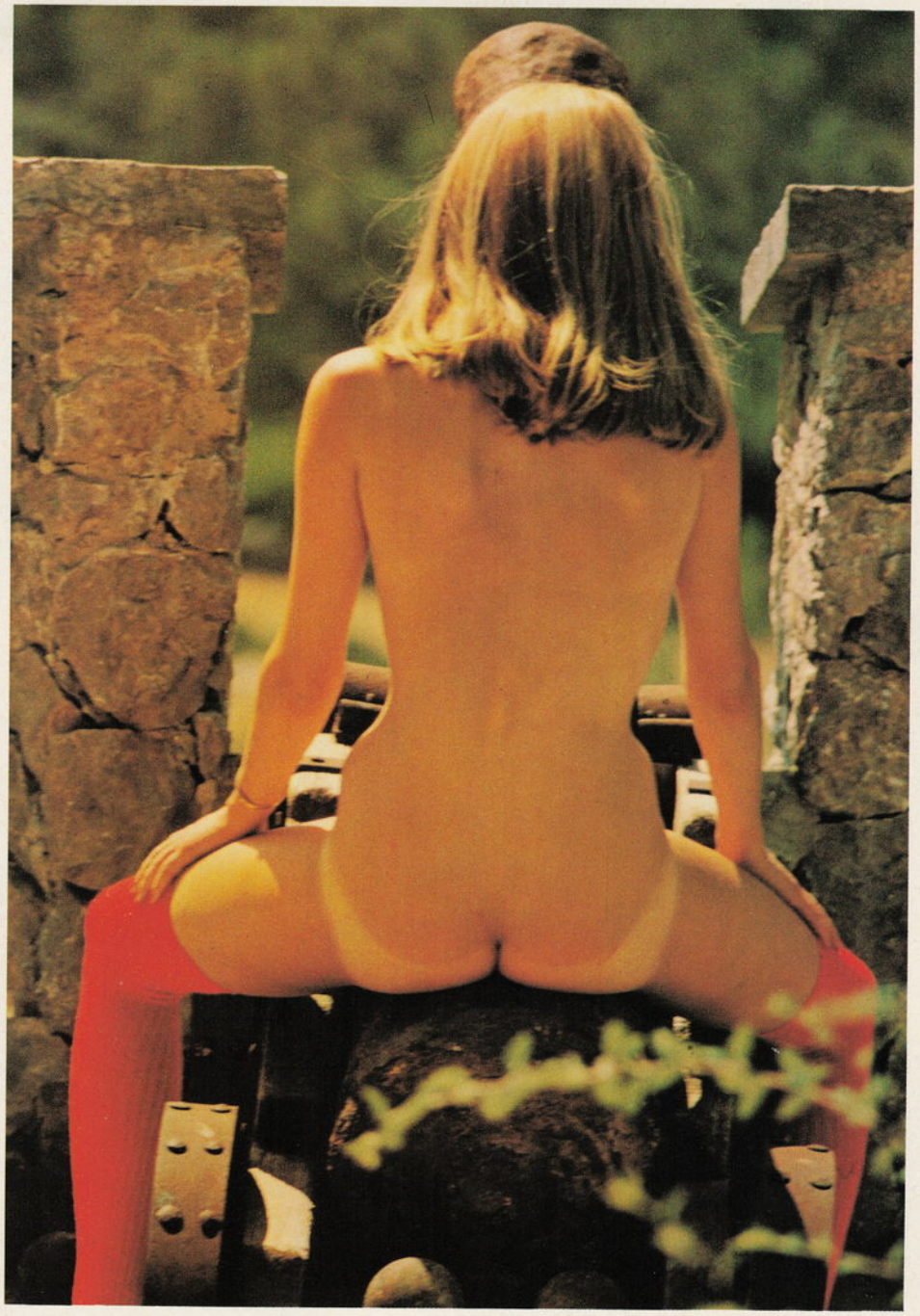
WATCHBIRD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY MOUSSOULIDES



Hailing as she does from Phoenix, Arizona, it's appropriate that 21-year-old Carrie Shusmith should entertain an abiding interest in birds. She has studied the fowl of the air since she was a child, and now hopes to major in ornithology, an esoteric pursuit for such a striking female, but one which she insists is just as worldly as, say, topless go-go dancing or helping out Masters and Johnson. "You can learn a lot from bird-watching," she says, with an air of innocence that may or may not be affected. "The other day I was out in the dunes watching a family of sandpipers, and *right* into my field of vision walked this beautiful couple . . . I'm not a voyeur or anything like that, but how can you restrain your curiosity when two lovely people are

stripping everything off and doing, well . . . the most fantastic things?" Weekdays, Carrie spends her time studying in libraries and reference rooms, but at the weekends she lets herself live a little. Either she meets friends and water-skis, or else she camouflages her 35-23-35 form in a bush shirt and shorts, and takes herself with Zeiss and cold Coca-Cola into bird country. "I'm trying to record the habits of as many local birds as I can before whole species are wiped out by



pollution. I'm not an anti-pollution freak; I think you can be more constructive about the human situation than that. But I do want to preserve whatever I can of our wild-life heritage, even if it's only in words and pictures." Where the critics of smog and oil-slicks err, Carrie believes, is in seeing the problem in terms of evil factory-owners and innocent public. "I just don't understand how anyone can see a factory as something separate from his or her own existence. Factories are totally bound up with all of our lives, and we've got to see that the cost of clean air affects all of us."

Once off her solemnest topics, Carrie has a waspish sense of sexuality which zoologists (brought up on the absurdities of the reproductive function) seem universally to possess. "If a guy says to me: 'I think you look very sexy today,' I love him for it, but at the same time I can more or less analyse exactly why he thinks I am. It may be the bikini I'm wearing, or the way I've got my blouse tied up, or just the way I've got my hair." We can only remark that, analysis or not, the bird-watching Miss Shusmith would be a feather in any man's cap.

A CONSUMER MYST

EAST

	TOUGH	MEDIUM	EASY
INDIA	VEDANTA	HARE KRISHNA	POP YOGA
			ASSORTED GURUS
TIBET & JAPAN	TIBETAN BUDDHISM	ZEN BUDDHISM	POP ZEN
		SOKAGAKKAI	
CHINA	ACUPUNCTURE	I CHING	TAO
THE NEAR EAST	ROSICRUCIAN	SUFI	SPIRITISM
	THEOSOPHY	ASTROLOGY	
		GURDJIESS	

For openers, a see-at-a-glance chart. Then, a classified

'S GUIDE TO ISMS

WEST

EASY	MEDIUM	TOUGH	
BIO-RESONANCE	BIO-FEEDBACK	SCIENTOLOGY	ELECTRONICS
ACID	WITCHCRAFT	PEYOTE	CHEMISTRY
WEIGHT-WATCHERS	NATURAL FOOD	MACROBIOTICS	NUTRITION
CARGO CULT	MCGOVERN	BLACK POWER & WOMAN'S LIB	SOCIALISM
THE WAY	ASSORTED JESUS FREAKS	CHILDREN OF GOD	CHRISTIANITY
SUBUD	HUMAN POTENTIALS	SYNANON	GROUP FEEL
MORE HOUSE	SPIRIT IN FLESH	MEL LYMAN	GROUP THINK
WHEELER RANCH			
MANSON	OTO	THE PROCESS	FASCISM

survey, with costs and addresses... by Faye Levine

Plum Studios, N.Y.

MYSTICISM: AN INTRODUCTION

In the West we choose between countless different brands and models of automobile and canned string bean; now, with the blooming of eastern mysticism in our midst, we must shop among a vast proliferation of ways to heaven, a chaotic spiritual supermarket where no consumer commission sets guidelines. Mysticism, older than science or logic, offers umpteen non-rational, intuitive and direct ways to happiness and wisdom. Don't be a careless shopper. Can you really afford the $15,000 it might take to be saved by Scientology? Have you considered the hardships Mel Lyman's Karma Squad might impose on you? Are you aware, in short, of just what's cooking in your favored cult? In these columns the major cults and sects active today are outlined, along with a handy guide to costs, addresses, survival-potential, guru-biographies, and what to expect for your mind and body. Welcome to the wonderful world of mysticism.

FIRST FIND YOUR PRICE BRACKET...

Our consumer report will first show you the most important aspect of shopping for joy—how it hits your pocket. Then turn to the Chart. Find your preferred place and see if it would really suit your temperament by consulting the Consumer Guide lowdown on what such a group means to do to your body and mind: *muscle* means they're orientated towards action, power, competition; *brain* means thought and meditation; *gut* means emotion and socializing. Caveat emptor the mindrot potential.

Consumers report the following mystical groups to be well over a tolerable level of expense to the individual applicant:

$$$$*Scientology:* You go in for a free lecture, and you could come out having signed a $750 contract. To get anywhere in the system you lay out a mint, at least $4000 or $5000 to become Clear, the only place worth getting, and sometimes $15,000 or more. If you're particularly brilliant they'll "process" you faster, but it won't cost any less, since you pay in advance. Little wonder they've grossed many millions already, or that the IRS since 1963 has been trying to foil their tax-exempt status as a religion.

$$$$*Human Potential Movement:* The weekends and seminars may only cost in the hundreds of dollars, but once you're hooked on some kind of course or fancy type of therapy you'll be fleeced just as bad as if you were into non-mystical psychiatry. Get a friend to tickle you for free.

$$$$*Synanon, The Process, Krishna Consciousness, Spirit in Flesh, Children of God,* Mel Lyman's *Family* and the erstwhile *Family* of Charles Manson: Rated "too expensive" because they demand from adherents all their earthly possessions.

The following mystical societies offer their services for moderate-to-reasonable prices:

$$Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's *Spiritual Regeneration Movement,* also known as *Transcendental Meditation* or *Students' International Meditation Society:* Introductory fee of $35 for students and $75 for adults plus one week's salary is only exorbitant if you're a Beatle. Maharishi has done so well this way, though, that he had to skip out of a financial investigation in India and relocate in Italy.

$$*Astrology:* Generally runs from $10 to $200 for a horoscope, depending on whether your astrologer is a computer or a human.

$$*Bio-Feedback Research Society:* Lots of flexibility in costs, depending on whether you want classes ($500) or your own alpha wave sensor ($150) or just to join the society and get mail ($15).

$$*The Way* (Jesus Freaks): $65 for a class consisting of tapes of one Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille, and a few more dollars for Bibles.

The following cults and mystical totems are outright bargains, heartily endorsed for the penny-conscious seeker:

¢¢*Yoga* Ubiquitous instruction available, usually about $2 at the door; paperbacks also useful.

¢¢*I Ching:* We recommend the $6.95 Bollingen edition, though you might want to peek into a friend's copy of a different one; necessary three coins easily acquired.

¢¢*Taoism:* Best translation of the Tao-te-ching is the Penguin paperback, for 75c.

¢¢*Nichiren Shoshu:* $4.81 will get you beads and a small inscribed paper scroll, all you need to chant at home.

¢¢*Tarot:* Decks cost a few dollars. Snazziest set available from the Builders Of The Adytum in Los Angeles.

¢¢*Rosicrucians:* Average member of the society pays $2.50 a month for a correspondence course in esoterica. Which doesn't come to much, providing you quit before the 12 years necessary to complete the instruction.

¢¢*McGovern Supporters:* Average contributor gives $26.30.

¢¢*Acid:* $2 to $5 will get you a good 12-hour acid high, which doesn't run into too much money. Not to be confused with a grass or hash habit, which can really eat up dough if you're into $85 an ounce stuff.

¢¢*Books:* A fin will land you any of these mysticism classics: Herman Hesse's *Siddhartha, Journey to the East, Steppenwolf,* or even the thick and boring *Magister Ludi,* Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception* and *Gates of Heaven and Hell,* Alan Watts', Paul Reps', or D. T. Suzuki's writings on Zen, or even that old goody Annie Besant's *Thought Forms.*

THEN CHOOSE YOUR DISCIPLINE...

THE EAST

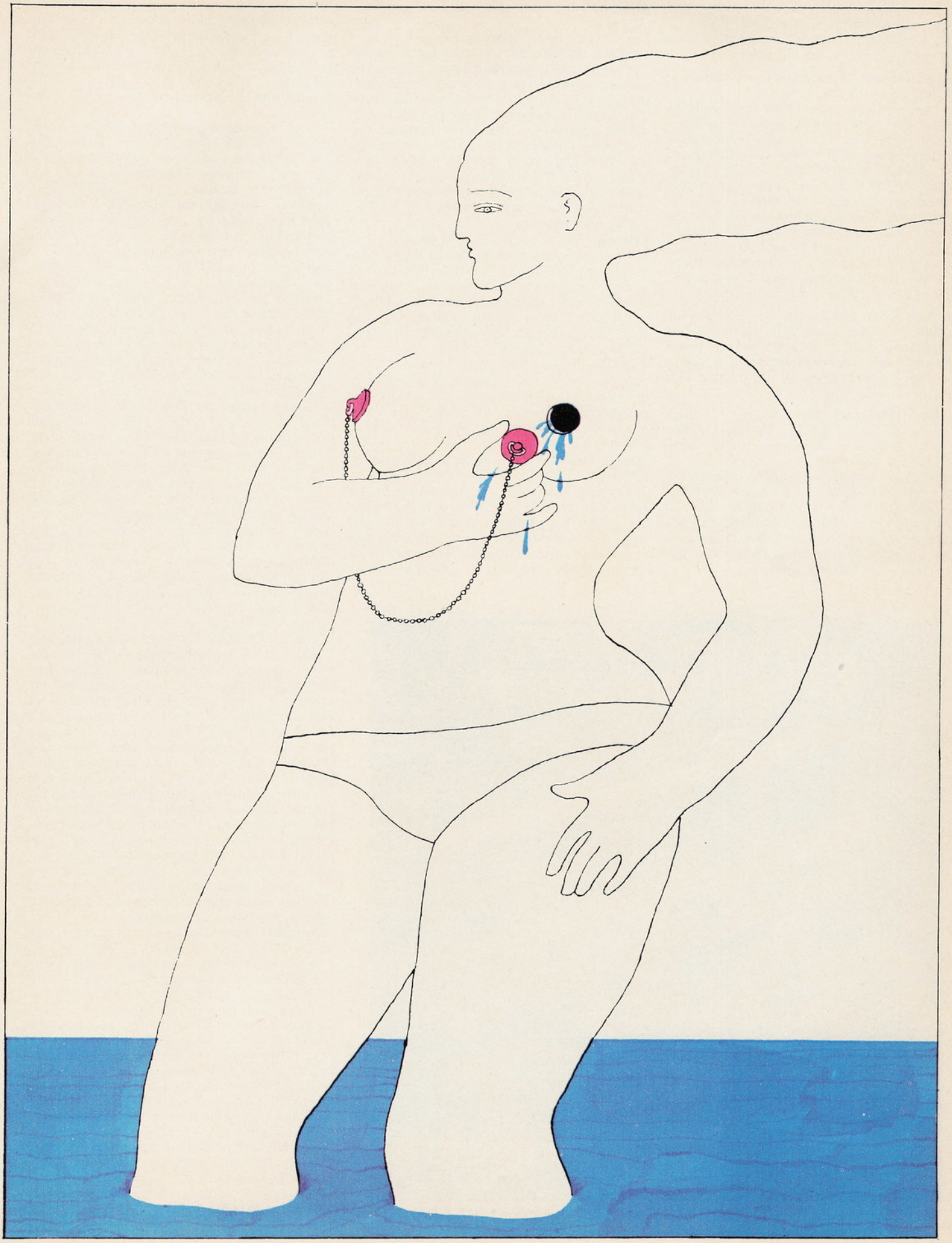
Vedanta (India, tough): 95% brain, 5% muscle.
The first Eastern religion to catch on in the West (1893), and probably the highest class. Beside all those strenuous Yoga positions, you have to master a Sutra-full of other spiritual disciplines, like the three types of diet, meditation into cosmic consciousness, and being a good disciple. Famous scribes: Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Allen Ginsberg.

Hare Krishnas (India, medium): 50% muscle, 50% gut.
As George Harrison says, "Try chanting the name of the Lord and you'll be free." So several thousands of bald boys and saffron sari-sheeted girls are seeking freedom and ecstasy by bouncing up and down chanting "Hare Krishna" (hail, Lord Krishna) on the streets of dozens of cities, tireless as washing machines. They give up their names, their possessions, and the right to choose their own spouse; in return they get to live in a community of saints, to worship icons with incense, flowers, and polished brass, to eat communal meals of rice, fruit, and vegetables, and to study the *Bhagavad Gita* daily. Economically they seem to survive by selling a magazine and incense and (mostly) begging, which is a hallowed Indian tradition.

The Maharishi's Transcendental Meditation (India, easy): 80% gut.
When the Beatles and the Beach Boys and Mia Farrow and Shirley MacLaine and a major-general of the U.S. Army War College all adopted the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi as their personal guru, along with a few hundred thousand other people, it looked like he had become No. 1 guru in the West. For about a year in 1967-8 this tiny twinkly-eyed grandfather-type celibate monk was on the cover of all the magazines. Now his popularity has waned. The Beatles have dubbed him Sexy Sadie. But he preaches on, a yoga of incomparable easiness. All you have to do is meditate twice a week and bliss will be yours. Sat chit ananda. What will be his, rumor hath it, is about $4 million in Swiss banks.

Assorted Gurus (mostly India).
Avatar Meher Baba: silent since 1925, dead since 1969. But don't worry, he loves you . . . *Guru Maharaj-Ji:* aged 14. Three million devotees in India, they say. O how young but how lofty! . . . *Sai Baba:* lives in Bangalore, India, claims to be able to cure cancer . . . *Swami Satchidananda:* Manhattan's uptown Yogi. Uses Brylcream . . . *Baba Ram Dass:* "the former Richard Alpert, PhD."

Tibetan Buddhism (Tibet and Japan, tough): 55% muscle, 45% brain.
The way to abandonment of the "I" (are you interested so far?) entails hundreds of thousands of prostrations to the evolved consciousness incarnate of your master. In return you



Paul Psorakis

discover the secrets of sex (Tantra), death, and magic. Lama Tarthang Tulku in California actually has about 50 disciples working for their merit badge in back-breaking bows.

Zen Buddhism (Tibet and Japan, medium): 80% brain.
Zen came to Japan from China along with tea seeds in the 12th century, and has the same delicate power as tea. It is a streamlined, miniaturized version of heavy Asian Buddhism, and consists almost exclusively of super-riddles (*e.g.* What was your original face before your parents were born?), especially the Rinzai sect, which is most popular in the West. In Japan, the more numerous Soto Zennists just sit. Just sitting is called "shikan taza", and it's not easy, not even in San Francisco's pretty zen monastery converted from a synagogue. Famous scribes: Alan Watts, Gary Snyder.

Pop Zen (Tibet and Japan, easy): 25% brain.
Suitable for the beginning mystic. Quite unstructured. Full of little stories and jokes. Famous scribes: Jack Kerouac and J. D. Salinger (whose Buddy Glass is probably the best Zen teacher in literature).

Nichiren Shoshu, "True Sect", U.S. branch of Japan's SOKAGAKKAI, "Value Creation Society" (Tibet and Japan, easy): 30% muscle, 30% gut.
Softer than the fat-gold-Buddha-type Buddhism, about as mystical as a Sony clock radio, this cult is the third largest political party in Japan, and claims 200,000 members in the U.S. Mostly they sing and chant and cheer each other. Its most positive effect reported to date is to make some kid clean up his room.

Acupuncture (China, tough): 70% muscle, 30% brain.
The Chinese even today practise a kind of medicine Western doctors call "black magic" and "barbarism," because it seems to them like palmistry spread all over the body. Through 700 points on the skin, the energy flowing through the internal organs can be contacted (with golden needles!) and such diseases as impotence, obesity, and deafness cured. If you are inclined to believe, you just might have to contact one of Mao's half million practitioners—there's not one licensed acupuncturist in the U.S. to date and, only a handful in Europe. Happy pricking.

I Ching (China, medium): 50% brain.
All you gotta do is forswear causality, toss some coins, and be able to read fortune cookies in dignified tones, and the wonders of Confucius will open up to you amazingly. Patron saint: C. G. Jung. Famous adherents: Arlo Guthrie, Bob Dylan, and the top cultural official in China before the 1960s purge.

Tao (China, easy): 70% brain.
Lao Tzu's neat philosophy of the power of emptiness, non-doing, and the all-encompassing nothingness of the Way. Try it, you'll like it. Or listen to the Beatles' "Inner Light," which is a direct steal.

Rosicrucians (Egypt and Near East, tough): 80% brain.
This group just might be the prototype for Hesse's mysterious school in *Journey to the East.* They're secretive and old-worldly, and they issue several years' worth of home-study courses on everything you ever wanted to know about mysticism: Kabala, Tarot, Alchemy, Astral and Etheric Planes, Masonry, Atlantis, Reincarnation, and God. They call themselves the Ancient Wisdom Religion, and have something to do with the Pyramids and Pythagoras. Hence a feud for precedence with the Sufis.

Theosophy (Egypt and Near East, tough): 75% brain.
One of mysticism's great ladies, Annie Besant, founded this sect in the 19th century to try and link East (karma) and West (humanism). Now the only eloquent Theosophist around is Krishnamurti, Avatar of the Age, World-Teacher, and incarnation of the Lord Maitreya (and cute as Nehru), who lectures mostly in Switzerland and England. An older clientele hangs around theosophy libraries.

Sufis (Egypt and Near East, medium): 80% brain, 20% muscle.
The cult that brought you whirling dervishes. Whether their origins are in 2000 BC as they claim, or 623 AD when the name first appeared (Sufis = People of the Wool, or Pious Ones), they now say they have 20 to 50 million adherents, or one esoteric Islami for every 9 Arabs. Besides Arabs, a number of well-educated hippies are poking around with the Sufis these days, getting together in rather secretive circles. There's some dancing, chanting "Hoo!", some investigation into Arabic linguistic roots, many anecdotes. The tone is lively and novel, very unpretentious as religions go. Was Shakespeare really Sheikh-Peer, the Ancient Sage? Were Cervantes, Goethe, and Dag Hammerskjold Sufis? Doris Lessing likes them. Mr. Natural, the no-nonsense Death Valley sage, seems to be of their party. Chief Sufi author Idries Shah is a genius who runs a bunch of brainy businesses in England.

Astrology (Egypt and Near East, medium): 50% gut, 40% brain.
Surely this intricate system of relating fate and stars must be the most popular mysticism in the world. Its origins pervade ancient culture from Egypt and Babylonia to India, China, and the Americas. Today, it is the chief backbone of popular religion in India, and probably the meat of billions of flirtatious conversations daily in the cosmopolitan West. There are 10,000 full-time and 175,000 part-time astrologers in the U.S. alone; and newspapers with astrology columns go into 30 million American homes daily. So prestigious an intellectual as Marshall McLuhan digs that he's a Moonchild; Norman Mailer endorses Jung's idea that synchronicity (time-coincidence) is more important than causality. On the other hand, Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin calls astrology "a beautiful example of lobotomized passivity." Which side (sign) are you on?

Gurdjieff (Egypt and Near East, medium): 60% brain, 20% muscle, 20% gut.
"A man's whole life is inevitably an expression of his level of consciousness." In the Far East they aim for Enlightenment. In the West, with Gurdjieff on the borderline, they want Consciousness instead, and the two are somewhat at odds. Very smart artists and academics get together discreetly to develop said consciousness, release their imaginations, and perhaps dance, after the teachings of George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, a beatnik Russian living and guru-ing in Paris around the time of the Russian Revolution. As a group, there's not much organization. Gurdjieff's writings are popular among hippies: *All and Everything, Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson,* and *Meetings with Remarkable Men,* as well as disciple P. D. Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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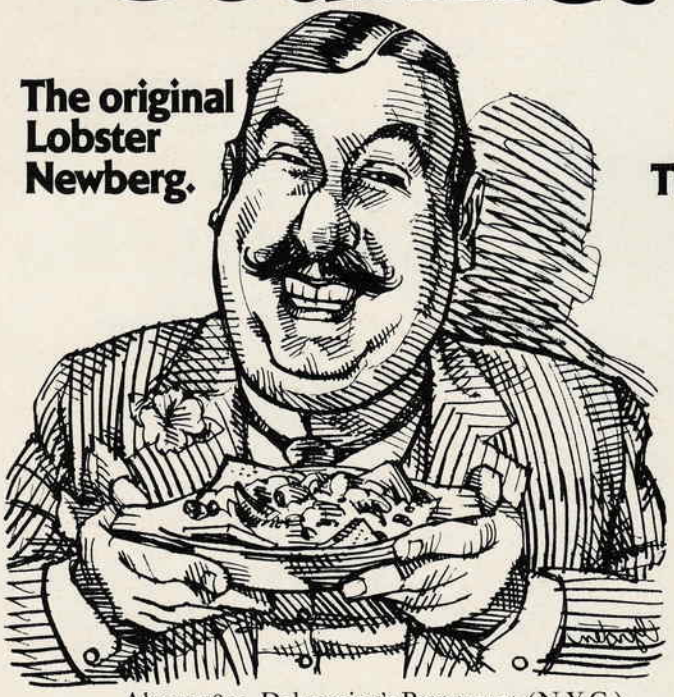

About 1890, Delmonico's Restaurant (N.Y.C.) honored one of its best patrons, Mr. Ben Wenberg, by naming this creamy lobster sauce dish, "Lobster Wenberg." One evening, however, a bitter quarrel erupted. And thereafter, Mr. Wenberg's name was mud. The dish fortunately was redubbed something slightly more appetizing.

The original Chicken Tetrazzini.

Unfortunately, opera star Luisa Tetrazzini is more famous today for this creamy vegetable and spaghetti dish than for what, no doubt, inspired it. Her incomparable swan song. What's more, if a shortage of swans about 1920 hadn't forced a last-minute recipe change to chicken, today we'd all be enjoying Swan Tetrazzini.

The original Steak Tartare.

This delicacy probably began with Genghis Khan's roving hordes about 1100 A.D. Meat stored under their saddle bags shredded. And was eaten raw. Heated debates still rage over this, our hamburger's ancestor. Specifically, whether ancient history might have been altered if there had been a Burger Queen in Genghis's hometown.

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Gentleman of Leisure

Straight from the whoremaster's mouth—a candid exposé of Silky, the New York pimp, and his high-class sexual stable

edited by **Susan Hall & Bob Adelman**

The term is pimp, but I don't use it, says *Silky*. I'm a professional gentleman of leisure. I have absolutely nothing to do. I stay in bed and take showers. I'm just a connoisseur of resting and a television freak. I do make more money than the President of the United States. If I were in another way of life, I'd have to hustle more. As a black man, I've never had alternatives anyway. I could have played first base or become an entertainer, but I was a natural pimp, so I just pursued my talents.

White society looks down on pimps. They make life hard for us, but they've been doing this to black people for four hundred and thirty-five years, and we've withstood this prejudice, so we must be pretty strong. I've survived and I'm successful, but nobody's helped me. Society doesn't like success in any black person. It's bad enough when you make it, but when you do, they try to take it from you. You're fighting the system all the time, just to maintain your position. Holding on is three-quarters of the job.

I'm having run-ins with the police—over nothing. The cops ask whether my mink coat's real. I say, "No, it's not real." Then they ask how much the diamonds cost. I say, "Ten cents." Cops automatically put pimps down. They think we're all Iceberg Slim. He was an old-time pimp, who worked by force and by the stick. Maybe that type did deserve disrespect. But today, we're more elevated and gentlemanly. Styles have changed in pimping. You don't leave a girl in a closet for eight hours 'cause she made you mad. Modern pimps use psychiatry.

You can't force a girl into this situation. The girls are not slaves. My girls decide to share my life themselves. It's their decision. A girl might leave and I might go get her. But usually I'm real, show her my charming self, and she chooses to stay.

There is no game on either side. Most men lie to their wives and have other women. I know, because I get the fifty or a hundred bucks they spend for one of my girls. Most men just give their women lollipops and that's that. The men give my girls the lollipops and I end up with the lollipops. I'm completely honest with my women. They know who I see and when and why and where.

That makes me very different from other men. I've learned to control a woman. Other men are tricks. They'll be driving along and see a cute little piece of ass on the corner. They can't resist, stop, and pay her money. But she gives the money to me, because I am the master. I cannot be tricked. Just the fact that I can dominate women makes other men jealous and afraid of me. Most men let women rule the roost. Maybe that's why they hate pimps.

It used to be, when a pimp came into a black night spot, they'd put the spotlight on him and order drinks on the house. He was respected. Now there's a new trend of jealousy among black men too. You go into a joint and everyone will freeze you. With players, pimps, hustlers, and college students—anyone who's succeeded from the black community—there's an automatic jealousy. Even with barbers. I go to the barber and pay 30 dollars to have my hair done. The barber hates me, because I can afford 30 dollars (even though it's money in his mouth). I've known barbers who left the chair and tried to pimp but wasn't able to. They had to go back to the scissors. You do have to have a talent in any profession.

The first job I have is copping—getting new girls. I work on new girls all the time. That way, I can pick them, instead of them picking me.

I meet girls at parties, at clubs and after-hour spots, and through my own girls. I can always tell a professional girl. The police can too. They can tell pimps from square guys. They can tell square girls from prostitutes. Our profession involves something different, which you can sense. I could see a girl shopping with curlers in her hair and I could still tell she was a working girl. I can't explain exactly what it is.

It's almost inevitable that a prostitute ends up with a player. It's hand and glove. Birds of feather. The two just go together. Their heads are in the same place. We have the same thought patterns about life. We live the same life. Most girls look at everyone besides pimps as tricks. Some people think that pimps are whores, because they take money, and that whores are tricks because they pay the pimps. It's true that without money a girl can't be mine, no way. A date can't have her unless he pays her. That is a similarity. But the relationship between a pimp and a whore is also a man-woman relationship. It isn't just money. Our personal relationship is number one. Money is part of the relationship, because money is a rule and a law of the life.

A girl who is a prostitute becomes good at manipulating men. Because I am aware, I don't allow her to manipulate me. With me, she has the one relationship that isn't a "use" relationship. She needs a pimp for her personal life. He's the only one who can understand, appreciate, *and* handle her.

When I go copping—to tote that barge and lift that bale—I be myself and go out. I look anywhere and everywhere for girls—straight or not. That makes no difference. If I catch someone that's already in the life, great. It's a short cut. But I also have the gift of converting.

A few weeks ago I went to Montreal. I met Sherry. She was working for the phone company and was in a little pub for college people. I'm natural. I don't think everytime I meet a girl "How come she might want me?" I have grown through experience. Little itty-bitty things accumulate. For instance, Sherry had continued to go to the ladies' room just to walk by me at the bar. I knew she was attracted. I could utilize that.

Sherry handed me her matches when she wanted a light. A stranger can't do that to me, and my woman wouldn't. I knew Sherry didn't want to have her way. Most men would let her. A straight girl would make her man get the laundry and clean up the kitchen. If he'll let her, she'll give him no other choice. She'll be boss. But I don't feel any woman wants to be boss. I won't let her. Women like to be dominated.

Finally, Sherry got around to asking what I did. I said I was a gentleman of leisure. She didn't understand. She said, "Is that a pimp?" I said, "In a sense. But it's a graduated version. A Ph.D. in pimping." She gave me her number, and a couple of days later I called.

We went out and I explained things to her. I don't have a script. I just try to make myself important to her. The only way she can be with me is my way. When I feel she's swept, I make my points. Women are drawn to me sexually, but I purposely try to underplay sex. If the relationship begins on sex, that's the only way I can keep a girl. I have to service her. If the relationship begins with me personally, then I can keep her. My charming personality gets her. We begin to like each other. If she likes me well enough, she'll do anything. Sherry was supposed to come to New York and she never showed. I guess I struck out that time. If I meet her again, we'll talk and laugh, but there won't be anything personal between us. We won't go see *The Great White Hope* together.

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I hope the situation comes up where a girl enjoys my company and I enjoy hers. This is my way of life, and I'd like her to join it. There's no trickery on my part. I met a girl at a party the other night. She had a guy in California and he brought her here. I don't know what he told her, but it must have been lies, because she was very unhappy and confused. Now we enjoyed talking and being together on this one particular evening. We came home and stayed together. There was something personal going between us. There has to be, because I ask her to gamble her life for me. She takes an oath to dedicate herself to me. I'm a pimp and she's got to go out and work and bring me money. It's that simple.

Now this girl is working with my best ladies. She's being trained to follow their mannerisms. I don't have anything to do with the ladies' business. I couldn't tell them how to turn a date, 'cause I've never turned one. I couldn't tell her what to say, 'cause I've never been on the set. I have no affiliation with their business and very, very seldom is it ever discussed. It's not that I don't care, but I certainly don't want to seem like a little freak—always wanting to hear what happened. Knowing their business would also be work for me and I don't work.

It used to be the only way a girl was accepted by a pimp was when she brought him money—like a dowry. That's going out of fashion. Now a girl wants to be around you a bit before she gets involved. She wants to see your style and your way of living. This is the modern girl.

Most of the girls I meet come and go. That's where the pimping comes in. I always start a girl with the hope that she will stay forever. But if I begin to sense that she won't, because she's flaky or immature, then I try to get as much money as I can before she blows. If she has sixty days, I try to get six thousand dollars out of her. Then she can go about her business.

Girls usually run off over silly things. Like, I say I'll take her out on Friday. On Friday, I don't. So she runs off. She phones and says I broke a promise. But what promise? I just forgot. I'm human. I might have had an accident and be in the hospital. That doesn't make any difference. You promised, superman.

If a girl is interested in building a life with me, then I can make an investment in her and give her a foundation. She gets an apartment and presents on her birthday, Christmas, and our anniversary. The relationship builds.

I'm not extra romantic. I just don't say, "I love you". Every woman might love me and feel that I love her. I don't feel as strongly about my ladies as they feel about me. I'm not a woman. If my emotions got the best of me, if I couldn't control myself, it would be dangerous. I must treat all my girls equally and with cool. I've got to control *them*.

After we've been together for a year or so, a dedication is built. Loyalty and understanding create a kind of love in me. It becomes complete man-woman.

There's another kind of love—seeing somebody who's beautiful and being swept. I can't afford that.

The average pimp has two girls. One would be less difficult. But two is a challenge to the male and the girls. To make a woman sell herself is quite a task. To ask her to share her man is even more difficult. With two girls, sharing is very obvious. But if a girl comes to me now, and I have seven or eight women, she couldn't possibly be jealous or complain to me because she knew all about my women before she came on board. One-eighth of me is not much, but the girls are satisfied. That is my talent. To be successful in any field, you've got to enjoy what you're doing, and I enjoy what I'm doing.

There are things I can't do, regardless, as a professional. I cannot take up with a square girl. It wouldn't be fair. My girls are out in thirty-degree weather, working and earning money for me. I can't sit home, warm, and in the company of a straight lady. There are some women who would sacrifice me not to get into this business. One girl I was engaged to, and who had my only child, cares more for me than anyone I've ever met. But she would not be a prostitute for me. I don't care what proposition I would make, or how much I'd promise her, she would not go to work. She lives in the Bronx. She can't afford a telephone. But she wouldn't walk the streets for anything in the world.

For me to take up with a square girl would be disrespecting my girls. This is the code I have to honor. If I had women around who didn't work, why would the others have to? My girl Sandy doesn't like the business. The only reason she works is for me. Sandy shows no jealousy, but she's a woman. For me to mess with square girls would put her out. And it would put my status down. It would be simping, not pimping. Simping is half-assed pimping.

Fortunately, I have very attractive women for myself. So I seldom even think about a woman who isn't with me. I feel very strongly for my girls. They make a large sacrifice for me and I appreciate their dedication. If the situation were reversed and I were a woman, I wouldn't do this for anything in the world. So there's real admiration on my part.

I don't have anything but white girls. I've had black girls all my life, but it's rough with them. Black women have a harder time getting dates; they have a harder time with the police, and a harder time with society. They don't necessarily make half the money of a white girl, but they only get half a chance to make the money.

All blacks—me included—have an inner, hidden pain. Some overcome it; some never do. We have it because we're black and we've been put in a certain underdog category. That put-down is around you every minute of your life.

Black women don't get along with each other. White women decide that they're in this situation and they're going to make the best of it. With blacks, a hidden larceny comes out. They say little things to hurt each other. It's weird and it's rough.

At times I've had both black and white women and it was a total mess. The black girl felt persecuted and attacked her wife-in-law. For a professional like me, white women are better. They can make more money, they're more tolerant of my other women, and the ship sails smoothly.

To me, there's not much difference between white and black women except color. With the lights off, there isn't any difference. I like them both in bed. But the blacks have always been in a difficult situation, and they can't stop testing me with cracks and obvious arguments. Two white women will not argue in front of me. They're not as competitive as blacks. Oh, they might compete in making me a chili—they'll try to outcook each other. But white women concentrate on pleasing me and making me happy.

I sincerely try to have a personal relationship with every girl. If we continue to be together, we progress. I try to make ladies out of my women. I train them. I give them my style. They're to please me. I never have to speak more than once.

Sex plays a part in our relationship, but it is not the main part. Casanova is dead. And Rudolph. The great lovers aren't in fashion. If I allowed sex to become important, pimping would be a job for me. I'd become a sex machine with eight women. Instead, I emphasize the emotional aspect and the development of our personal and social relationship. My women enjoy my masculinity. They enjoy being controlled and directed.

Not many men are capable of being completely in charge. I am. If a woman

complains, I do not respond in a sympathetic fashion. I treat her like a child. I might even beat her up a bit. It gives me no pleasure, but sometimes it works. I'm not a beater-upper. I do a lot of hollering. Really we should be able to discuss a problem and eliminate it. But if she acts like a child, I have to treat her like one. I have to be a man—three hundred sixty degrees.

I control all my girls. It's like being President of the United States. If the President makes a move, we must back him, even if he's in error. I'm in the same position. If I make a move—right or wrong—the girls must back me. I do make mistakes, but they've got to stand by them. I am not a dictator. My bottom woman, Sandy—she's been with me longest—takes care of most of my business and helps me make decisions. She's earned that position.

She oversees all my expenses, which are very high. I have a tremendous overhead. Apartment rents alone are thirty-seven hundred a month. The phone bills are ridiculous. The phone company keeps sending bigger and bigger bills. The girls call their parents and their friends. They have a mental thing about how large they are. "The phone bill ain't nothing." They talk to Suzy in Nova Scotia for two hours. I don't know this specifically, because I don't check the bills. If there was a bill a girl thought would make me angry, she would say the phone bill was two hundred and put in fifty herself. It would never get back to me.

I have to change my phone number all the time. Sandy called me from Puerto Rico and she paid for every call herself. But for some reason they charged me for all those calls. My bill was five hundred ninety-seven dollars. So I had to get a new number.

I used to call up and give a black name and say, "Hello dare" in a deep voice. Then Sandy took over. She uses Jewish names. She says, "This is David Goldstein's secretary. I would like a new phone." I used to have to put down big deposits, but since I've been using Jewish names, I ain't paid a penny.

My tools are also very expensive. I'm continually sharpening my cars, my jewelry, and my clothes. These are tools like a policeman has a gun. I'm bettering my position and playing for position—just like a businessman. If I didn't have the jewelry and the cars, I couldn't get the girls I get. I have the best ladies in town. Ladies want to come to a man that's doing something with his money.

Women are attracted to me because I wear my money. I have a certain mannerism and style. I design all my own clothes and they are made to order. I also design my jewelry. To some individuals, I don't look masculine. There's a lady in my building who came to a New Year's party about three years ago. She asked me if I fooled around with fellows. That was her interpretation of a lace shirt and curly hair—we're fags. I never bother to think whether someone will consider me sweet. I'm confident in my masculinity. If I like a garment, I'll add it to my wardrobe. My taste depends on the style I want. I'm about five years ahead of the times. The way you dress is part of the competition in this game. So, may the best man win.

When you buy a car like mine, it is definitely for attention. I am recognized by the bubble. It's me. I have it for myself—personal. I've put about ten thousand dollars into customization. I have a Rolls-Royce grille, alligator-skin roof dyed gold, and the orange bubble. It expresses me. That helps with the girls. My own girls are proud of the car. Other girls, who might one day be mine, notice me driving around and get to know me through the car.

But the car is a nuisance. When I come out of a store, there are dozens of people around it. As a matter of fact, the car's protected by a human alarm system. There's not a moment that it's on the street when someone isn't looking at it.

The car has served its purpose—at the fights and for special occasions. It's probably helped me get some ladies. But I'm growing out of it. The customizing singles me out for the police.

Almost every day I get hassled. Illegally hassled. Unlawfully hassled. A policeman followed me the other night. He waited until we got out of the car and locked it up before he asked for the registration. His obvious purpose was to make us stand in the cold. I am a professional and I didn't argue with him in any way. I talk to him nice and say, "Officer, there's some kind of mistake." But he goes on talking to me nasty when he sees I'm not militant. If you go cussing and acting crazy then you don't get no hassle out of a policeman. He gets nervous, pulls out his pistol, and hurries up and gets away. But not without some nasty remarks like, "Where'd you get that coat?" I mean, for real. He'll say, "Do you screw her?" pointing to a girl. The police are jealous of pimps, because we have white women and money. But don't think the cops don't cost me too.

My girls were counting salaries—the salaries that each of the girls make and the salary I make. What they consider my salary is the money I've made all year from girls who cop and blow—they just come and go. I've made two hundred thousand in the past seven months by myself. That's twenty-six girls. My regulars—who I've copped and locked—that's Sandy and Kitty and Linda—they each made around seventy-five thousand last year.

Each girl gives me all the money she makes. In turn, I give her a place to stay—her own apartment if she's been with me for a while—I pay her bail, and she has ten dollars a day expense money. I'm very casual about collecting. Most fellows collect immediately because they have no trust and no confidence. When I first started, I had to have my money yesterday. I've outgrown that.

I used to drive around and watch the girls. A lot of fellows try to keep their girls in check. Occasionally, I'll drive around to see if there's an unhappy lady who belongs to another fellow. You can get girls that way.

Of course, with girls I really like, I'd prefer they didn't have to see dates. I'd pefer that none of us had to do anything. That would be great. But we need money. I don't think a girl is hurt by being a prostitute. The human mind can adjust to anything. Being a prostitute is acting. The girl turns her mind and her feelings off. It's a job. She portrays making love. She can't wait to get off that job. But I don't think it does any damage. I'm all the more important to her because when she gets with me she can let herself go. She don't with tricks.

Pimping itself is mentally hard. Everything you're doing is with yourself and for yourself. You have no one to answer to except yourself. You make a mistake and it's against yourself. I'm running my own business. I'm the president and the whole corporation.

I am selfish. Silky likes Silky. Silky only thinks about Silky. Some women get satisfaction out of pleasing a man. That's the kind of woman for me. I have confidence in myself. I feel that any girl of intelligence will accept this life and her position in it. Myself, I like cutie-pies—attractive young girls. It is not necessary for an attractive young girl to enter this life. She could sit on her butt and enjoy the comforts of any man.

But for her to stop whatever she's doing and dedicate her life to me makes all the difference in the world. A girl makes a sacrifice for me. The only greater sacrifice would be for her to jump out of a window. A girl gives up her home, her relationship with her family. I become her whole life. That means our relationship is more passionate and romantic than most.

I don't know of any place where you can make as much money as fast. This entire movement is a short cut for me. If I were in any other profession, I could not be where I am now—at this early age of twenty-five. The life is a short cut to the moon. I want what Howard Hughes has had for years. Complete and total success. Security and all. Not just one or two shots at being secure. Owning half of New York. Being sincerely rich.

Dandy, another pimp and a friend of Silky's from Cleveland, is talking:

A mack is strong and dominant as well as understanding women. A man must let his wife know that he controls her. But it's even more important for a player. His women encounter all kinds of men and for them to have one man, he must be dominant and make her strong. If you get a weak pross, she's going to be handled by the johns. They'll *use* her. You know how inadequate a woman can be. You've got to instill larceny and trickery to the woman. She can't be shaky and flaky and easily led astray. When her man says, "Woman, do this", it will be done. You're a man running a household. You're also a little bit of God and Jesus. Everything I tell my women, they must do. If I tell my woman to do something and she hesitates or she's too slow, I'm mad.

The rules of the life devolve from a strong, dominant mack. You don't let a little girl come to you once with no money and then give you three or four hundred dollars and run off and come back again. That's against the rules. You're not supposed to take another man's woman and don't notify him. But you might go against the rules to enforce them later on. Sometimes you can't depend on the other fellow. He might not be true to the game and understand cop and blow. That's when you cop a girl and lose her. There's also cop and lock, when she don't blow no more. That's also called cop and hold.

I'm a mack and I'm supposed to be down for money. I might take a woman knowing that she didn't give me money, because later on I know she will. I accept her and wait for money.

I had Lisa for four days in Cleveland. Sexually I had her. That's against the rules. She hadn't even chose me. She didn't give me no money. But the rule is really to get her to New York. My objective was to have her follow me anyplace. Lisa had been in the life. I knew if I got her here she would be cool. She said, "I want to choose you."

I said, "I don't want no Cleveland money."

"I want to choose you."

"I don't want nothing from you." I was psyching her. "I just want you to come to New York with me." I knew in New York everything would be all right, because I'm Mr-Up-and-Coming-Black-East-Side. "Just be my woman. Come on and try me." I was using that as a trick. I gave her the impression I cared for her. We went out and swung and talked. A girl can't stand to have you say, "Give me money." You have to make a woman say, "This is how I want to have my money. This man is going to make me good." Most women want a man to be their everything.

A lot of women be whores and don't know it. They be going out with Tom, Dick, or Harry and having Peter, Paul, and Mary—accepting favors or rent money. They be whores. It just takes a pimp to enlighten them to the fact that they've been whoring all along. Of course, some women never know what they were meant to be in life.

Iceberg Slim was an oldtime pimp—vulgar. He was cold on his bitches' ass. Now a woman isn't the dumbest individual in the world and if you call her bitch and bitch and bitch, she just can't stand you. Iceberg had a barbaric approach. He kidnapped women and hit them if they didn't come up with their dues—he put the fear of God in them. One morning, he was riding in his automobile—air-conditioned. He'd just picked up a woman from work. He said, "Crack the window." She said, "Why do you want the window cracked, Slim?"

"To let out some of this odor. You stink, bitch. I smelled something stinking. Some of that funky odor. Open the window and let it out. This ain't no house." The girl had been working all night long.

That's pretty strong language. Today we're more elite. I do say, "Baby, I need money and I'm tired. Things ain't coming up to par." You can't be weak. If a woman says she's sick, you can't tuck her in bed and put a thermometer in her mouth. You've got to say, "No. That won't do. You've got to have a hundred. You have to do better." Never say die. It's a pride within yourself.

The old-fashioned pimp walks ten paces behind a girl when she picks up a trick. He sees the trick is tipsy and thinks he can get more out of him. So he follows him up to the hotel room and waits till the guy's pants are at the end of the bed. Once a trick gets a piece of ass, he loses his mind. The pimp goes over his clothing and takes everything he's got on his person. But maybe the trick isn't such a chump and he wakes up and tries to defend himself. The pimp didn't think this would occur. Now somebody's not going to come out of that hotel room. Today that man would not be considered a pimp. He's just a robber with a girl. A pimp does not rob.

Me and Silky would never get involved in that. We simply wouldn't be available. We do not walk down the street hand and hand with our girls. A fellow who does that doesn't keep his girls for long. If he do, there's something wrong with the girls. 'Cause that's not how to 'ho'. Real professionals — they would like their woman in Bangkok while they're in Iran. I like to be as far away from my women as possible—if my women are trustworthy and can take care of their business without me.

Love can ruin a relationship in this life. I've seen people completely destroyed by love. 'Cause she can't stand to see him with other women. And he can't bear the thought of her out trying to get him money with other men. Time may change the way you pimp, but love should never enter the relationship.

Iceberg Slim forced women to be with him. He was right there at the post with a pistol, keeping watch over her twenty-four hours a day. That's pimping alley style. In this time and era, there's very few fellows that have enough gumption to do that, and if they have the gumption, they wind up in the can.

You could force a woman through dope—through injections in her arm. But there's very few kept that way and they've usually been junkies before. If a woman wants to be with you, she's going to be with you. If she ain't, she ain't. Every woman I know that's with a man, love him. If she doesn't, she's fucked up mentally. It's hard enough to hold a woman—let alone get her to get you money. This is a consensual rela-

Silky the pimp and air-conditioned wheels

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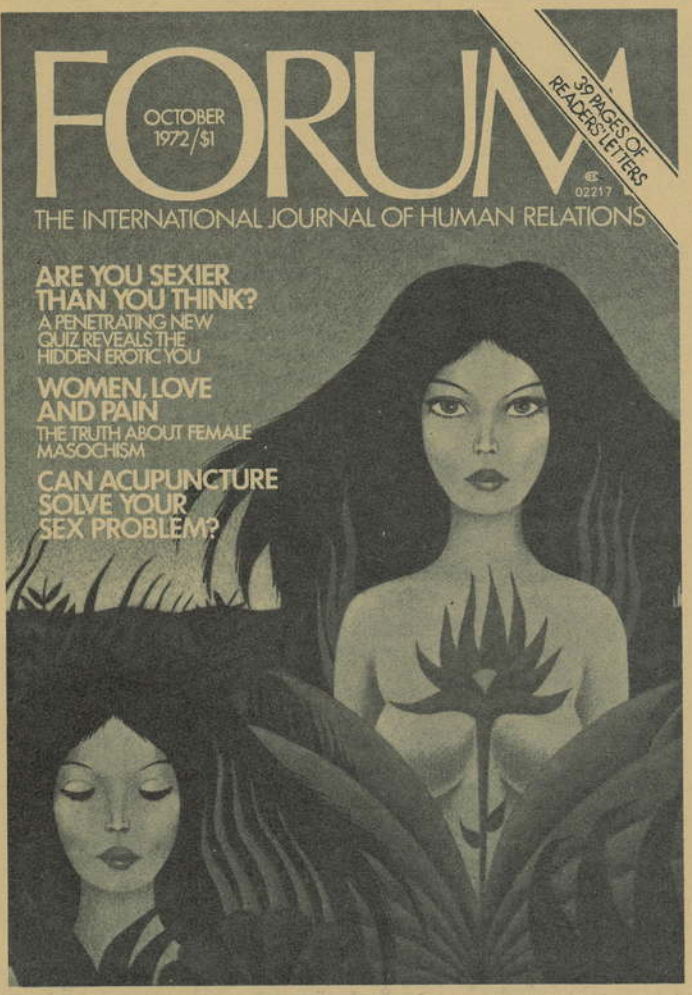
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When a woman crosses you, you can use ass-whipping or fire them. Some of them get dropped like a hot potato. Some of them get whopped and smacked around. You can give them a good tongue-thrashing and sometimes just sweet conversation. It depends. But if you have more than one chick, each girl knows there's another one behind her. That's the best discipline you have.

Silky has a chosen personality and way about him. He was a born little mack. A born ladies' man. Like I am. He didn't have to play it. Any little girl in town, you'd say, "Do you know Silky?" and they'd say, "Yeh." He had a natural little quality about himself to captivate them.

I was always meant to be a pimp. Silky was always meant to be a pimp. He came by my house one day with a little girl. He wanted to fuck her. He took her in my room and balled her. I had two bedrooms and every bed was full of women. I said, "Why do you need this shit? When are you going to sell that motherfucker?" Three months later, he got a girl. He's been selling it ever since and doing a damn good job.

Silky was a baby when he started. Other players used to send him milk when he went to night spots with his ladies. He drunk it. It's like kings growing old and getting ready to get off their throne and seeing their successors. These old guys seen it. I think for the way Silky's mastered his own throne at such an early age, he's uncanny. I feel deep in my heart about it, because I knew him from a kid. He never asked me what to do about Christina, or do you know a lawyer I can use. He just did it.

Now he's very sharp, very tricky, and very elite. I like seeing him this way. He'll never know what it means to me. I was the one who enlightened him. We were both popular as squares. Then we started saying, "Bitch, you can't have me no way unless you give me money."

"What do you mean? Sell it?" she says. I mean blip, blop, de bam, scooby do. That is kicking it. That's what you're going to have to do.

This profession takes a man with sharp mental perceptions about life. He has to have a strong mind. You can't be a birdbrain and handle this. You live the game and you learn it. I try to carry pimping with great respect and esteem. Not everyone can be a pimp. Some men look at you with envy and jealousy. Some dislike you for being a pimp. I've just got to be the best. I was a blueblood anyway. Now I'm a thoroughbred.

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Ft. Lauderdale—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Sterling's Ivy Man Shop
Sterling's Mens &
Boys', Inc.
Ft. Pierce—Carnaby Shops
Gainesville—
Wilson's Dept. Store
Hialeah—Lansons
Hollywood—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Jacksonville—Rosenblum's
The Young Men's Shop
Miami—Carnaby Shops
Miami Beach—Lansons
N. Miami Beach—
Woodrow Stores
Orlando—Carnaby Shops
Woodrow Stores
Pensacola—Douglas Allen
Ed White Inc.
Ordon's Inc.
Sarasota—Harmon's
Woodrow Stores
S. Miami—Garber's
St. Petersburg—Carnaby Shops
Egerton & Moore Inc.
Rons Toggery
The Real Place
Tallahasee—Mendelson's
Tampa—Kirby's Mens Wear
Titusville—Carnaby Shops
W. Palm Beach—Anthonys Inc.

GEORGIA
Albany—Rosenberg's
Americus—A. Cohen & Sons
Athens—Richway Stores
The University Shops Inc.
Atlanta—Hirsch's
Richway Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Belvedere—Hirsch's
Cobb County—Hirsch's
College Park—Richway Stores
Decatur—Richway Stores
Greenbriar—Hirsch's
Griffin—Morrow Powell
Lenox—Hirsch's
Macon—Jos. N. Neel Co.
Neil's Hip Pocket
North DeKalb—Hirsch's
Rome—The Fahy Store
Savannah—Alan Barry's Inc.
John B. Rourke, Inc.
Smyrna—Richway Stores
South DeKalb—Hirsch's
Valdesta—Olan H. Luke, Inc.
Waycross—Jacobson's, Inc.

HAWAII
Honolulu—McInerny

IDAHO
Blackfoot—Bitton-Tuchy Co.
Boise—Ralph Davis Mens Store
Lewiston—Bon Marche
Payette—Farber's Dept. Store
Pocatello—
Fargo-Wilson-Wells Co.

ILLINOIS
Aurora—Lytton's
Weingart & Pillatsch
Barrington—Chuck Hines
Belleville—Imber Mens Wear
Benton—Walker's
Bloomington—Bachrachs
Moberly & Klenner
Ulbrich & Kraft
Calumet City—Lytton's
Carbondale—Walker's
Champaign—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago—Baskin
Eric Salm, Inc.
Gingiss Formalwear
Goldblatt's
House of Duro
Karoll's
Lytton's
Tom Hynes
Collinsville—Imbers Mens Wear
Crawfordsville—
Rapps Sire Shop
Decatur—Bachrachs
Myers Brothers
Des Plaines—
Allen's Store for Men
Svoboda's Mens Wear
Dunbee—Chuck Hines
DuQuoin—Walker's
Edwardsville—
Imbers Mens Wear
Elgin—Chuck Hines
Four Squires. Inc.
Wieboldts
Evanston—Lytton's
Glencoe—Bus Goodman Inc.
Harvey—Marks Toggery, Inc.
Herrin—
J. V. Walker & Sons, Inc.,
Kankakee—Plant-Kerger Co.
Kewanee—Kirley & Sons
Lolies Park—
Rockford Dry Goods
Marion—Walker's
Monmouth—The Model
Mt. Vernon—Walker's
Naperville—Dean's
Oak Park—Lytton's
Park Ridge—
Pine's Store for Men
Park Forest—Lytton's
Rockford—
Rockford Dry Goods
Bernhardt's, Inc.
Springfield—The Hub Clothiers
Myers Brothers
Urbana—Baskin
Vandalia—Denny's Dept. Store
Waukegan—Chuck Hines
Lytton's
West Frankfurt—Walker's
Wheaton—Gaede's

INDIANA
Elkhart—Rapps Sire Shop
Evansville—Gordons
Sater's
Weinbach Men's Shop
Ft. Wayne—
Goldens Mens Wear
Patterson Fletcher
Gary—Lytton's
Indianapolis—Squire Shop
Wm. H. Block, Co.
Jasper—Schneider's Dept. Store
Kokomo—Maher's
Lafayette—
Hildebrandt's Haberdashery
Rapps Sire Shop
The Golden Rule
The Rapp Shop
The University Shops Inc.
Logansport—Bailey's Inc.
Kellers Sire Shop
Muncie—Stecks
South Bend—Robertsons
Terre Haute—Bachrachs
Schultz & Co.
Warsaw—Hull House

IOWA
Ames—Bledsoe's Inc.
Boone—J. C. Petersen Co.
Des Moines—
Frankel Clothing Co.
Elkader—Raizes Dept. Store
Fort Dodge—
Charles A. Brown, Inc.
Mason City—Damon's, Inc.
Raizes Dept. Store
Ottumwa—Graham's
Sioux City—Karl's
Karlton's
Raymond's
Storm Lake—Douglass Clo. Co.
Waterloo—The James Black Co.

KANSAS
Abilene—Royer's
Coffeyville—Strasburger's
Emporia—Harry Ropfogel's, Inc.
Kansas City—The Leader Clo
Manhattan—Stevensons Clo.
Parsons—
Lambert-Duffy-Melone, Inc.
Salinas—Stevensons Clo.
Topeka—Crosby's
Ray Bears Clo. Co.
Wichita—Bricks

KENTUCKY
Ashland—
The C. H. Parsons Co., Inc.
Stars' Fashion World
Bowling Green—
Golden-Farley Inc.
Elizabethtown—
Joplin & Lanz Co. Inc.
Frankfort—HWB Store
Hopkinsville
Golden-Farley Inc.
Lexington—
The University Shops Inc.
Louisville—Levy Bros.
Martins
Richmond—
The University Shops Inc.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria—Caplans Mens Shop
Weiss & Goldring
Baton Rouge—Arthur's, Inc.
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Houma—Godchaux's
Lafayette—Abdalla's Oil Center
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Lakeside—Porter's-Stevens
Leesville—Caplans Mens Shop
Matarie—Godchaux's
Monroe—Selber Bros.
Natchitoches—
Caplans Mens Shop
New Orleans—Godchaux's
Labiche's Inc.
Porter's-Stevens
● Rubenstein Bros.
Oakwood—Porter's-Stevens
Fever Tree
Ruston—Lewis & Co.
Lewis Stagg Shop
Shreveport—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jordan & Booth
Selber Bros.
W. F. Beall Co.

MAINE
Biddeford—Butlers Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst—House of Walsh, Inc.
Boston—Krackerjacks, Inc.
Lebow Bros. Inc.
Sumner's
Cambridge—Krackerjacks Inc.
Fitchburg—
John Edwards Clothes
Framingham—Zayre
Hyannis—
Burman's of Hyannis
Krackerjacks Inc.
The Bon Marche Inc.
Lowell—Lynches
The Bon Marche Inc.
New Bedford—Star Store
No. Attleboro—Orent Bros. Inc.
Norwood—Orent Bros. Inc.
Pittsfield—England's
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
● *Saugus*—
Hoffman's • Saugus
Shrewsbury—World Apparel Ltd.
Worcester—Ware Pratt Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—
Calby's Male Apparel
Gann's
Stewart & Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Bel Air—Calby's Male Apparel
Bethesda—Slak Shak
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Chevy Chase—
Frederick—
The Young Men's Shop, Inc.
Hagerstown—DeVono's
Ocean City—Slak Shak
Potomac—The Gentry
Riverdale—Slak Shak
Wheaton—Slak Shak

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Birmingham—Demery's
Todd's Clothes
Chesaning—
Rehmann's Menswear
Dearborn—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Muirheads
Todd's Clothes
Detroit—Demery's
Himelhock's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Princeton Shop
Todd's Clothes
Wurzburg-Demery's
Eastbrook—Wurzburg Co.
Farmington—Demery's
Flint—Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer's
Houseman's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Wm. Klein Store for Men
Wurzburg Co.
Holland—Ambassador Shop
Jackson—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Kalamazoo—
Libin's Varsity Shop
Lansing—Wurzburg Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Marquette—Stern & Field
125 Shop
Muskegon—Hoslen's Inc.
Square Clothing Co.
Northland—Todd's Clothes
North Kent—Wurzburg Co.
Pleasant Ridge—Next Door
Pontiac—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Lion Store Inc.
Royal Oak—Todd's Clothes
Saginaw—Heavenrich's
Southfield—Todd's Clothes
Southland—Wurzburg Co.
Utica—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Warren—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Van Dyke Formal Wear
Next Door
Wyoming—Rogers Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Brookdale—Donoldson's
Duluth—Livingston's
Maurices Men's Shop
Hibbing—Sachs Bros. Co.
Hopkins—Meyers Dept. Store
Minneapolis—
Donoldson's
Meyers Dept. Stores
Olson Clothing
Redwood Falls—Wilson's Clo.
Rochester—Donoldson's
Rosedale—Donoldson's
Saint Paul—Donoldson's
Southdale—Donoldson's
West St. Paul—Van Arsdell's

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi—Godchaux's
• *Columbia*—Rankins
Columbus—Egger's
Hattiesburg—
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Mississippi Britches
The Essex House
Jackson—Emporium
The Rouge, Ltd.
Laurel—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Meridian—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Marks Rothenberg Co.
Natchez—M. M. Ullman & Co.

MISSOURI
Cameron—Stucker Clo. Co.
Joplin—Newman's
Kennett—
James Kahn Dept. Store
O'Fallon—Thro's
Springfield—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Netter's
Venture
St. Ann—Venture
St. Charles—Thro's
St. Louis—Famous Barr
Target Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Venture

MONTANA
Billings—Buttrey Suburban
Butte—Buttrey Suburban
Glasgow—Friedl's Men's Wear
Great Falls—Buttrey Suburban
F. A. Buttrey Co.
Havre—F. A. Buttrey
Kalispell—F. A. Buttrey
Missoula—Buttrey Suburban

NEBRASKA
Alliance—
The Famous Clo. House
Fremont—Philips Stores, Inc.
Kearney—Ayers Clothing
Lincoln—Magee's
Nebraska City—Rowe Clothiers
Omaha—Magee's
Philips Stores, Inc.

NEVADA
Las Vegas—
Steve Gordon's Airport
Men's Shop
The Shirt Gallery
Reno—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford Mall—Lynchs
Claremont—David Heller Co.
Concord—David Heller Co.
Edward Fine & Son
Franklin—Decator's Men's Wear
Laconia—Lynch's
O'Shea's
Manchester—Lynchs
Easler's
Nashua—Avard's Inc.
Portsmouth—Kimball's

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City—Jules Mens Shop
Schultz Inc.
Bound Brook—
Archies Mens Shop Inc.
Cherry Hill—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Clifton—Levy Brothers
Dover—Furstman & Feinberg
Echelon—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Elizabeth—Levy Brothers
Fort Lee—Schweitzer's D. S.
Irvington Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Long Branch—
Vogel's Dept. Store
Menlo Park—Archie Jacobson
Millville—Fath Dept. Store Inc.
Montclair—Hahne's
Newark—Hahne's
Paramus—
Stern Bros.
Weber & Heilbroner
Paterson—Meyer Brothers
Phillipsburg—Orr's Dept. Stores
Pt. Pleasant—Capt. Quarters
at Winograd's
Salem—Princes
Toms River—Harris Bros.
Trenton—
Frederick W. Donnelly
& Son
Wineberg's 1893
Union Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Union City—Paul Servo
Wayne—
Weber & Heilbroner
Westfield—Hahne's
• *West New York*—Schlesinger's
West Orange—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Woodbridge—Field Brothers

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Mr. Casual
Las Cruces—
Popular Dry Goods Co.
Santa Fe—
Goodman's Men's Store
Moore's

NEW YORK
Auburn—
Homick's Mens Shop Inc.
Batavia—
Charles Men's Shop, Inc.
Brockport—
Brockport Clothing Co.
Brooklyn—Field Brothers
Howard Stores Corp.
Martin's
Mr. Craig
Neil's
The Shirt Gallery
Buffalo—
Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Stattler's Inc.
Riverside Men's Shop
The Sample
Cedarhurst—Cricket Shop
Cortland—
Harold's Men Stores
Elmira—H. Strauss Inc.
Endicott—
Alexander Harvey Clothing
Hornell—Murray Stevens
Ithaca—Clothes Horse
Jamestown—
Edward's Men's Wear
Johnson City—
Ben's Clothes Shop, Inc.
Kingston—H. G. Rafalowsky, Inc.
Long Island—
Field Brothers
Martin's
Weber & Heilbroner
Mt. Vernon—H. King & Co.
New York—A. G. Fields & Co.
Blumstein's
Franklin Simon
H. King & Co.
Ohrbach's
Paul Barry
Paul Stuart Inc.
Statler Hilton Men's Shop
Town & Country Stores
Weber & Heilbroner
Wm. M. Van Buren Inc.
Niskayona—Nusbaum's
Oneonta—Bresee's Dept. Store
Patchogue—Mace Kavner Inc.
Potsdam—Herbert's Men's Wear
Poughkeepsie—
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
Queens—Beau Brummel Ltd.
Field Brothers
Sayville—Town Squire
Schenectady—
Jos. Nusbaum, Inc.
Staten Island—
Archie Jacobson
Syracuse—Gary's Clothes

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville—Belk
Bon Marche Inc.
Burlington—
B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Gastonia—Matthews-Belk Co.
Charlotte—Ivey's of Charlotte
Goldsboro—Weil's Inc.
High Point—Frank A. Stith Co.
Kinston—The Man's Store
Morganton—Lazarus
New Bern—
Askew's Clothing Stores Inc.
Hill's
Raeford—Joe Sugar's
Statesville—Plyler's
The Classic Shop
St. Pauls—Joe Sugar's
Wilmington—
Belk Beery Co., Inc.
Wilson—
Oettinger's Men's Store
Winston-Salem—
Frank A. Stith Co.
Norman Stockton, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
Devils Lake—Glickson's Inc.
Shark's Clothers
Fargo—Shark's Clothiers
Grand Forks—McDonald's
Jamestown—The Straus Co.
Minot—Olson's Clothing
Shark's Clothiers

OHIO
Akron—Halle Bros.
Koch's
The University Shops Inc.
Ashtabula—Globe-Ball Inc.
Athens—
The University Shops Inc.
Beachwood—Harry Jacobson
Bellaire—The Phil-Mor
Bowling Green—
The University Shops Inc.
Cambridge—
Fred Raymond & Co.
Canton—Halle Bros.
Hughes & Hatcher
Cincinnati—Nadler's
Pogue's
The Shirt Gallery
The University Shops Inc.
Cleveland—Bill's Clothes, Inc.
Halle Bros.
Harry Jacobson
Higbee Co.
Martin's Men's Wear
Skall's Men's Wear, Inc.
The Shirt Gallery
Cleveland Heights—
Harry Jacobson
Columbus—
The University Shops Inc.
Dayton—The Metropolitan Co.
Delaware—Wilson's
Euclid—Gorniks
Fremont—Joseph's Dept. Store
Hamilton—Vogue Shops Inc.
Marietta—Bonham's Inc.
Sniffen's Shop for Men
Marion—Jim Dugan's Inc.
Markert & Lewis
Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Mentor—Marty's Slack Shack
Miamisburg—
Suttman's Men's Wear
Mt. Vernon—Vogue Shops Inc.
Newark—
Cornell-Bazaar Mens Shop
New Carlisle—Vogue Shops Inc.
Oxford—
The University Shops Inc.
Richmond Hts.—Bill's Clothes
Sandusky—Marv Byer
Springfield—Vogue Shops Inc.
Steubenville—
The Hub of Steubenville
The Phil-Mor
St. Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Toledo—Damschroder's Inc.
Hughes & Hatcher
Lamson's of Toledo
Urbana—Vogue Shops Inc.
Warren—Hughes & Hatcher
Willowick—Bill's Clothes
Xenia—McDorman's
Youngstown—Hughes & Hatcher

OKLAHOMA
Bartlesville—May Brothers
Enid—S & Q Clothiers
Trego's Inc.
Muskogee—
Dillard Dept. Store, Inc.
S & Q Clothiers
Oklahoma City—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Orbach's
• Park's Apparel Co.
Rothschild's
Tulsa—Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Renberg's, Inc.
Woodward—Trego's Inc.

OREGON
Eugene—Meier & Frank
The Bon Marche
Pendleton—Hamley & Co.
Portland—Lowenson's
Meier & Frank
Nudelman Bros.
The Shirt Gallery
Salem—Bishop's Inc.
Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Ardmore—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Altoona—Gable's
Baden—The Coach House
Beaver Falls—
Benson's Dept. Store
Taylor's
Bethlehem—
Orr's Dept. Stores
Silverberg & Goldberg Inc.
Charleroi—David Israel
Cheltenham—Gimbel Bros.
Clairton—Cmarada's
Dubois—Levine Bros., Inc.
Easton—Orr's Dept. Stores
Erie—Halle Bros.
Harrisburg—Doutrich & Co.
Gimbel Bros.
Haverford—Nan Duskin
Hazelton—Lauderbach & Co.
Indiana—Waxler's
Jenkintown—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Johnstown—Glosser Bros.
King of Prussia—Gimbel Bros.
Lancaster—Gimbel Bros.
DeVono's
Watt & Shand
Lebanon—DeVono's
McKeesport—Cox's, Inc.
David Israel
Henry B. Klein Co.
Middletown—DeVono's
Monroeville—Kaufmanns
The Coach House
Moorestown—Gimbel Bros.
Mt. Lebanon—Kaufmanns
Neshaminy—
Strawbridge & Clothier
New Castle—Lester's
The Winter Co.
North East—Gimbel Bros.
Olyphant—Sigmund Spitz Inc.
Philadelphia—The Boyd Store
Gimbel Bros.
Jackson & Moyer
Nan Duskin
Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Gold Coast
Hughes & Hatcher
Kaufmanns
Krazy Legs Inc.
The Coach House
The Shirt Gallery
Pottsville—Boussum's
Plymouth Meeting—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Reading—Hughes & Hatcher
Rochester—Kaufmanns
Sayre—Jim Paluzzi's Toggery
Scranton—The Globe
Samter Bros. Co.
Schreiber's Inc.
Zilenchicks
Springfield—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Strafford—Nan Duskin
Stroudsburg—A. B. Wyckoff
Upper Darby—Gimbel Bros.
Wilkes-Barre—The Hub Clo. Co.
Louis Rosenthal Inc.
• *Williamsport*—Troisi
York—DeVono's

RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket—Apex Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Abbenville—Rosenberg's
Anderson—
Gene Anderson Co. Inc.
Asheville—Ivey's
Charleston—
Leon's Mens Wear
Columbia—Brittons
Lourie's
Florence—
Coker's of Florence, Inc.
Georgetown—
Ray's Men's & Boy's Shop
Greenville—
Ivey's of Greenville
Greenwood—Rosenberg's
Hartsville—J. L. Coker & Co.
• *Spartanburg*—Greenewald's Inc.
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Sumter—Coker's of Sumter
Union—J. Cohen Co.
Warwick—Apex Inc.
Outlet Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City—Haggerty's Inc.
Seeley Inc.
Sioux Falls—E. C. Olson Co.
• Fantle's, Inc.
Weatherwax's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—
Browning & Hamilton
Cooley's, Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Bowling Green—Kentucky
Donelson—Castner Knott Co.
• *Jackson*—Holland's Dept. Store
Memphis—Goldsmith's
Julius Lewis Inc.
Oak Hall
Stamm's Top Drawer
Nashville—Castner Knott Co.
Davitt's
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Webster Men's Wear
Union City—Bennett's Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene—S & Q Clothiers
Almeda—Foley's
Amarillo—Fedway Stores
White & Kirk
Arlington—Leonards
Austin—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jack Mortons
Borger—Hub Clothiers
• *Bryan*—*Country Squire*
Corpus Christi—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Fedway Stores
Dallas—Dreyfuss & Son
Fifth Season
Reynolds Penland
Varsity Shop
El Paso—Tibor's
Ft. Worth—A. Davis Co.
John L. Ashe, Inc.
Leonards
Grand Prairie—Leonards
Hereford—Gaston's
Houston—Foley's
Joske's
Norton Ditto
Sakowitz, Inc.
The Shirt Gallery
The Symbol
Hurst—Leonards
Irving—Big State Men's Store
Leonards
Longview—Fedway Stores
Lubbock—S & Q Clothiers
Midland—S & Q Clothiers
Odessa—The Model Shop
The Quicksilver Co.
Paris—
L. O. Hammons Men's Store
Pasadena—Foley's
San Antonio—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Leo Mendlovitz M/B Wear
Sharpstown—Foley's
Tyler—Hurwitz Man's Shop
Wichita Falls—Fedway Stores

UTAH
Ogden—Buehler-Bingham
Village Fair West
Salt Lake City—
Bud's Duds for Men

VERMONT
Burlington—Nate's Inc.
Shepard & Hamelle
Montpelier—Nate's Inc.
St. Albans—Nate's Inc.
St. Johnsburg—Nate's Inc.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria—
Cohen's Quality Shop, Inc.
Annandale—The Quality Shop
Arlington—The Quality Shop
Bristol—Blakely-Mitchell Co.
Chesapeake—The Hub
• *Danville*—J. Berman, Inc.
Hampston—The Hub
Hopewell—
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
• *Janof*—Rice's
Lynchburg—J. Kulman, Inc.
• *Newport News*—Nachman's
The Hub
• *Norfolk*—Rice's
The Hub
Petersburg—
Rockingham Clothes
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Portsmouth—The Hub
• *Princess Anne*—Rice's
Richmond—
Rockingham Clothes
Roanoke—Jos. Davidson Inc.
Virginia Beach—The Hub
• *Wards Corner*—Rice's
• *Warwick*—Nachman's
Williamsburg—
Williamsburg Dept. Store
7 Corners—
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Kennewick—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pasco—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pullman—Empire Men's Shop
Richland—Dawson-Richards
Seattle—Lamonts
Walla Walla—Gardner's
Sporleders

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley—
E. M. Payne Co., Inc.
Charleston—
A. W. Cox Dept. Store Co.
The Diamond
Hinton—The Hub Clothing Co.
Morgantown—
The University Shops Inc.

WISCONSIN
Appelton—W. A. Close, Inc.
Eau Claire—
The H & L Men's Shop Inc.
The H. & L. University Shop
Green Bay—C. A. Gross Co.
Stiefel's
Kenosha—
Bell Clothing House Inc.
Isermann Bros.
Madison—Baskin
The Hub
Milwaukee—Boston Store
Polacheck's
Stock Bros. Inc.
Oconomowoc—
Snyders Fine Clothes
Oshkosh—Maurices Gear Shop
W. A. Close, Inc.
Sheboygan—Art Imig
Maurices Men's Shop

WYOMING
Cheyenne—Sam Stark & Sons
Sheridan—
Stevens Fryberger & Co.

"AS A SECOND VIOLINIST I HARDLY GET NOTICED"

–but I'm easily recognizable at home thanks to the Harman/Kardon 75+.

Philip Scharf, second violinist
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

It's hard enough to distinguish Philip Scharf from his fellow violinists when you hear them in the concert hall. At home, it's next to impossible.

Ordinary equipment brings you the sound of an orchestra, when what you should be hearing is the sound of the separate instruments within the orchestra. You hear music, but not musical instruments. Which is unfortunate if you happen to like second violinists. And catastrophic if you happen to be one.

That's why Philip Scharf owns a Harman/Kardon 75+.

The 75+ is a new receiver designed to reproduce even the slightest differences between instruments. It can capture the timbre of an oboe, the quiver in a violinist's bow—all the subtleties that set one musician apart from another. "You can practically hear the rosin falling from my bow," says Philip Scharf.

(Attention, electronics enthusiasts: this capability of the 75+ is due to its extremely wide frequency response and superior phase linearity. Every nuance is reproduced in proper phase with every other one—instead of runningalltogetherlikethis. And at 45 RMS watts per channel, it can handle tone bursts with virtually no distortion.)

So a 75+ will bring you music you've never heard before, even from tapes and records you already have. But it can also be used in more ways than you've ever used a receiver before.

Besides using it as a stereo receiver, you can use it as *two* stereo receivers. If you have an extra set of speakers, connect them to your 75+ and create an extra stereo system. You can listen to Beethoven in the living room and Bread in the den, and each system has its own tone controls.

You can use it as a four-channel receiver. Right now. Put all your speakers in one room and you have the most advanced music system available. The 75+ has four amplifiers to play the records and tapes you now own through four speakers. It also has a unique phasing circuit which takes your regular stereo material and reproduces it as "enhanced stereo." And it sounds as beautiful as it does technical.

Of course, as soon as you decide to buy four-channel records, the 75+ is ready to play them.

If you love music, the best reason for owning a 75+ was summed up by no less an authority than Philip Scharf himself:

"It's given me a whole new appreciation of me."

NOTE: If your high fidelity store doesn't have the Harman/Kardon 75+ yet, don't give up the search. Write us and we'll tell you where to hear it: Harman/Kardon Inc., Music Appreciation Dept., 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

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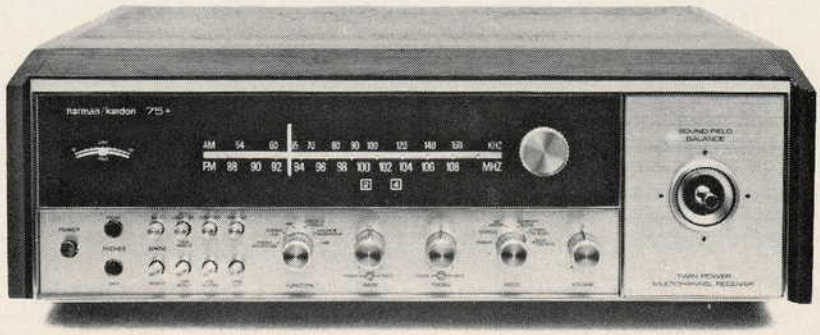

Distributed in Canada by Harman Kardon of Canada, Ltd., Cote de Liesse Rd., Montreal 760, Quebec.

You're surrounded by sound reasons for going 4-channel now

Four channel isn't somebody's idea of the future...it's happening now. For your four channel pleasure there are more than 100 four-channel recordings (Santana, Dylan, Kristofferson, to name a few), nearly 200 quad 8 tapes and a rapidly growing number of four channel broadcasts.

And now there's a quality receiver that brings you all of these (plus regular stereo) and it doesn't cost a fortune. It's the new Sony SQR-6650, sitting up there winking its four D'Arsonval meters at you.

It has everything you need: FM, AM, four power amplifiers, simplified controls including 4 VU meters for balancing your system, and two separate four-channel decoding circuits. One is for SQ: and one is for all the other matrix systems on the market. Just plug in a turntable, connect four speakers, and you're ready to enjoy four-channel sound from discs (or tape with a quadraphonic player deck). Or enjoy stereo or derived four channel sound from stereo broadcasts and recordings.

The SQR-6650 is ideal for stereo. Flick a switch and the 4-channel, 32 watt (RMS at 8 ohms) amplifier becomes a 50-watt stereo amplifier (25+25W RMS), thanks to Double-Stacked Differential circuitry.

FM reception is superb: 2.2μV IHF sensitivity, 70dB selectivity, for example. And the preamp section has all the controls for stereo, four-channel, or even monophonic.

The Sony SQR-6650 costs hardly more than stereo receivers of comparable facilities and specifications, $329.50*. Enjoy 4-channel now. It's ready at your Sony dealer. Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

* Suggested retail price.

SONY® 6650 4-channel receiver

LET THE REAL SOUND COME ACROSS

Furnishments by Dawn Steel

Like a bridge, a stereo outfit is only as strong as its weakest component. Robert Angus gives some constructive comments on how to assemble the most sensitive set

1 Empire's 59811 3-speed, manual system with new hysteresis synchronous motor, plus improved anti-skate and cueing devices. $349.95, inc. base, plexiglass cover and cartridge; **2** Radco ST-4 with servo-drum tracking tonearm. 2-speed manual keeps the arm correctly tangent to record groove at all times, eliminating tracking error. Heavy non-ferrous turntable, plus belt driven by synchronous motor for constant speed independent of line voltage, $200; **3** Panasonic's SL1100 direct-drive has only one moving part: the combined motor/turntable structure, a 4.4 lb cast aluminum platter, is mounted direct on the motor shaft without steps, idlers or belts. DC brushless motor rotates at 33⅓ or 45 rpm. Matching tonearm and dust cover, $299.95; **4** Elac/Miracord 50H Mark II automatic with new cueing lever floats tonearm to desired point on the record, while adjustable "anti-skating" control centers stylus in the groove. Pushbutton control for single-play or stack of up to 10 records. $199.50, not inc. base; **5** Dual 1229, automatic with dynamically-balanced 12" platter. Gyroscopically-gimbaled tonearm parallels the record in single play. For multiple play, tonearm moves up to center of the stack. Variable pitch control with illuminated strobe, synchronous motor. $199.50; **6** The 810 is BSR's sophisticated top-line automatic. Mechanically unique by virtue of its pre-programmed sequential cam system for smoothness and quietness. $149.50; **7** Garrard's Zero 100 automatic with zero degree tracking error eliminates distortion and uneven record wear. Computer-designed articulating tonearm whose cartridge head pivots laterally as arm moves across record. $199.95, not inc. base or cartridge.

FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

The stereo receiver is the power behind the tune, says Robert Angus.

Those component stereo systems they advertise in the Sunday newspapers and feature as specials at your favorite audio salon usually include the products of several manufacturers—a Garrard automatic turntable, a Pickering stereo cartridge, a Teac tape deck, a Sansui stereo receiver—but they're nearly always referred to by the salesman or in the ad by the name of the receiver alone. A system such as this one is a Sansui system, for example, when you go to buy it.

The reason for this is that the stereo receiver forms the heart of any system. It can be used with your choice of program sources—records or tape—or it can make music by itself, with only the addition of a pair of loudspeakers. The stereo receiver is the single most expensive component in the system, and it determines the selection of all the other components. After all, you wouldn't want to hook a pair of $5 replacement speakers to a $300 stereo unit, would you? Or use a $600 stereo tape deck to tape off the air from a $179 model?

A stereo receiver actually consists of three separate components—a power amplifier, preamp and stereo tuner. You can purchase them separately, although better than 90 per cent of the people who buy stereo systems prefer the convenience and compactness of a single unit. The power amplifier's job is to take the weak signal generated by an FM tuner, tape deck or phono cartridge and boost or amplify it to a level strong enough to power a high fidelity loudspeaker. The output of power amplifiers is measured in watts, like light bulbs. We'll have more to say about power in a few moments. The preamplifier serves two functions: in the case of very weak signals, such as those generated by magnetic phono cartridges (the type used in most component systems), it boosts the signal to a level where the power amplifier can work on it while also providing a full complement of controls for adjusting the quality and volume of the sound. Volume, tone and balance controls actually are part of the preamplifier section, as are the inputs and outputs. The tuner section is responsible for plucking AM or FM broadcast signals out of the air and feeding them to the amplifier. In the case of stereo broadcasts, it receives an encoded signal from the station, including a supersonic carrier, converts the signal into left and right channels and feeds them to the amplifier. In effect, the receiver is a super radio without loudspeakers.

Receivers come with AM and FM, FM only, in mono, two-channel stereo and four-channel stereo. There are even several convertible two-four-channel models on the market this year and a number of add-on and convertible two-channel units designed for ultimate use in a four-channel system.

As we mentioned, receivers are rated according to the power they produce. Actually, there are several different ways of measuring power output, with the result that any given receiver could be said to have different levels of power output. For example, the system favored by most component manufacturers is RMS, the power produced when you feed a continuous test tone into a given unit. Let's say it produces 10 watts per stereo channel for a given unit. The Institute of High Fidelity some years ago developed a music power system of rating, on the theory that most people listen to music, instead of test tones. Our 10-watt RMS amplifier might score 20 watts on the less demanding IHF scale. Some manufacturers then came up with an IHF±1 db rating, which allows a 20 per cent boost over the normal IHF figure. Our 10-watt unit now produces 24 watts per channel. Then there's the EIA system of measuring peak power, with a distortion allowance of 5 db. That could boost our 24-watter to 40 watts or more. Finally, there's instantaneous peak power (IPP), the highest power output of which a given receiver is capable under any circumstances. That might bring it to 80 watts per stereo channel or, in the case of a two-channel unit, 160 watts. When comparing wattages, be sure the manufacturer's literature or salesman identifies the power system used, and be sure you compare like ratings. A 10-watt RMS receiver could well be the equal of a 160-watt IPP unit. Also check to see whether the figure includes one, both or all channels in the unit.

Power is not important because large amounts of it are necessary for high-fidelity reproduction, but because it helps to determine the price of a unit. (A 30-watter costs more than a 20-watt unit). In fact, with many high fidelity loudspeaker systems, 10 watts per channel RMS are quite adequate for most listening enjoyment. What you get with more wattage is not a greater volume of sound, but sharper transients, cleaner bass rolls and the like. Bass demands lots of power, and the higher-powered receivers are better able to deliver it than the less expensive models. Power is also important if you choose an inefficient loudspeaker system, such as the acoustic suspension type. Speaker efficiency is the ratio of sound obtained from a given speaker divided by the power necessary to produce it.

When it comes to the tuner section, the key specifications to check are *sensitivity* and and *selectivity*. The former refers to the receiver's ability to pluck weak signals out of the air; the latter to its ability to separate the station you want to hear from all the noise around it. Just as receiver prices go up as power increases, they go up as sensitivity improves. However, the published specification for sensitivity, measured in microvolts, is actually the weakest signal the tuner can convert into a satisfactory sound signal as defined by the Institute of High Fidelity. Thus the lowest IHF sensitivity figure actually is the best.

It should be noted that any tuner performs better when you connect it to a good antenna. If you already have a rooftop TV antenna, you may be able to double the number of FM stations you can pull in. All you need is a signal splitter, and you can operate both the TV set and the receiver from the same antenna. FM stereo signals, in particular, are susceptible to the same types of interference as are TV signals—ghosts caused by signals reflected from buildings in a city, airplanes flying overhead and causing phase shift, etc. The antenna can smooth these out.

Before buying a stereo receiver, you should ask yourself whether you want a two-channel system, a two-channel system you can convert later to four-channel, or a straight four-channel system. The majority of receivers currently on the market are two-channel models, and all of them can be converted to four-channel operation with the addition of a second stereo amplifier and two more speakers. However, some receivers are more easily converted than others. Sansui, Pioneer, Fisher and a number of other manufacturers make add-on amplifiers which can be plugged into the back of any stereo receiver—but certain corresponding models allow the front-panel controls on the receiver to control all four channels at once. Some two-channel models have various four-channel appurtenances built in. Fisher, for example, offers an eight-track cartridge deck. Toshiba offers a matrix decoder, and so on. Toyo, which makes four-channel exclusively, builds a cartridge deck into its de luxe receiver.

In addition to the add-ons, there's a generation of convertible receivers on the market for the first time this year. They're made by Harman-Kardon, Scott, Sony, Toshiba, Fisher, Akai and others, and they offer you at the flick of a switch the choice of two-channel or four-channel operation. Each receiver contains four separate power amplifier sections. The switch joins front and rear pairs together for two-channel operation. The cost (from $300 up) is comparable to what you'd pay for a two-channel receiver of similar power capability.

Finally, there are the pure four-channel models, available from Sansui, Fisher, Akai, Scott, Harman-Kardon—in fact just about everybody. These contain four separate amplifier sections but only a conventional two-channel FM stereo tuner. This is because the Federal Communications Commission has yet to approve any system for single-station four-channel discrete broadcasts. A number of stations around the country already are quadricasting by playing SQ and other matrixed records in normal two-channel fashion. A four-channel receiver picks up these two channels of information and the built-in matrix decoder creates four channels out of them.

AM? FM? The choice is up to you. In the more popular price categories, most manufacturers include AM radio as well as FM stereo because the cost is so little. Everybody knows that AM is not a high fidelity medium because of its limited frequency response and susceptibility to outside interference, but most shoppers prefer its convenience. There are some high quality FM-only receivers from Marantz, Sansui and the others for the man who doesn't need AM and wants the ultimate in FM performance.

When you go shopping for a receiver, check the front and back panels carefully. How many pairs of speakers will the unit you're considering allow? Most new models have speaker taps and front panel controls for one main and one remote pair of speakers. If you want extension speakers in the kitchen or bedroom as well as on the patio, look for a unit which accepts three pairs instead of two. Most receivers allow you to record and play back from one tape deck. If you're considering the purchase of both open reel and cassette or cartridge, look for a receiver which can accomodate more than one tape unit.

The receiver is the first major decision you have to make in buying a stereo system. Once you've chosen it, you're ready to shop for the rest of the system.

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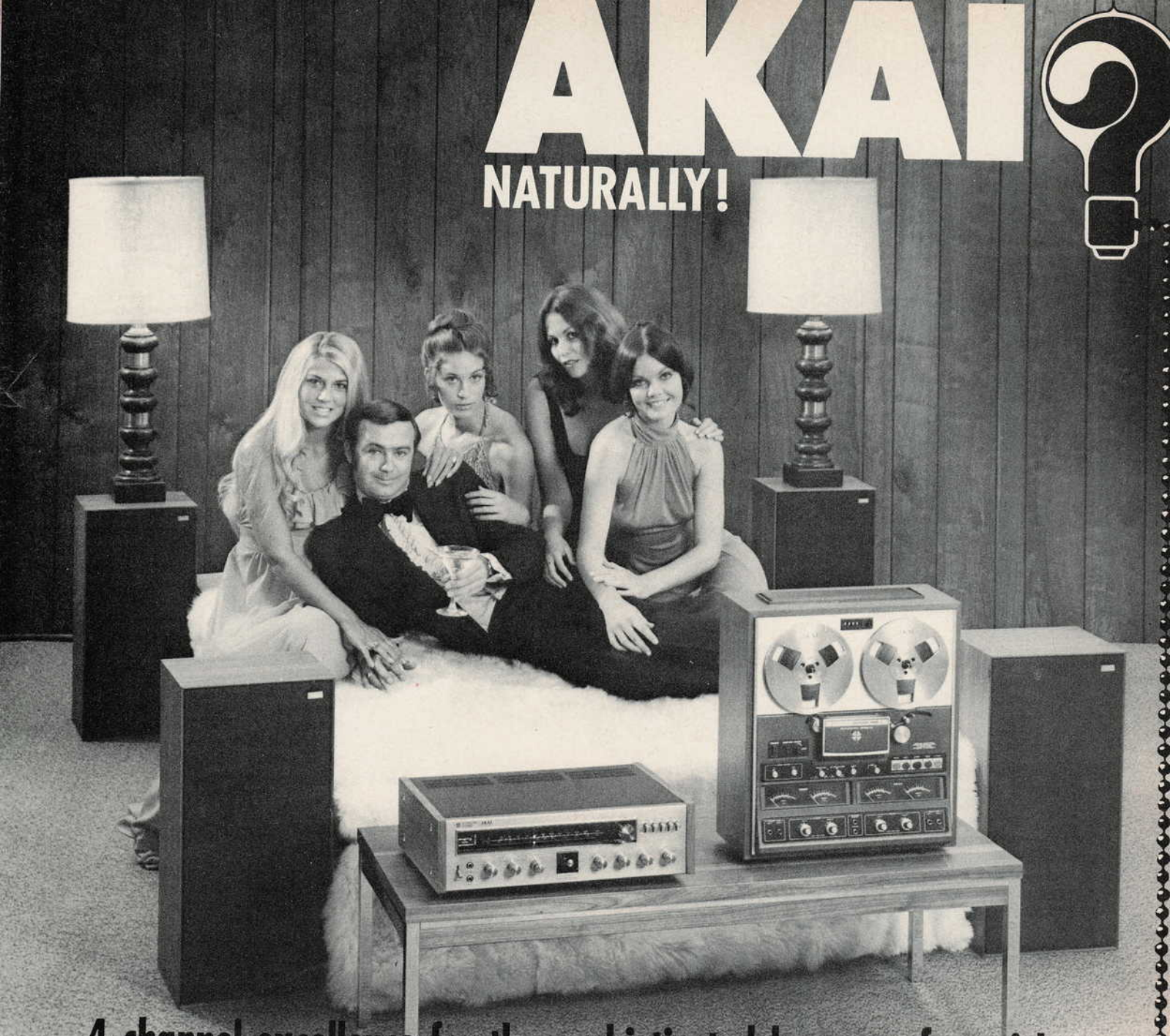

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LET THE REAL SOUND COME ACROSS

1 Akai AS-8100S 4-channel stereo tuner amplifier incorporates matrix 4-channel and conventional 2-channel stereo. The balance of the front and rear speakers is effected through unique shift control. Individual connections for 4- or 2-channel operation. 120-watt music power. Stick shift regulates sound to achieve four-speaker balance. Ceramic filters for superior selectivity and low distortion. $399.95; **2** Kenwood KR-7200 FM/AM 260-watt receiver incorporates direct coupling in the final stages of amplification to extend low frequency and improve bass response in amplitude and lower distortion. Has provision for three sets of stereo speakers, inputs for two phonos and two auxiliaries, plus terminals for two tape decks, preamp output and main amp input for further expansion. Three tone controls, bass midrange, and treble. $499.95; **3** Pioneer's QX4000, 4-channel stereo receiver capable of decoding all kinds of matrixed program sources. Sensitive AM/FM reception. Two kinds of matrix decoders for reproduction of all important matrix encoded sound sources, inc SQ sound. Linear type FM dial scale and extra large signal strength meter for precise tuning. Up to 10 watts x 4 with all four channels driven simultaneously. $349.95; **4** Hitachi's SR700 100-watt AM/FM 2-channel receiver features FM MUTE position of the function selector which eliminates between-station noise on FM. Illuminated signal strength meter functions on FM and AM. Auxiliary circuits and controls inc. power/speaker (A, B, A+B) selector, headphone jack, balance, treble and bass controls, loudness contour and high filter switches, mono/stereo mode and tape monitor switches, 5-position function selector, sensitivity selector for RM and phono, signal strength meter and FM stereo indicator lamp. $329.95; **5** Scott's 477 AM/FM stereo receiver has 70 watts per channel. Dual tuning meters show signal strength and precise center station tuning simultaneously. Features 6-way speaker switching allowing any 2 of 3 stereo pairs to be used in combination. Dual clutched bass and treble controls to simulate stereo sound from a mono source. $419.90; **6** Nikko's 4010 AM/FM stereo receiver is 4-channel ready with facilities for plugging in external adaptor amps. 55-watts of power (IHF). Separate controls for treble and bass, balance control, master volume control, and three protective output circuit breakers in the receiver's output circuitry, to safeguard against overloading or speaker shorts. $169.95; **7** Toyo's Model 740 4-/2-channel cartridge tape player and high fidelity 2-band AM/FM stereo receiver with built in

4-channel decoder. The 8-track player automatically gives you four discrete channels when you plug in a 4-channel cartridge and 2 channels when you plug in a regular stereo cartridge. Unique "joystick" balance control and lighted listener's position scope enables you to place the exact position for 4-channel listening. $349.00; **8** Toshiba's SA504 is a new 4-channel stereo receiver with unique circuitry that ensures maximum power output for 4-channel or conventional stereo music and is adaptable to 4-channel reproduction. Features base and treble tone controls for front and rear channels, individual volume controls for four speakers (front and rear), FM-audio muting and two headphone jacks, natural walnut cabinet with stainless steel control panel, circular dials and toggle switches and a smoke-gray shield for the AM/FM tuner indicator. $499.95; **9** Fisher No. 404 4-/2-channel AM/FM receiver provides full power from all four amplifiers, whether used as a 2- or 4-channel receiver. The "joystick" master control provides balance among four speakers for any listening position. Features SX decoder, dual tuning meters, FM muting, FM noise filter, high and lower frequency filter switches. $399.95; **10** Onkyo TX-555 AM/FM stereo 2-channel receiver has 140 watts of power (IHF) automatic, transistorized circuit protection to guard against speaker damage and DC leakage. Signal strength tuning meter, stereo beacon, and linear FM dial calibration with moving light station indicator. Features push button controls for high and low filters, loudness, mode selection, tape monitoring, and FM muting. Converts to 4-channel with second stereo amplifier and two extra speakers. $349.95; **11** Sony's SQD-2000 is designed to convert existing hi-fi stereo systems to 4-channel operation, or to serve as the heart of a new quadraphonic system. The first full logic SQ decoder to come on the market. $299.95; **12** Sansui's QR6500 4-channel AM/FM stereo receiver combined with a synthesizer for converting all standard 2-channel stereo sources to 4; a decoder for producing all compatibly encoded matrixed 4-channel sources, broadcast or recorded; facilities for handling discrete 4-channel sources, such as openreel and cartridge tapes. 280-watts of total IHF music power. $679.95; **13** Miida 3010 AM/FM stereo receiver (2-channel) has 40-watts IHF total power. Illuminated dial, illuminated tuning meter and stereo indicator. Features connections for two tape recorders as well as for two record players plus speaker switch for 2 separate systems or 4 speakers simultaneously. $159.95.

TOP TABLES

Robert Angus explains how to audition today's record players

If you've been shopping for record-playing equipment lately, you've already found out that you can spend as little as $39 or as much as $200 for a device which does nothing more than turn the records and trace the grooves with a pickup. In other words, you can spend more today on a record player than you might on a complete stereo system. And at first glance, it may not seem to offer as much versatility. Why should you? What do you get when you spend more money on record-playing equipment?

For one thing, you don't get better sound—at least not enough better for the average ear to detect, once you get over the $75 barrier. From that point upward, all turntables and automatic record changers tend to sound pretty much alike, varying only with the cartridge you put in them. What you do get is longer record life for the discs in your collection—and greater convenience in playing them.

To understand why, let's take a closer look at the record-playing part of a high fidelity component system. There are several ingredients: the turntable platter, the motor which drives it (with the accompanying linking system), the motor board which holds it all together, the tone arm, cartridge and, in many cases, wood base and plastic dust cover. In automatic turntables, there's also a system for changing records automatically, coupled to the drive mechanism.

The turntable mechanism is responsible for turning your records at the correct speed—constantly, which is not as simple a job as it may first appear. All electric motors are constructed of fixed magnetic poles which alternately attract and repel the copper bushings on the motor shaft. As the bushing moves strongly into the magnetic field of one of the poles and is attracted toward it, it speeds up. Then as the polarity of the magnet is reversed and the bushing is pushed away, the speed slows down. It's possible to smooth out the ride by using four poles instead of the usual two; or a multipole hysteresis synchronous type, which relates speed directly to the frequency of the power supply. Even the best motors have minute variations in speed (known to audiophiles as flutter) which can be evened out by the use of a heavy turntable platter. The platter, which may weigh as much as 14 pounds, acts as a flywheel to smooth out these variations. Heavy platters must be precision-cast and carefully balanced for optimum performance, which means extra cost. They also require heavier, more expensive motors to drive them.

While there are single-speed manual turntables, most automatics offer the user a choice of two or more speeds. To accomplish this, a stepped motor shaft moves up or down, pressing a rubber idler wheel or belt against the turntable rim. While most inexpensive changers offer a choice of four speeds: 78, 45, 33⅓ and 16⅔ rpm, the more expensive manuals usually offer only 33⅓ and/or 45 rpm. This is because the major record companies have issued no new 78 rpm discs since 1959, and 16⅔ rpm is used only for talking books for the blind. Automatic turntable manufacturers like John Hollands of BSR believe that by eliminating one or both of these speeds, it's possible to make a simpler automatic changer, less susceptible to service problems. As a result, all four major automatic turntable manufacturers: BSR, Garrard, Dual and Miracord—have eliminated one or both from their most expensive models. Manual turntables like the AR, Empire, Panasonic and others, long have concentrated on the only speeds currently commercially in use—33⅓ and 45 rpm.

Next, there's the tone arm. Basically, a tone arm is nothing more than a stick mounted in a swivel with a needle at the other end, and some of the tone arms from the 1940s looked like that. But to play stereo records well, you need a tone arm which moves freely not only from side to side, but up and down as well. It should not resonate at an audible level, and it should enable the needle or stylus to follow the path taken by the cutting stylus across the record as closely as possible.

That's easier said than done, because the stick swings across the record in an arc, while the cutting stylus moves straight across the record, moving from the edge to the center along a radius. Designers found they could reduce the difference between the arc and the straight line (referred to as tracking error and vaguely audible as distortion on particularly noisy or high-frequency passages) by mounting the cartridge at an angle to the rest of the arm, or by bending or articulating the arm near the cartridge. Virtually all high fidelity arms, whether on manual or automatic turntables, follow this design. Garrard has gone one step further with its Zero 100 by designing an arm which pivots in more than one place so that the angle of articulation actually changes from the outside of the record to the inside. The result is virtual elimination of tracking error.

If you want to eliminate tracking error entirely, there are two turntables which operate exactly the same way a disc cutter works: the Marantz and Rabco turntable-arm combinations. In both cases, you have to forego the benefits of automatic operation to make way for straight-line record playing.

As we've said, the average tone arm sits on a pivot and must be counterbalanced to track records properly and with the minimum of wear. Inexpensive arms are counterbalanced by means of a spring in the rear—a less-than-satisfactory solution to the problem. Springs are difficult to adjust precisely, and tend to pull the stylus up out of the groove when jarred. A better (and more expensive) answer is an adjustable counterweight on the end of an arm delicately balanced on a knife edge or bevelled mount. The counterweight on the better manual and automatic tone arms can be adjusted in increments of ¼ gram, making it possible to adjust them accurately for the particular cartridge you choose. When you consider that an elliptical stylus should never press into the surface of a record with a weight greater than 1½ grams, while the old conical styli used for playing mono LPs used to track at from four to six grams, you can see how important this is. An extra gram of tracking force can cut your records' life expectancy by up to 40 per cent.

The average tonearm has a tendency to press toward the center of the record as it plays—which means that inside groove walls tend to wear more rapidly than outside walls. So the better automatic and manual turntables come with an anti-skating control which exerts just enough force outward on the arm and stylus to offset this pressure. The control can be set just as accurately as the tonearm balance.

Which brings us to the cartridge. Although you can buy cartridges as separate components (and they're frequently the quickest way of upgrading a stereo system), they're also sold as part of a complete Garrard or BSR or Dual or Miracord package. Cartridges translate the undulations of the record groove into electrical energy which is carried along cables inside the tone arm back to the amplifier. Cartridges are designed for use in particular types of tone arms, which explains why you can't just put the best cartridge there is in an average record changer and hope for optimum results.

Turntable manufacturers generally tell you the optimum tracking weight for their tone arms—that is, the lightest weight at which the stylus will track the grooves without flying out at the slightest provocation. Cartridge manufacturers also specify the suggested tracking weight for their cartridges. Increasingly, they also tell you which models of turntables and tone arms work best with particular cartridge models. A light-tracking cartridge in a heavy tone arm will perform badly and wear your records because the weight will push the stylus shaft up inside the body of the cartridge. A light tone arm with a heavy-tracking cartridge will skip over the surface of the record, or cause unnecessary wear.

Just as automatic and manual turntables are being increasingly sold with the recommended cartridge already mounted, a growing number come complete with base and dust cover. If the model you're interested in doesn't, be prepared to mount it yourself in a cabinet or pull-out drawer. Or the manufacturer will have a base and dust cover available as an optional extra. In comparing prices when you shop, be sure to take into account whether the price being quoted includes the cartridge, base and dust cover; or whether you have to buy these separately.

Manual or automatic? There are advantages to each, although some 93 per cent of American high fidelity systems contain the latter (although the experts believe many of these actually are used as manuals). Surveys show that most people play one record at a time most of the time. The manual offers precision in picking out a particular band, the advantages in two cases of straight-line tracking, and the ultimate in such performance characteristics as low rumble (the vibration of the motor fed through the system), flutter and wow. They cost from $80 to more than $250.

Automatics are favored by opera buffs (most opera albums come in automatic sequence), those who use their audio systems primarily for background music, and those who prefer the convenience of a pre-assembled changer system. They vary in price from $40 to $200—and it's worth noting that brand name alone is not necessarily a guarantee of high fidelity performance. Popular brands like Garrard, Dual and BSR incorporate not only state-of-the-art changers, but less expensive models similar to those used in popularly-priced stereo compacts and consoles. Price generally is an index of changer quality—a $200 changer usually has a better-quality motor, better-designed arm and more carefully machined turntable platter than the same maker's $80 or $40 model.

JBL, Sherwood and Garrard for $499...we'll save you $253

The Stereo Warehouse Sound Co. is run and owned by a group of young people who are straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. We represent every major brand and offer single components and complete music systems at remarkable savings. Stereo Warehouse is an alternative for those people who are dissatisfied with the selection, service, or prices of their local outlet. Here is an example of the music systems we offer:

James B. Lansing speakers are generally accepted as the "standard of excellence" for the music industry, and accordingly, they are the most widely used speakers in professional recording studios across the nation. The model 88 features a 12" woofer capable of reproducing bass fundamentals that are full, solid and well defined. It utilizes the same high frequency driver as is used in the L-100 studio monitors and the overall sound quality of the model 88 is in the best of the JBL tradition: clean, crisp and undistorted throughout the entire audio spectrum. The model 88's come in oiled walnut cabinets that are impeccably detailed; JBL products are designed to please the professional's eye and the musician's ear.

The Model 7100A is one of Sherwood's newest models, and its performance greatly exceeds its modest price. This outstanding receiver delivers 70 watts (44 RMS) which is more than enough to drive the highly efficient JBL 88's. The performance and sound quality of this combination is far superior to music systems normally in this price range and it can be played at high volume levels without breakup or distortion. The FM section is excellent; styling is superb, and a walnut cabinet is even included.

To handle your records, we have chosen the Garrard model SL-72B changer. It is the most popular of the professional Garrard "Component" series, and it incorporates many of the same features (including synchro-lab motor and controls) as found on the famous Garrard Zero 100. It tracks with precision to one gram, and its dependability and functional conrols make it a pleasure to use — either as an automatic changer or a manual turntable. We include a base, and the Shure Hi-Track M93E elliptical cartridge.

The total regular price of this system is $752.35. Our price of $499.00 is unbeatable — and we have plenty in stock for immediate delivery. Substitutions are possible and systems come complete with connecting cables and speaker wire. Simply send us a cashier's check or money order (BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted) and we'll ship it the day we get your order. Five percent sales tax only for California people. Allow two weeks for delivery. Shipment is made freight collect, fully insured, with an average cost of $19.00. Write for our free catalog or come see us. All letters are personally answered, and we'll be glad to rap on the phone. (805) 543-2330.

James B. Lansing 88-1's (pair)	$396.00
Sherwood 7100A, AM/FM Stereo Receiver	199.95
Garrard SL-72B Record Changer	109.95
Changer Base	6.50
Shure M93E Hi-Track Elliptical Cartridge	39.95
Regular Total Price	$752.35
STEREO WAREHOUSE PRICE, COMPLETE	**$499.00**
Optional Dustcover for SL-72B	$6.50

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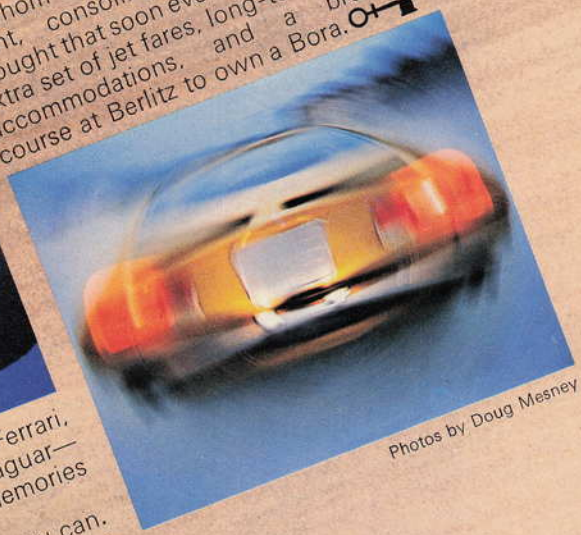
Maserati's $25,000 invader risks transgressing safety regulations in favor of hand-built *hauteur*

by D. Lesli

For many Bob Grossman is the Charles Atlas of the sports car world. The sole U.S. importer for Maserati, he is in an ideal position to flaunt what he's got. And that's just what he's doing, especially with the arrival of the Bora, a near-nonpareil among the world's finest hand-built sports cars. If you want one, be prepared to lay out a cool $24,800, which will bring you a fully equipped model at the Grossman Motorcar Corporation's showroom. But you'd better get it soon, because after 1974 there will probably be none to be had in this country at any price. You can thank Ellsworth Toohey and at least 50 pounds of federal safety standards legislation for that. A stock Bora will accelerate you rapidly to speeds in excess of 170 mph but it cannot, alas, be driven away after a 50 mph crash into a concrete wall. Nor can the Bora's hand-built 335 b.h.p. engine offer maximum performance when choked by

High on the hush-hush list is the real reason for the company's plant expansion: a more "moderately" priced ($14-15,000) Maserati currently is in the early stages of development. Meantime you may just have to envy the guys to whom the price tag is no discouragement, consoling yourself with the thought that soon even they will need an extra set of jet fares, long-term overseas accommodations, and a brush-up course at Berlitz to own a Bora.



Photos by Doug Mesney

the emissions controls the standards call for.

Grossman will tell you that he's prepared to bag it in '75 and move his automotive empire to Europe, "where I can drive the car I want and not a three-ton ESV (Experimental Safety Vehicle) that some ignorant bureaucrat says I have to." To wit: the only cars capable of meeting the proposed federal safety and emissions standards are the ESVs, prototypes of which were recently introduced with great folderol at the government-sponsored Transpo '72 in Washington. Soon they will dominate the American highway. And just as soon the great names in sports cars—Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati, and Jaguar—will, for Americans, be but memories gone with the exhaust gases.

So flaunt it while you can, if you can. And with the Bora you've got a lot to flaunt. To begin with, styling by the Guigaro of Ital Design, responsible for among others, the Ghibli and Lamborghini Miura. Then, too, the traditionally superb engineering of Maserati's Alfieri. To that winning combination has been added a new consciousness of quality control. Quality control—in a $24,800 motorcar? Indeed. Because each car is handbuilt, little bugs and gremlins that add nuisance value to a machine (like water leaks or temperamental wipers) tended formerly to be overlooked with a certain amount of arrogance in favor of the "total car". But with the purchase of Maserati by France's Citroën corporation last year, a vast influx of investment and production technology, manifested in an extensive expansion of the Maserati plant, has resulted in even greater refinement of details and appointments. Anyway, if the $24,800 sticker whitens your complexion, you can relax.

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POINTERS FOR McGOVERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

voted in the other 39. And a one-vote majority is all that's needed in any state to throw all its electoral votes either way. This winner-take-all rule, so hotly disputed in last June's California primary that it went to the Supreme Court, applies to all the states in the big vote in November.

So it's the big electoral-vote states that most bear watching—these, and another group that seem to have a knack for going with the winner most of the time. They're the "swing" or "bellwether" states. And there are a few bellwether counties that seem each time to reflect the national voting sentiment.

A key fact to keep in mind is that in this century there have been 18 Presidential elections, with each major party winning 9. No one-party state or county could have been right more than half the time. The swing states and counties have done much better. Of the states that have participated in all 18 20th-century elections, Illinois has the best record: 17 right, 1 wrong. Close behind with records of 16 right, 2 wrong are: California, Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey, Ohio, Utah and Wyoming. New Mexico has voted in only the last 15 elections, starting in 1912, but it has been with the winner in every one—never wrong.

In addition, there are three counties that have been with the winner every time in this century: Crook County, Oregon; Palo Alto County, Iowa; and Laramie County, Wyoming. Of the three, Laramie has the voting percentages most closely paralleling those of the nation as a whole. It calls itself "the county with the cleanest air in the nation".

Table No. 2 shows the rather remarkable records of two big-state bellwethers—Illinois and California—along with New Mexico and Laramie County, Wyoming, comparing their voting percentages with the national results.

New Mexico, despite its perfect record to date, does seem to be developing a Republican leaning that could detract from its value as a reflector of national trends. It understated Democratic strength in 1964—a Democratic landslide year—and overstated the Republican strength in 1968 by more than 8%. My soundings indicate New Mexico will likely remain in the Republican column this year.

Laramie County, Wyoming, on the other hand, seems to maintain its swinging characteristics. It ran 4 points ahead of the national Democratic percentage in '64, then 3.5 ahead of the Republican in '68. This relatively compact microcosm of the American electorate has a perfect record dating back to 1896, much further than New Mexico's. In 1968, Nixon's plurality there over Humphrey was a mere 305 votes out of 20,992 cast, with 1,649 for Wallace. My early sampling of 1.5 to 2% of the voters indicates that even with the lion's share of the old Wallace vote going to Nixon this time, a large turnout of the new voters (roughly 2 to 1 for McGovern) would swing this bellwether county to the Democratic candidate.

Campus surveys in this and other parts of the nation along with high early registration figures indicate a student turnout of over 60% with an almost two-to-one (65.6% to 34.4%) McGovern preference.

Another useful straw-in-the-wind indicator is the mid-term Congressional election of 1970. Taken as a poll, such elections have two main advantages: (1) unlike the others, they do give us a breakdown of voter sentiment—though not quite so recent—within each state; and (2) they indicate the actual party preference at the time as shown not by a small sampling of what some people say but by how millions of people actually voted in the privacy of the voting booth.

Allowing for the usual tendency of the party in power to lose some strength in off-year elections, a shift from one party to another can presage a change in the Presidential vote two years later. Not so much in the small states where only a few Congressmen are chosen and many run unopposed, but in pivotal ones like California, where 38 were elected in 1970, and Illinois which voted for 24. In both these key states, the Republicans got a majority of the votes cast for Congressmen in 1966; and both states went for Nixon two years later, again with a majority for Republican Congressmen. But in the 1970 mid-term elections, there was a shift. Both states cast a majority of their Congressional votes for Democrats. In 1968, California's Republican Congressional candidates out-polled the Democrats by 700,000 votes; but in 1970, the Democrats eked out a 29,000 vote majority. In Illinois in 1968, the Republicans got a 314,000-vote edge; but in 1970, the nod went to the Democrats by a margin of 133,000.

A shift in these two states from Nixon to McGovern would account for 71 electoral votes, or 26% of the number needed to win.

There is yet another reason to predict that Illinois and California (along with some others) will make the shift. McGovern's big, not-so-secret weapon is, of course, those young first-time voters he's been working so hard to get registered. Kevin Phillips, former Nixon strategist and author of *The Emerging Republican Majority* conceded last summer that 50–60% of them at least will manage to get to the polls and vote at least 65% Democratic. Using his most conservative estimate, that still gives McGovern a built-in advantage of 3,750,000 popular votes. Nixon's plurality over Humphrey last time, remember, was only 500,000.

The figures in *Table No. 3* show that, using Phillips' formula, the effect of the first-time voters would be enough to wipe out Nixon's 1968 majority and swing the vote to McGovern in 10 states (California, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Alaska, Delaware, Missouri, South Carolina, Tennessee and Wisconsin) with a total of 160 electoral votes.

Giving Nixon all the other states he carried in 1968 plus those carried by George Wallace, and giving McGovern those carried by Humphrey in 1968 plus his home state of South Dakota and the ones he would take away as the result of the influx of new voters, the final count would be as shown in Table 4.

Of course, Nixon might add to his own previous totals the second time around as Wilson, FDR and Ike did. But he could also lose ground like Cleveland, Harrison, Taft and Hoover. Or he might stay about the same, like McKinley. Equally, a much larger turnout of young and minority voters than the conservative figures assumed here is also possible—with a larger percentage going Democratic than Kevin Phillips expects. After all, McGovern is universally accorded the credit, or blame, for bringing them into the system. If he was their man against other Democrats, he certainly figures to get better than 65% of their vote against Nixon.

The presence of Spiro Agnew on the ticket is another factor. He's running for re-election too,

remember. And it's interesting to note that only one Republican Vice President has ever been re-elected. That was Richard Nixon in 1956. Two Democratic teams of President and Vice President have been returned to office in the past 152 years. They were Wilson-Marshall in 1916 and Roosevelt-Garner in 1936.

Everything else aside, however, if on Election Day things have developed to the point where the war in Vietnam is over—really over, with all American service men and prisoners of war on the way home—and unemployment is down to about 4% and the cost of living, including food, rent, medical care, transportation and taxes, has stopped rising or is going down (not merely rising at a slower rate) then the odds are extremely long that the voters will give Richard Nixon their approval for a second term. If not, it's still a horse race, and the calculating bettor would do well to take the odds on McGovern.

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

3-5 that you car needs new shocks." For a handsome stipend, paid by the Chevrolet dealers of Greater Kansas City, Jimmy had already told Kansas Citeans that the odds were 3-5 they'd get a better deal on a Chevrolet.

He was one fairly exhausted Greek when I finally ran him down at his Las Vegas headquarters, 20 pounds overweight from all of the high level dinners and non-stop elbow bending of his tour, engine still running hot. If he wasn't on the phone to Washington or New York or South Bend or Nashville, the odds were 1 to 5 that he soon would be.

One of the first calls he took was from Sam Nakis, president of AHEPA, a Greek-American organization. Jimmy explained to me: he makes 70% of his income these days on public relations and he'd like the percentage to be higher than that, so he was pitching now for the very biggest kind of public relations account. For an annual fee of $250,000, he would burnish the image of Greece in the U.S. "Yes," he said, "the whole fuckin' Greek government! Who carries the Greek banner any better than I do? Listen, 95% of the Greeks in this country support that Greek government. Their economy has doubled. Sure, Greece is the cradle of democracy. But who are we to tell a government which is 100% pro-American they gotta have an election? Anyway, they've had 200 elections in the last 164 years. What the hell good did it do them?" Jimmy said he had checked out the Greek junta. "They're O.K.," he said. "If the fix were on, I'd have heard about it."

There it is: the first implication that Jimmy (still?) moves in circles where grease and graft and something called muscle are part of the *gestalt*. And in the next two hours. Jimmy demonstrates more. He talks on the phone to two dozen persons, giving favors, asking favors. Invariably, Jimmy signs off with: "Thanks. You're a son of a bitch—but I love ya."

To Robert Maheu, former manager of the Hughes operations in Las Vegas, he says, "I liked the way you conducted yourself on TV the other day. Continue the soft approach. But, Bob, Hughes called you an SOB and a thief. That alone my God, should win you something." (A few days later, Maheu filed suit against Hughes for $17.5 million.)

A reporter phoned from the *Chicago Daily News*. He wanted Jimmy to add something on the Bulls to his current dispatch. "Let's see," said Jimmy. "What's the won-and-lost record right now? Just give me thirty seconds, will you?" He scribbled down the numbers, did

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some calculations. Oddsmaking for the Greek isn't very hard work "O.K. It's 8 to 1. Right. Well, let's make it 7 to 1. That's only a 1% difference. The Bulls are playing great basketball now. Third best in the league." He hung up. He'd told the writer what he wanted to hear, but that wasn't enough. He shouted to Deirdre Coakley, his blonde assistant, a former newspaper woman: "Mark down the 19th, Dee, for a story on the Chicago Bulls."

Jimmy has a telephone voice as smooth as the guy who does TV commercials for Kraft Cheese and he gives that voice lots of exercise. "Without a telephone," he says, "I'd be dead." On St. Maartens, with one telephone on the island, he almost went into panic. He says his phone bill runs to $2,000 a month. Is it tapped? "Who knows?" says Jimmy. "But I've got nothing to hide."

During a working day such as this, Jimmy doesn't like to leave the office. Deirdre orders up lunch. Jimmy, dieting, has cold roast beef and cottage cheese. Deirdre brings in some rolls from the teletype machine which has been clacking away in an adjacent office with news on the pro football draft. Jimmy studies the picks, finds few surprises. He checks the mail, is amused by a note from a student at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Illinois, who is doing a term paper and wants to know how Jimmy calculates his probabilities, and excited by a letter from *The Institutional Investor*. Can he speak before the Fourth International Traders' Conference at the New York Hilton on June 23? This is a group that controls some $100 billion in investment assets, a group accustomed to speakers like economist Milton Friedman and Edgar Bunce of Prudential. And they want Jimmy The Greek!

He picks up the phone and kids around with his petitioner at *The Institutional Investor*, a young woman who signs herself "Heidi F". Says Jimmy: "You're not married? Then you'll have to come to Las Vegas, Heidi F.—as my guest, of course." He names his fee, hangs up and says he thinks the fee is too steep. The girl is back on the phone in a half hour—with approval for Jimmy's asking price. Jimmy smiles.

He has a lot going for him: speeches, personal appearances, his column, a newsletter during football season (annual subscription is $350, "offered as a matter of news, information and entertainment, and must not be construed as an invitation to violate any laws.") Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* is collaborating with him on a biography for Random House. A broadcast syndicate is urging him to adapt his column to television and radio. He is about to publish "Jimmy The Greek's Pro Football Game," a board game of no small complexity, played with two decks of cards. In April, he appeared at the Fourth Annual Advertising and Sales Promotion "Idea Workshop" in Chicago, headlined alongside "Ed McMahon, Miss America, Dick Butkus and Lou Brock and more than 40 stars . . ."

Jimmy says, "I never wanted to be a gambler. But nothing else I ever did in my earlier years was really successful." He was born near Steubenville, Ohio, 51 years ago, first-born son of an immigrant grocer. Steubenville was, as they say, wide open and Jimmy got his first real job dealing blackjack in one of the town's eleven houses while he was still a student at Wells High. "I can't remember being a kid," says Jimmy. "I was always on some kind of scam looking for some way to make a dime. We used to salvage bikes from the city dump, fix 'em up and rent 'em for 25c a day."

In Steubenville, where, he says jocosely at least three times a day, he was 25 before he found out gambling was illegal, Jimmy learned all about odds. Soon, he did not need a job in a gambling house. He made his bread by betting—on any kind of contest, any kind of game. (Even today, though he is no longer the kind of bettor he was when he laid down $265,000 on the Orange Bowl game in 1950—and lost it when Santa Clara upset Kentucky!—he still bet "1000 to a dollar Howard Hughes never sets foot in any courtroom." He has a boxful of dollar bills inscribed with the bettor's name and the nature of the bet.)

As a big bettor on football games, Jimmy learned the value of information, and the better the source the better the information. During the post-World War II years, when a lot of "black money" was passing through the hands of the nation's bookies, Jimmy ran a private news service—for himself. He had his own scouts attending games from coast to coast. He glommed on to films of all the top college and professional football teams. His own film library, he says, was "the best in the country". He had assistant coaches on the string and the private telephone numbers of a few reliable stars in every section of the country, guys who could tell him about the soundness of a halfback's knee or the state of a quarterback's love life. Jimmy claims there were no improprieties, no thrown ball games; but he was grateful for information, and he is still grateful. One former All American who is struggling to start a widget business in Michigan phoned Jimmy for a small loan while I was sitting there in his office and Jimmy sent him $1,000 on the spot.

It wasn't much of a leap from gathering information on football contests to another kind of contest: politics. In 1948, Jimmy, then 27, didn't listen to the smart fellers from Manhattan who were picking Thomas E. Dewey to clean the Truman clock. Jimmy found some bellwether precincts in Ohio and Illinois and he polled them. He saw President Truman holding his own. He talked to the pols at the precinct level and the longtime political writers. And he threw a few "imponderables" of his own into the information mix. "I figured," says Jimmy, "that a lot of people looked like Truman and nobody looked like Dewey. Nobody wore a mustache then." He bet bundles everywhere on Truman. He got 17-to-1 odds from one New York gambler and bet $3,000. He got 3 to 1 straight up in Illinois. In Ohio, he took Truman and 200,000 votes at even money, Truman and 100,000 votes at 2 to 1, Truman and 50,000 at 4 to 1.

As his own man, a laissez-faire private enterpriser, Jimmy kept his methods to himself and improved on them as the years wore on, only betting on losers when there was a good overlay, doing better than well in election years and financing an abortive seven-year speculation in oil wells. After drilling 22 dry ones from 1950 to 1957 in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Colorado, he quit wildcatting and moved to Las Vegas. By 1963, he was established in Vegas as some kind of heir apparent to the town's other Greek, Nick The Greek, Nicholas Dandolas (who died in 1964).

But then affable outspoken Jimmy, whom writers could always count on for some good quotes, uttered one good quote too many. He lashed out at Attorney General Robert Kennedy, and Bob Boyle of *Sports Illustrated* got it all down on paper: "They lost in Laos they lost in East Berlin, they lost in Cuba, but the Kennedys are kicking hell out of the gamblers in America."

That, says Jimmy, did it. Robert Kennedy's men caught him quoting odds on the telephone, interstate, closed him down and forced him into public relations. He flacked for Caesar's Palace for a time, then he got the Hughes account. Jimmy says he got the job "because Maheu couldn't figure out what the hell Carl Byoir was doing for Hughes." The Carl Byoir Agency still handles the Hughes Tool Co. account and what the agency does, generally, is issue denials whenever a Hughes rumor breaks. While Hughes was living in Nevada, Jimmy did a good job for him. He launched an effective lobby (through the press) against resumption of high-megaton nuclear testing in Nevada, and he lobbied for Hughes in Carson City against legalized dog racing in the state. Jimmy also did the P.R. for the Hughes hotels in Las Vegas and for Hughes Air West. The account brought Jimmy some $100,000 a year while it lasted, but when Maheu was fired, so was Jimmy The Greek.

Jimmy picked up other P.R. accounts and started giving away his odds—for free—to any newspaperman who phoned in. That didn't hurt him a bit. It helped him establish an identity and, as the identity grew, Jimmy was amazed to find how much the men and women of the media needed some numbers, any numbers at all, whenever they wrote about anything. *Car*

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Life asked Jimmy to set the odds in Indy. Joyce Haber asked Jimmy who was going to win the Academy Awards. *The Detroit Free Press* wondered about the chances of the maxi skirt beating the mini skirt.

Jimmy went along. It was all in fun and he did have to make a living—which, for Jimmy, with his tastes in handmade shoes and $200-a-day suites at the Regency Hotel, is not exactly a sowbelly-and-beans existence. By 1968, Jimmy was calling the odds on the political primaries. He had Robert Kennedy a winner in Indiana and a loser in Oregon. He picked Spiro Agnew as the G.O.P. nominee for Vice President "long before the convention". In the general election, he called the turn in every state except Texas (where Hubert Humphrey won by 38,960 votes).

In 1970, he called 34 out of 35 Congressional races (failing only in Nevada!) but he loved himself the most after his correct prediction that Wendell Ford would win the Democratic nomination for governor of Kentucky over Bert Coombs. Coombs, by most reckonings, was 4 to 1 favorite. Jimmy finally made his mind up on that one after he hired the bartenders to do some polling for him one pre-election weekend at the Colonel Sanders Inn in Louisville. The inn's guests just happened to represent a pretty good random sample of the entire state.

Jimmy didn't know that ahead of time. He just had a hunch, but it was a hunch based on factors he knew instinctively. It's the way Jimmy always calls an election—like he calls a horse race, taking in all the variables, systematically or haphazardly, reflectively or intuitively. When you knuckle him down and ask what variables, he gets a pained look on his face, as much as to say, "Shit, why do you have to *analyse* greatness? If you insist on taking it apart to study it, you may end up killing it!" Badgered, he closes his eyes tightly and goes ahead anyway and ticks off the variables: a man's record, the issues (but only if they are emotional issues, like busing), the quality of a candidate's staff, his family, his looks, his TV personality, his financing. And something no one can ever analyse: Jimmy's own intuition.

Jimmy The Greek sometimes brags that it was he who put Nixon in office: in 1968, a few days before the November election, Jimmy reported in his column that Nixon was an 8-to-5 choice over Hubert Humphrey. Jimmy says that Herb Klein, the President's astute communications adviser, once told him gratefully that the assessment swung the vote of the undecideds who wanted to ride with the winner.

Make Sen. George McGovern a 30-to-1 shot to get the Democratic nomination (as Jimmy did back in February before McGovern's victories in New Hampshire and Wisconsin) and you automatically make it harder for McGovern to raise the money he needs. Who wants to put real money on a 30-to-1 shot? Jimmy The Greek knows this and he does the best he can in the circumstances. He says he has sworn off betting on his own choices. Of course, Jimmy didn't make this world and he wouldn't be in the polling business unless there was a public demand for prophecy. So, until the courts gag the pollsters—and some day they will, on the grounds the pollsters provide undue (though indirect) support for the fat and the famous—Jimmy The Greek will go on marketing his expertise, an expertise he developed when he was a big gambler betting big money that had to be smart money.

If anything, now, Jimmy is deeper into polls than he ever was. He is trying to assess the new youth vote by having polls taken on campuses across the land. ("I am spending a God-damned fortune, a couple thousand a week.") Nor is he averse to wild, unorthodox polls—like a popcorn poll he took once in 1968 at a drive-in theater near Cincinatti. He had clerks at the refreshment stand give customers their choice of popcorn—in a Nixon bag or a Humphrey bag. At the end of the night, he just counted the bags that were left and gave the edge on the man with fewer bags: Nixon.

On top of the polls, however, Jimmy always adds his own well informed opinion—and this comes from talking to the men who make it their business to know. "Why go to the man in the street," says Jimmy, "when you can talk to a precinct committeeman or a political reporter who has been around for 20 years?"

People seem to like the Greek because he's fun. (Undoubtedly, there is a tragic tale behind the mask of Pagliacci: once, over drinks, Jimmy told me he hadn't gotten laid in six months; and in Vegas, Jimmy doesn't normally go home for dinner and doesn't get home until two or three in the morning. And it is virtually certain, judging from certain off hand remarks, that it will take a big deal to get the high-living Greek into the black. But that's the private Greek.) The public only sees the Greek as the great gamer. "Hey, Jimmy!" they say when they see him driving along the Strip in his station wagon with the GREEK 1 license plates. "Hey, Jimmy!" they say in the casino at Caesar's Palace as he runs $100 up to $850 in five minutes of blackjack. "Hey, Jimmy!" says Paul Anka in the steam bath upstairs. We are sitting there wrapped in towels after our baths and our rubdowns, watching something like *Bengal Lancers* on TV. "Hey, Jimmy," says Anka, "what are the odds there won't be a redcoat standing by the end of this?"

And if Jimmy The Greek means fun, that makes him a giant in an area of life the philosophers have tended to ignore, the playground. In the peculiar kind of hard times we live in, people want to play and be playful. Howard Samuels invites Jimmy to New York for a news conference of the Off Track Betting Corporation. The word is that Jimmy has been advising Samuels on ways and means of running the OTB, but Jimmy isn't fooling himself: he is there to entertain the press. Even the masterminds at the Brookings Institution invite Jimmy for a conference; he may be putting them on, but they seem to enjoy it.

And why not? The times we live in are uncertain. Nothing makes total sense and anyone who pretends he has absolute answers is a kook. Life itself, some are beginning to suspect, may be a game, and a game of chance at that. Space scientists who send men to the moon fill their chalkboards with mathematical models of probability. Analysts at Rand play heavily funded war games—and peace games; the phrase "Monte Carlo method" crops up in many a Rand report. This is the kind of culture where Jimmy The Greek finds his real place.

It is a society which rejects true believers of all persuasions as troublemakers who could get us blown up into little bits. Truth? Justice? We keep on trying to attain them, but who would know if he "had" either? Jimmy doesn't try. Whatever the proposition, Jimmy The Greek is likely to wink and say, "It's 6-5."

That's Jimmy at his best. At his worst? That's when he's calling election odds the way he wants them to turn out, not the way he thinks they really will. I'd still feel better if I knew he were betting real money of his own.

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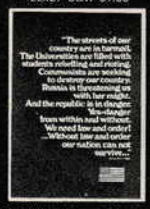

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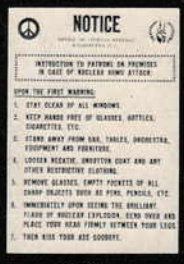
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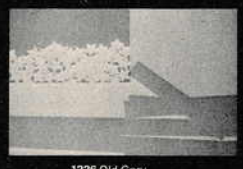
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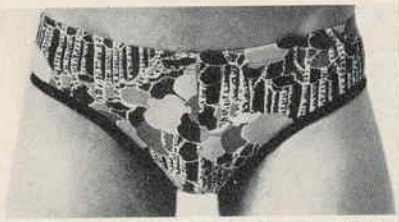

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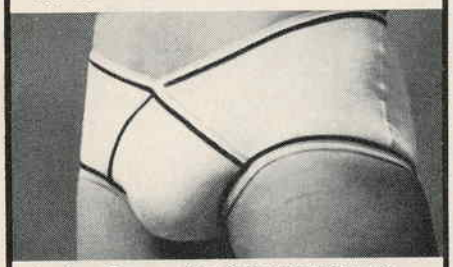

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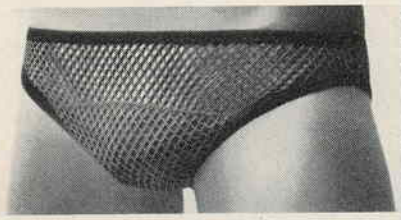

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BURT REYNOLDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

that. The pressures I've had for the past four months, she has had for three or four years. She has been a super starlet. There is an incredible amount of pressure, and it takes a hell of a person to be able to handle that and still be nice to everybody. But people have done it and done it very well. Jimmy Stewart is a gentleman. He's not a superstar now, but he certainly was. So was Fonda. A lot of ladies have coped. Dinah is a legend. Still a lady, and nice to everybody.

Penthouse: How do you get on with Yul Brynner?

Reynolds: I really like him. He is "a movie star" and he acts like one. He wants to be treated like one, and he is, brother, or he ain't there the next day. I couldn't bring it off without breaking up. He lives his life exactly the way he wants to live it.

Penthouse: When Brynner was in Cadaques, Spain, filming *The Light at the Edge of the World,* he arrived at the little neighboring airport from Zurich in his own private plane, with two tremendous Afghan hounds, a gray Homburg, a monocle and cane. There was a beautiful chauffeur-driven Mercedes waiting for him at this little out-of-the-way airport on the Costa Brava. Does that tally with your experience?

Reynolds: I heard that when he was doing *Viva Villa* in Spain with Robert Mitchum, every day at lunch time, instead of getting a jug of wine and a loaf of bread, Brynner had his cook there, from France, who whipped up some little *fettucini.* Well, it doesn't make you a better actor to live in a loft in Greenwich Village. I did it for years, and couldn't get a job.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself becoming a superstar?

Reynolds: I couldn't do it with a straight face. I couldn't get off an airplane with Afghan dogs and get into a Mercedes. I'm embarrassed now when somebody gets to me and puts me in one of those little carts, even. I don't like that. I've never travelled with an entourage.

Penthouse: Do women come on as strong in person as they do in the letters?

Reynolds: Sure. It's hysterical to watch. If it wasn't for a lot of very quick one-liners that I gave back to them, it could really be embarrassing. They'll say: "What are you doing after the show," and I'll say: "What do you have in mind?" They're stumped right away. One will say, "I hear you're very freaky," and I'll say: "I'm not freaky; I just want to put you in a plastic bag, and hit you with spaghetti. Do you think that's freaky?" They don't quite know what to do, so they laugh and kid, and you give them a kiss, and you leave. Once in a while, you get a tough one. I had one the other night who followed me to the restaurant, followed me into the john, followed me into the kitchen, followed me out the door. She followed me here, you know. Usually the best way out is just to get another chick. Otherwise, you feel like an idiot trying to lose a chick in a car. I have a friend here, Jimmy Hampton. He went up to 12 chicks and said, "Burt's crazy about you, he wants you," and they all arrived at the restaurant at the same time at 12 different tables. They all gave me such a hard time, you wouldn't believe it. But he was hysterical. Give women fans a little dignity, so they don't go away feeling like a groupie – that's all you need to do. They stand in line for two hours waiting for me to sign, and they get up and say, "I don't know why I'm here. This is stupid." That's the moment, when you can make them feel stupid or you can say "Well, you're here because I want you here. I've been waiting to see somebody like you – what a terrific-looking dress."

Penthouse: What effect do you think screen violence has on an audience?

Reynolds: I think that any man – the meekest guy in the world – if he saw his daughter being raped, his wife being attacked, would become uncontrollably violent. And if he did have control over it, then he would be a controlled violent man, which is what a lot of our heroes are today in pictures. There was a picture that Jacopetti did called *Africa Addio,* which I saw with Clint Eastwood in Rome. Clint is one of the great animal lovers of the world. In the picture was a scene that wasn't in the released picture over here, where they supposedly killed a Mau-mau, and shot him right on the screen (later they tried to arrest Jacopetti for it). You see him begging for his life, and you see the guy take a pistol and shoot his head off. No reaction in the theatre. But in the same picture, you see Mau-maus taking rope, tying it to two jeeps and driving through the animal reserve. They go through a herd of zebras, breaking all their legs. People in droves got up and ran out of the theatre. You see them cutting the Achilles heel of the cattle, and they walk around for four or five days, and they bleed to death. Clint left. He was mad and angry, because he knew that these zebra-killers weren't Mau-Maus – that this was set up, and they had killed these animals the way we'd seen it. The public could watch a guy's head being shot off because they'd seen all the spaghetti westerns in the world, and they knew it was a trick. They got up and left because they knew those animals, when they were cut down, weren't acting, that their legs were really broken. But when James Bond kicks the guy in the balls, everybody applauds and laughs. If violence for violence's sake is going to make us laugh, there is nothing wrong with that. It's wrong when we are *stimulated* by it – when we say that the thing to do when you're mad at somebody is to get a gun and blow his fucking head off – and the only moral to it is that if you get away with it it's a terrific thing to do.

Penthouse: What about when the villain is so terrible that he elicits no audience sympathy at all?

Reynolds: It's interesting, but take *The Godfather,* where we suddenly find ourselves cheering for a family because he wouldn't have anything to do with dope. Prostitution is all right. Murder is all right. Anything. Not dope – that's not good. The other family can do that. So the other family becomes the heavy. And we find ourselves cheering for a family that loves each other. I mean, the motto of the picture is "The family that kills together stays together." It's crazy. That's not taking away from the fact that it's the most entertaining picture of the year. But you start asking yourself a lot of questions when you come out of a picture like that. I do, at least.

Penthouse: How are you personally affected by the other manifestations of permissiveness – open pornography and drugs?

Reynolds: I happen to have some very good friends who say: "My kids are not going to

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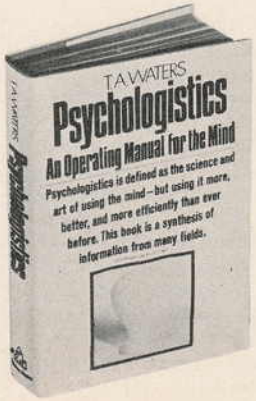
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be screwed up like the kids of yesterday, because we let them say anything they want to say and do anything they want to do." The daughter comes in and says: "Can't you pass me the fucking cheese." The director says: "See how well adjusted she is. She is taking the pill; she ain't going to be pregnant." Well, as far as I'm concerned, this chick is totally fucked up. I just happen to think (and you can say it's old-fashioned or whatever you want) that what makes bedroom talk exciting is that you don't hear it from a chick all day long. When she says "Fuck – suck – fuck" all day long and then you get in the bedroom, and then she says "Fuck" it means nothing. If being well adjusted is to be able to say four-letter words around your kids and let them take the pill, then mine ain't never going to be well-adjusted. That doesn't mean that the kid can't, when he's around other kids, say "shit" and "fuck". But he ain't going to say it around me, and he's not going to say it around women. What happens in California is that you get the Beverly Hills syndrome, where young kids have a mother who is a successful singer or actress, and a father who is a producer or writer and that kid says "I ain't never going to be any of those things," so he goes back to his room and smokes. In the Bel Air circuit, if you are not in the arts, or not a lawyer or whatever – then you are a failure. The kid is right to say that's bullshit. But what happens is that a whole generation of young people say "I am going to tell it like it is," and aren't doing anything of the kind. They don't really know what it took for their parents to get where they got. I'm in a terrible situation because I'm in between. I love their honesty. I love the fact that they hate the war. I love the fact that they want to speak out against all the things that we were always afraid to talk about. I love the fact that if a chick wants to make a pass at a guy she does, and she's not thought of as a hooker or whatever. But I hate the way they think that because you're over 35, that you're not hep, that you can't deal on a one-to-one basis with anybody, and that the fact that you want a lot of bread means that you're selfish. They think that because I don't wear all the trappings of the far left, I'm a super-conservative. It's possible to be right down the middle in terms of politics, in terms of your life, and be happy, and not be a rotten person. It's possible that you can believe in God and not be an idiot. It's possible that you can be an atheist and be a nice, good person. Our tendency to label everything in terms of this conservative-liberal thing, depresses the shit out of me. It's terrific that we can read about sex and laugh at it, but I would hate to see us come to a point where you can ask your daughter what she did last night and she says "I was out balling the football star". "Oh. How was he?" "Great." "Well, you ought to try to catch the quarter-back; he looks like he'd be good." I realize a lot of people violently disagree with me. But I have seen too many "free souls", and every one has either tried to kill herself or ended up searching for utopia, or becoming totally disillusioned and turning into an out-and-out cunt. When you find somebody that really treasures your friendship, and will work at a relationship, then they're special, and you have to treat them special. There are a lot of people in the world who are really nice people and the moment you say "fuck" in front of them, they write you off. You have to have the ability not to say "fuck". It's no big deal. Why is it so desperately important to be, as young people say, that "honest". They claim that if you like saying "fuck", you should say "fuck." Why can't you say "screw"? It's not going to inhibit you; you're not going to have bad dreams at night. Doesn't give you a migraine not to say "fuck."

Penthouse: There's a rumor that when you started in California, and things were very tough – you did some skin flicks. Is that right?

Reynolds: No. Never in my life. I'm sure that will be the rumor. I'm just waiting for somebody to say that I'm a fag – that's when you're really a big star. Nobody's said that yet. But I could never do a skin flick. I would probably have been too embarrassed to do it. Also, in the back of my mind, I honestly figured I was going to make it and I wouldn't want one of those damned things being re-released. Don't kid yourself. If I'd ever made a skin flick, it would be playing right now on 42nd Street and some guy would be making a lot of bread.

Penthouse: Do you like the liberated, independent woman?

Reynolds: I have always been attracted to professional women, because I always felt they were sure of themselves, and I think all men would like to feel that the chick they're with has a sense of choice about her and is sophisticated enough to have picked you not because you were the only guy available, but because you stimulated her – intellectually and whatever. Somebody said it – I wish I had: "What can you do with a great pair of tits after three or four hours?"

Penthouse: Do you think that this kind of sophisticated, more predatory woman, makes men feel impotent?

Reynolds: I hope so, because what would be left for guys like us would be terrific. Seriously, I don't think so. I think a lot of men are going to take a second look at themselves, but most of those guys should. One of the big problems

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> I met this woman on a ship. She had the biggest breasts I've ever seen. She was watching me look at her as if to say 'Are you man enough to handle that?'

with the unisex thing is that a lot of men really can't handle that situation. They're driving the women in that direction, more than the women are driving the men. How many chicks keep saying: "Jesus, do you know how many real men there are around? There are very few." I like the odds. By the time it gets down to the point where it'll really be bothering me, I'll be too old – I'll just be watching, anyway.

Penthouse: Why are men more sexually passive than active these days?

Reynolds: Because they have allowed themselves to be put in that position. I mean – you meet chicks every day who try to put you in an awkward position. That's the fun, the stimulation, but once you can't handle it, and once you start losing, they don't give it. They just try to bury you. If that happens to you enough, you stop playing word games with that kind of broad and you start going to the dumber ones. I think it's what drives guys to the strip joints and whatever. (I happen to love strippers; they're some of my favorite broads.) There are a lot of very stimulating chicks around today. I think it would be difficult for Germaine Greer to find a guy who measured up to all the things that she thought a guy was supposed to be. A lot of men would be really intimidated.

Penthouse: Girls today are much more direct. As Germaine Greer said when she was accused of being such an extreme women's libber that she must be a lesbian: "Nonsense, a full cunt is always better than an empty cunt."

Reynolds: Makes one wonder what the size of her cunt is.

Penthouse: Are you going to get married again?

Reynolds: I don't know. That's as honest an answer as I can give you. I would like very much to have some kids, but it's not an ego thing. I'd like to adopt some kids. It's almost impossible for an actor because of "all those racy showfolk," you know. They are letting single men and women adopt children now. But it's very difficult, especially now with the whole *Cosmo* thing, the authorities would think I couldn't be a good father which is totally untrue, because I am basically squarer than hell in certain areas. I would be a hell of a good father, and financially I could help some kids now. So it's a shame that there is that kind of ridiculous attitude.

Penthouse: Having been married once yourself, what do you think a man ought to expect out of marriage?

Reynolds: The marriages I've seen that have worked have been those where there wasn't an "arrangement". A guy says: "We have a perfect arrangement – I fuck around, she fucks around." That's not an arrangement; that's ridiculous. Why be married? There should be three licenses, a license to live with somebody, a license to marry, and a license to have babies. And the mere fact that it took a while to get those licenses would kind of slow you down, I think. I think it's been reversed lately. You have babies, then you fall in love, then you get married. It's unrealistic to believe that one man and one woman can live together for the rest of their lives – never, ever fool around. I would like to believe it, because I am a romanticist. I would like to believe that somewhere in the world there is a girl that will come along and it will happen and all that bullshit. I have never done that kind of movie where you see somebody across a crowded room, and I want to play that scene.

Penthouse: Now that everything's exploding for you has your life style changed much?

Reynolds: I have a lot of property; I have five houses. I have about six cars. But they're not like Elvis Presley's. I have a 55 T-bird, and a station wagon and a Bronco and a Mercedes and a Cadillac. But they are all functional. I have to have a Cadillac in case I take five or six people. Mercedes is my luxury. Station wagon is for the ranch. Bronco I gotta have, and the 55 T-bird is because I think it's the classiest car ever made. I suppose, if I have any one luxury in the world, it's that I am one of the great gift-givers of the world. At Christmastime, I am ridiculous. Business managers just pass out. I give color television sets and property and houses. If I love somebody, I just do it.

Penthouse: Is there anything special you'd like to do that you haven't done yet?

Reynolds: I want to open a bar called the Centerfold where, behind the bar, there are nude photos of guys – and all the waiters are body-builders. Only women can join and only women can come unescorted to the bar. Also, the women aren't allowed to make any passes at the waiters or to take them home.

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Penthouse: Was being considered a Brando look-alike a handicap in your career?

Reynolds: It was a hang-up because I made it a hangup. I shouldn't have. I wasn't a very good actor at that time, and unfortunately, it was about the only thing that people could say. It's like being a baseball player and looking like Mickey Mantle. You say, "Well, he looks like Mickey Mantle," and that's about all you can say. I wasn't setting the world on fire. I was going from television series to television series – shitty picture after shitty picture, and nobody really knew if I could do anything except stand around and look like Marlon.

Penthouse: What's the sexiest thing you've ever done?

Reynolds: I think a woman must answer that question. If you said to a woman, "What is the sexiest thing you've ever done?" anything, no matter what she said, would turn me on. But – if you say that to a man, no matter what he says, he sounds like an absolute asshole. In terms of what I think is sexy, it isn't what *I'm* doing. And if it was, I would go to my room and be thrilled to be alone. To me, the sexiest thing that one can do, one does in the company of someone else, and/or others. I've been seduced in many ways, and it's not true that the first time is the best. Probably the sexiest moment I've ever had was when I met a lady I've never seen since. I was on a ship, on a cruise, to Ensenada – and no one was paying any attention to her, probably because she had the biggest breasts I've ever seen in my life. They were so big that they intimidated everyone. Also, she had a belligerent attitude to everyone. She was about six feet tall – incredible-looking broad. First time I saw her, I thought, "That's a $500 hooker" – except that she was rude to guys who even looked her way. She was reading something like Milton's *Paradise Lost,* sitting on this sun deck, and I happened to look over at her, and she dropped her leg, and she had no underwear on. She was reading this very heady book but looking over the top of the book at me. The book was upside down. She was watching me look at her, and it was one of the most sensuous things I've ever seen in my life. It was as if to say to me, "Are you man enough to handle that? and if you are, you'd better come up with one hell of a line by the time you get over here or I'll take a breast out and knock you over the head." I just looked at her. This went on for a long time, and the moment anybody else looked her way, the legs were crossed, and when anybody looked away, the legs came undone. I really had doubts about whether I could come up with something bright enough. So I walked over and sat down and said: "Any woman that looks like you and has a body like yours has heard every line that's ever been said, so I'm just going to say it straight out. I'm going to get shot down, and then I'll move on. Everybody's watching, so you can shoot me down in front of the whole sun deck, have the last laugh, and everything. But I want to fuck your brains out." She said: "What took you so long?" And she closed the book and we left and we never came out of that room for 48 hours. I never saw her again but that is one of the things in my life that I'll remember always. She was incredibly bright – she was a teacher at a college, but she wouldn't tell me which one. In the room she said: "Look, I don't want to know your name. I don't want you to know mine. This is strictly physical." And of course, it ended up not being, because we talked about so many things, got into so many areas, I've often wondered if she ever sees me on television. I could tell a lot of those stories that have a funny, terrible Clouseau ending, where I got shot down. But that particular one has a happy ending.

Penthouse: You're a Penthouse subscriber, aren't you? What do you like about it?

Reynolds: It's much more honest than *Playboy*. It is a magazine totally devoted to studs, and it doesn't try to be anything else. It has a fun kind of crazy, English sense of humor about it – which I think is the best sense of humor in the world. They were the first ones to have pubic hair, and it was so ridiculous not to before. I personally don't think it's as sexy as seeing pubic hair behind a pair of pants, but that is my own fetish. You see, I just found the magazine to be . . . pardon the pun, beautifully laid out. Penthouse girls just look like they think their bodies are so beautiful, and they love to touch their own bods. That's incredibly sexy; that is really sexy. And that's very well thought out. I don't know whether the photographer happens to be a freak like me, or just happens to get the right girls but that 's the right idea.

Penthouse: You consider yourself a freak?

Reynolds: If I thought I was, I wouldn't bring it up. I happen to think that whatever it is that works for you if you can keep it within your head and deal with it, then that is your particular thing, and that's not freaky. What's freaky is when somebody comes along and says, "I want to shit on your chest," and you say "Oh, I'll go along with it, just because I want to make her happy."

Penthouse: And on that definition of method acting, thank you, Burt Reynolds.

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MYSTICISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Spiritism (Egypt and Near East, easy): 50% gut, 50% mind-rot potential.
About the best thing you can say about groups who meet to contact the dead is that they're probably having more fun than they used to in church or psychoanalysis. Edgar Cayce, the psychic healer, died in 1945, but his Association for Research & Enlightenment lives on. At Search for God gatherings, thousands of people meditate, talk about their dreams, and pray aloud. The Reverend Ellen Resch is another such seance-leader, with 150 "Spiritual Scientists" in New York City.

THE WEST

Scientology (Electronics, tough): 60% muscle, 40% mind-rot potential.
Scientology is illegal in parts of Australia, under investigation by various departments of the U.S. Government, and has been the subject of repeated investigations by British authorities. Why the fuss? Maybe what irks is the group's use of those little tin-can lie detectors they call E-meters and allow to preside over people's free associations. Maybe it's the cult's success—up to five million members in the U.S., maybe 15 million worldwide. And a reported weekly tax-free gross revenue of $1,400,000—that's *weekly*—with potentate L. Ron Hubbard tithing off 10% for himself. Maybe they're worried that the cult misleads. You may get only temporary relief but on the other hand you may completely Scientologize yourself and become a select member of a paramilitary clique circling the oceans as uniformed sailors in the private interterrestrial armada of L. Ron Hubbard, operating thetan and demi-god of what is known as the "Ethics Squad". Let's face it, the forces are scared of Scientology because it's a mysticism that's fun to be a part of (consider the vocabulary: "basic-basic," "gorilla goals," "boo-hoo!", "perceptic", "suppressive," "GE," "MEST," "Operating Thetan") and also has teeth. Before he started the snake-oil Smersh-like intergalactic medicine show of Scientology, Hubbard wrote science fiction under such pen-names as Winchester Remington Colt. Famous sometime adherents: The Incredible String Band, Leonard Cohen, William Burroughs, Mama Cass, and the late Jim Morrison. See you at Clear, Technocreeps!

Bio-Feedback (Electronics, medium): 99% brain.
Bio-Feedback is to Scientology as the Talmud is to horror comics. It has a machine that resembles the E-meter, called a Galvanic Skin Response Meter, which does indeed indicate something about your emotions. Something—the Bio-Feedback people don't say what. They're real scientists, with real PhDs, getting big federal grants, and poking around with electroencephalographs and electrocardiographs and dozens of other huge machines measuring brain waves and teaching you control over your heart beat. They don't operate mystically. But for all their academic structure, they're undoubtedly going to validate a lot of far-out psychic stuff and maybe pop through into some new types of medicine. Barbara B. Brown, girl-genius who founded the Bio-Feedback Research Society three years ago, is also into Sai Baba, South American mushrooms, things like that, and Joe Kamiya specializes in EEG-ing Zen masters and yogis. Baba Ram Dass recommends people to Elmer Green at the Meninger Foundation in Kansas, who, he says, has "been into Theta for 30 years, as a physicist." You can get a fairly cheap alpha wave sensor to play with, but the ones the real scientists use fill up a whole room.

Bio-Resonance (Electronics, easy): 100% gut/id.
Freelance mad scientist Ken Schaffer in Los Angeles uses music, and sticks electrode transducers into vaginas; he's found the right frequencies to provoke "sympathetic clitoral resonance." (The music of Doug Kershaw and John McLaughlin works, for starters.) He's also discovered that 27-cycle sine waves make you defecate. He thinks "you could make a whole set of records with different tones dug deep into the tracks—to shit, to turn on, to get hot, to go to sleep . . . I've only just begun to work on this, and there might be a tone or a heterodyne (two tones beating together) to mess with every body function or headspace." Apply to Schaffer yourself (who also worked on "El Topo"), but remember . . . there's no way to resist it.

Peyote-Cult (Chemistry, tough): 45% muscle.
Disoriented by the sheep-overgrazing crisis of the 1930s, and despite the white men who were, of course, the source of their problems, the Navajo Indians took up the peyote and psilocybin. Now there's the Native American Church, and 50 or more tribes, who have shaped a dignified and ritualistic approach to mind-expansion that is of increasing interest to the psychexperimentalists of the American southwest—most notably Taos, New Mexico, and Oaxaca, Mexico. Not many gringos have the nerve of Carlos Casteneda, though, a graduate student who apprenticed himself to a Yaqui Indian sorcerer for seven years and almost died in the process.

Witchcraft (Chemistry, medium): 50% gut.
Probably several thousands of people are now practising "The Old Religion" that has plagued Christianity for centuries, though none has been publicly burned so far. Witchcraft is woven around nature's chemicals—herbs, oils, love potions, geometric figures made of salt—and such totems and rituals as have built up the pagan fabric from diverse sources—Tarot cards, astrology, and various other types of divination from aeromancy to xylomancy (cloud-reading to reading pieces of wood.) What goes on at witches' gatherings, called covens, is a strict secret, but it involves bare flesh. Two and a half million readers have soaked up *Rosemary's Baby*, among whom are at least 500 witches thought to be residing in Manhattan. Witches are ambiguous on the question of "good" vs. "bad" magic (Anton Szandor La Vey's *The Compleat Witch* is about as harmful as *Sex and the Single Girl*), but their brother-mystics, the Satanists, own up gleefully to being bad guys.

Acid (The West, easy): 50% brain, 50% mind-rot potential.
When Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert were fired from Harvard in 1963 for doping undergrads, they proceeded to Berkeley where, it will be remembered, the Free Speech Controversy broke out shortly thereafter, possibly over some Leary-Alpert lectures. Now Tim is facing extradition proceedings in Swiss courts,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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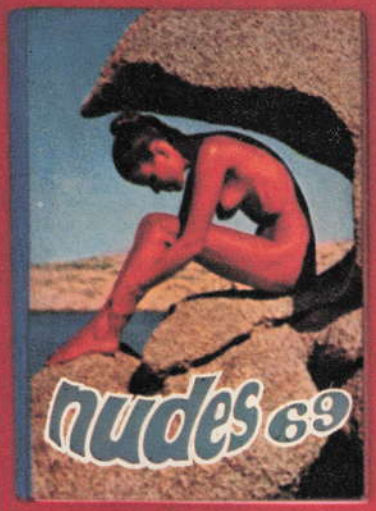

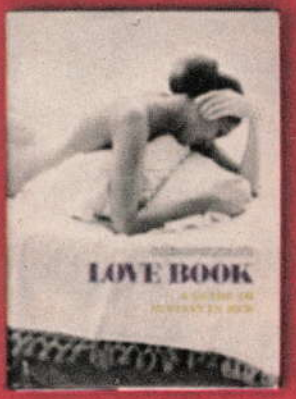

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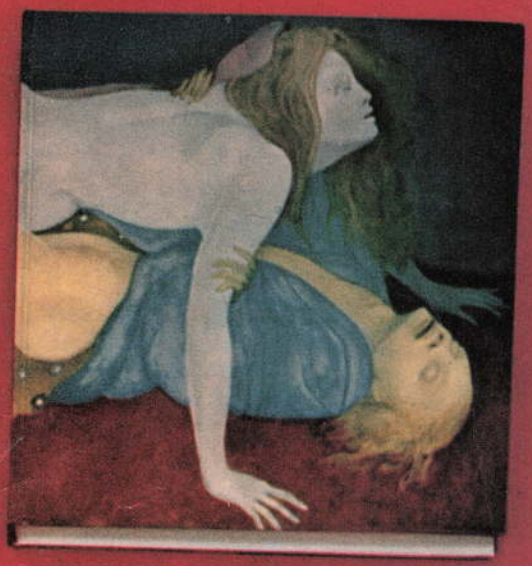

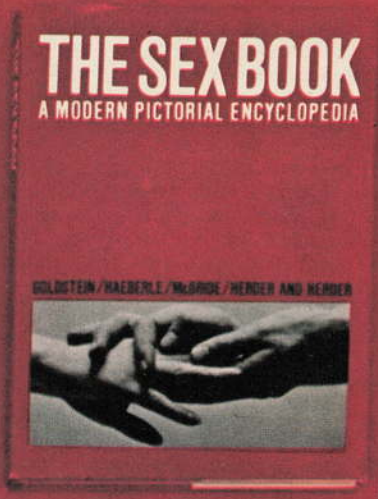

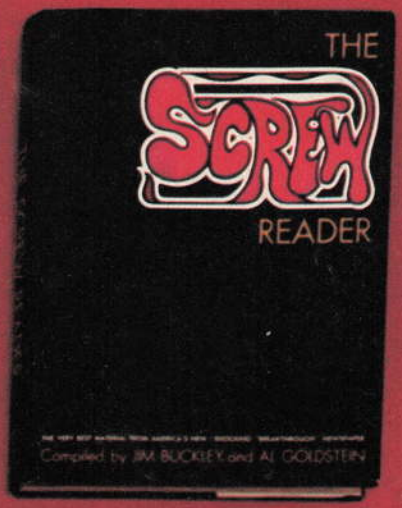

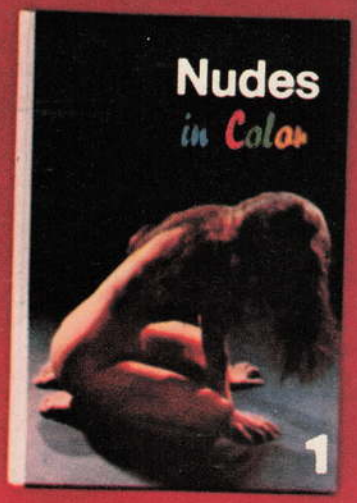

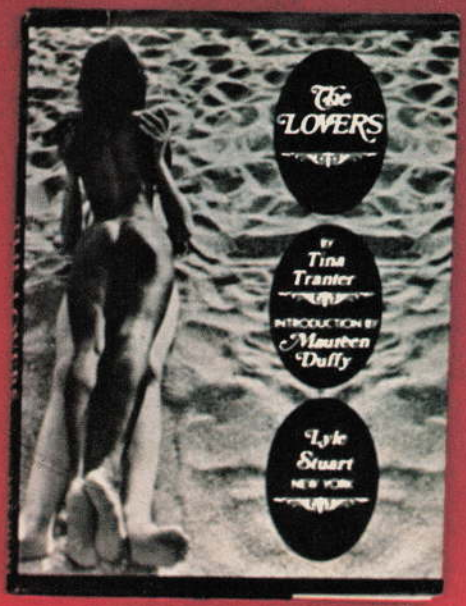

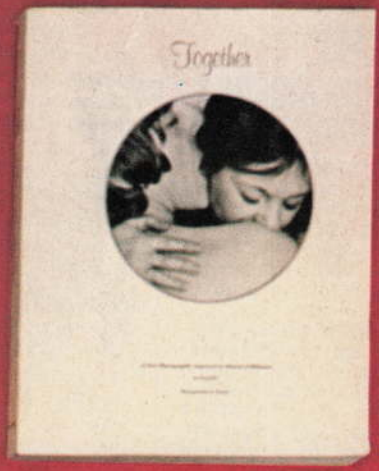

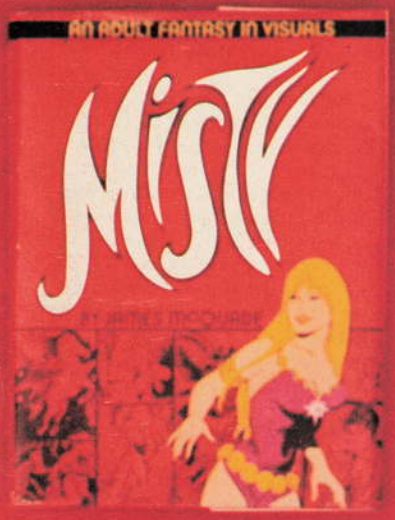

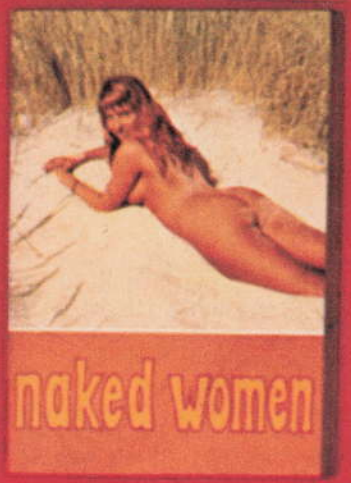

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having been spotted by an undercover U.S. narcotics agent in the Lucerne market almost a year ago. Richard has become a yogi in his father's house, and tens of millions of American youth have lost their psychedelic virginity and taken one or more steps down the path to complete Acid Headdom. Tim modestly suggests "some possibility that my friends and I have illuminated more people than anyone else in history." Opponents of the illumination include Christianity, Judaism, psychiatry, and most governments of the world. They accuse drugs of causing addiction, hepatitis, venereal disease, mind-rot, chromosome damage, and jumping out of windows. "And many here are lost in a palace of nine bardos not mentioned in the guidebooks." Famous spokesmen: the Beatles, Peter Fonda, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Princess Leda Amun-Ra.

Macrobiotics (Nutrition, tough): 70% gut, 30% brain.
Life is real, life is earnest, and the harmonization of Yin and Yang is its goal. Grains are The Way—boiled grains, fried grains, grain pudding, grain-concept art. You might think it looks like "brown rice, seaweed, and a dirty hot dog," but the groovy hippies and beatniks chewing their mouthfuls 50 times each know they're balancing their cold purple potassium and their hot red sodium better than you are. Their magazine *The Order of the Universe* is filled with such observations as that a tree is an inside-out human circulatory system. Famous adherents: Hog Farm, cooks to Woodstock Nation.

Natural Foods (Nutrition, medium): 95% gut, 5% brain.
Much jollier than Macrobiotics, natural foods (*e.g.* the whole chicken put through the blender) are generally pressed upon you by zaftig earth mothers. Your headaches, impotence, etc. are mere vitamin deficiencies, and you should hasten to apply carrot juice, granola, yoghurt, yeast, rose hips, and the rest of the garden goodies. Best not eat more than a pound of raw liver a day, though, and watch out for Tiger's Milk addiction. It's true that J. I. Rodale, of *Scientific Farming*, dropped dead at 75 during the taping of a Dick Cavett show, just after boasting he was going to live till 100—but that was apparently because he had been given only a short time to live many years before, and it had been rabbit food that kept him going as long as he did. High priestess: Adelle Davis, author of the *Let's*— books. Famous adherents: Mae West and the New Haven branch of Black Panthers.

Black Power (Socialism, tough): 90% muscle. **Black Muslims:** 80% muscle. **Radical Lesbians:** 70% muscle. **Women's Lib:** 60% muscle.
Despite significant successes in their short-term goals (*e.g. Muhammed Speaks*, the Muslim newspaper, cites a national readership of 20 million), and the fact that several hundreds of millions of people in the Near and Far East have already moved under the aegis of left Marxist cults, it is difficult to be a black or feminist millenarian in the West. You have to deal constantly with psychological flak from both within and without, and to maintain a social and economic status in firm opposition to most existing conditions, which is taxing.

McGovern Supporters (Socialism, medium): 50% brain.
This sect subscribes to a romantic neo-Socialism which has evolved the belief that general social uplift will follow from discreet redistribution of the ends of production (which is taxing), that the founders of the United States were not bourgeoisie but democrats, and that the basic political forms are more accessible to an honest PhD than to a Klansman. Famous followers: Warren Beatty, Carly Simon, James Taylor, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, Jerry Rubin.

Cargo Cult (Socialism, easy): 50% muscle.
The goal of this right-wing Marxist cult, mostly composed of black Melanesians, is to obtain cargo. They believe that the white man knows some secret of which they are deprived, for obtaining the wonderful possessions they have seen him own. Highly frustrated in character, this cult reached a peak after World War II, when torpedoed aircraft and ship freight actually did float in mysteriously to the South Pacific outposts. In an attempt to stimulate such arrivals, Melanesians move papers on desks, build towers, hold parades, and, as a last resort, convert to Christianity.

Children of God/Jesus Freaks (Christianity, tough): 50% muscle, 30% gut.
As with the Society for Krishna Conciousness whom they hate, these newly saved teenagers give up their name and all their possessions to belong to the group. They accept Jesus, that personal God embedded so deeply in the soil of America, and they're ready to be "raptured" by Him to the big light show in the sky when He makes His second appearance—soon. Their Christian fellowship is sans sex, sans drugs, sans everything. And it firmly resists the efforts of parents who organize to get back their "kidnapped" kids.

Assorted Jesus People (Christianity, medium): 40% muscle, 30% gut.
Step right up, boys and girls, and be the first on your block to flush those amphetamines down the john in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Trade in your diffuse unintegrated self-conception for a single one. Praise the Lord! Attend Texan Jesus Festivals. Boycott newspapers, pornography, and women's lib. And above all honk if you love Jesus. Tens, maybe hundreds of thousands of American teenagers are discovering the secret of no more cavities. The "spiritual leaders" are numerous: David Wilkerson, who converted a Brooklyn street-gang leader in 1958 and lived to sell six million copies of the story; Bill Bright of the Campus Crusade for Christ, with a staff of 3,000 on 450 campuses and a yearly budget of $12 million; Arthur Blessitt in Chicago, Peter Hill in England, and Jack Sparks in Berkeley, founder of the area's first Christ commune—now there are 32 around San Francisco, 200 in California, and hundreds throughout the South. Famous adherents: Johnny Cash, Pat Boone (who does baptisms in his swimming pool), Eric Clapton, Paul Stookey (of Peter, Paul and Mary, appropriately enough), Jeremy Spencer (of Fleetwood Mac).

The Way/Jesus People (Christianity, easy): 30% muscle, 30% gut.
Most dilute of the new Jesus clans, hardly different from Cub Scouts and not at all offensive to suburban parents, are the Bible-toters of The Way, a sect founded by Paul Wierwille in Ohio (a 54-year-old motorcyclist, who wears Holy Ghost cufflinks, tieclasp, and ring), with branches in Rye, New York, and Mill Valley, California. The tone is strictly Coca-Cola singers and Jesus T-shirts.

Synanon (Groupfeel, tough): 60% muscle, 40% gut.
Eight thousand shaven heads already have turned over their possessions to Chuck Dederich's miracle rehabilitation collectives, and he wants 2,000,000. If you are trying to kick drugs, alcohol, or *ennui*—if you agree that "The single family house is destroying the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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world"—perhaps you might like to ride your overalls and motorbike over to the 1000 acres of Synanon City. The group is worth about $8,000,000 in real estate in eight U.S. cities. Three-quarters of their vast income is from private donors. And the California Department of Rehabilitation kicks in an annual $100,000. These government-subsidized mystics want to build a redemptive society, and they're doing it, with the energy and finesse of a bulldozer. Patron saints: Buckminster Fuller, Paul Goodman.

Human Potential Movement (Groupfeel, medium): 99% gut, 1% muscle.

Touch, feel, share. Everything damp. The hot sulphur baths, the mud wallows, the cascades of tears, the sweaty palm you're "discovering". There is no God but Wilhelm Reich and Fritz Perls is his prophet. Each year 25,000 middle-classniks longing for heightened sensitivity make the pilgrimmage to Esalen, Michael Murphy's 60-acre tract in Big Sur. The American Psychological Association admits it's more popular than traditional psychotherapy. In New York you can try Aureon, or Bio-Energetics, or Charlotte Selver's sensory classes, or Tai Chi (Meditation in Movement), or the F. M. Alexander Technique of straightening your neck. In other cities, organs for public and psychic tickling have inspiring names like Sky Farm (Vermont), Quest (Washington D.C.), Oasis (Chicago). Poet laureates: Kahlil Gibran, posters by Walter Rinder, Dyan Cannon.

Subud (Groupfeel, easy): 50% muscle, 50% gut.

A Javanese Moslem has started a cult with many thousands of members in 60 countries and 70 U.S. cities called Subud. Adherents get together twice a week for a half hour "to receive and submit to the power of God." In other words sing, dance, moan, and generally carry on. You could call it a Consciousness III Quaker Meeting, or perhaps Do-It-Yourself Primal Therapy. Casualties: at intervals someone flips out from the heavy vibrations.

Mel Lyman's Fort Hill Community (Groupthink, tough): 80% muscle, 10% gut, 10% brain.

Mel Lyman, toothless from eating candy but otherwise healthy at age 33, believes he is "God's best instrument on earth," and so do 50 or 60 intellectual-type disciples. They live on Fort Hill in Boston and in houses in New York and Hollywood (one $160,000 mansion), where Lyman creates music, film, books, and environment. His crew works 12 hours a day; they've been ordered by Lyman into celibacy; they have a resident astrologer and use drugs for anti-individualistic Lymanization. "He does manipulate us, but he doesn't manipulate us for evil. He is our soul," says Thomas Hart Benson's daughter Jessie. Other famous adherents are Jim Kweskin and Paul Williams, and Charles Manson actually sent Lyman a letter from jail pledging some kind of loyalty. There have been violent eruptions where the cult has dealt with radio stations and newspaper reporters, but nothing criminal yet.

More Houses (Groupthink, medium): 50% muscle, 50% gut.

Fat 38-year-old Victor Baranca, undoubtedly the Colonel Sanders of the commune scene, got the idea of letting homeless hippies renovate his real estate for him four years ago, and has turned the hustling of "people's souls as well as their asses" into big profits. Today 160 full-time residents live in 16 More Houses, mostly in Lafayette, California. For $200 a month, Baranca's serfs are allowed to rebuild property and see to its upkeep. In return they get reinforcement for their personality and courses in Basic Sensuality—altogether a cozy, materialistic, perpetual summercamp, from which the fat man nets $384,000 a year.

Spirit in Flesh (Groupthink, easy): 80% gut, 20% muscle.

Sexy 21-year-old Michael Metelica leads the Spirit in Flesh rock group, manages three Brotherhood of the Spirit communes, and believes himself to be a reincarnation of St. Peter. He apparently got the idea for it all from a 1966 *Newsweek* story about Haight-Ashbury. His 240 cultees look at pictures of Jesus, and dabble in the Aquarian Gospel, reincarnation, auras, astral planes, and astrology, in the name of a Universal Consciousness which is, in their case, rather inarticulate. Mostly they're drop-outs, digging the tight circle of friends. The commune cat is Spirit in Fur.

Wheeler Ranch (Groupthink, easy): 10% gut, 10% muscle.

Ah sweetness, ah light. Running around naked with your guitar and herb tea brewing on the 400-acre ranch inherited by Bill Wheeler from the Singer Sewing Machine fortune and opened to the dewy-eyed California public. Because the leader also has the money, he doesn't have to con anyone. *Ergo* non-violence. Believers in a version of Gandhi-ism they call the Ahimsa Church, in which it is written that "the truth is forever one, naked, nameless, and homeless." Wheeler's 200 permanent and 100 transient residents live in tents, domes, and cabins, and bury their shit with shovels. Once they rescued a bunch of animals poisoned by an oil slick. Famous resident: Alicia Bay Laurel, author of *Living on the Earth*.

The Process (Fascism, tough): 60% muscle, 100% mind-rot.

We don't recommend this group at all. One reporter who checked them out came up with such gruesome alleged facts that he now feels himself in mortal danger from them. They seem to wreak their particular ritualistic havoc on everyone from what they viewed as libelous authors to whimpering initiates to German Shepherd to the lesser phyla. But we don't know, and don't quote us: we read it in the soon-to-be-unavailable unexpurgated edition.

Ordo Templi Orientis (O.T.O.), SOLAR LODGE (Fascism, medium): 80% muscle, 100% mind-rot.

Leader Jean Brayton is an alleged follower of sex-magician Aleister Crowley. Fucking while animal blood is poured over you is reputed to be the main goal of this bunch, as well as swallowing every poison known. About a fifth of their total membership (11 of 50) was convicted in Southern California three years ago for torturing a six-year-old boy. It is reported that Miss Brayton is still fleeing an FBI warrant for that particular felony.

Charles Manson's Family (Fascism, easy): 100% muscle, 100% mind-rot.

Charlie Manson, also known as "Jesus" and "the Devil," and now on Death Row for multiple torture-murders, was able to combine aspects of millenarianism (end-of-world creed) with hypnotic group/drug psychology in such a way that about 30 various young men and women turned over all their belongings to him, including many thousands of dollars, their dignity as individuals, and, finally, their resistance to unspeakable acts. He had connections with The Process and the O.T.O. and a thorough familiarity with Scientology. But before Manson and his Family came to the attention of officialdom, one reporter "encountered several nomadic hippie Cassandras whom no official seemed to believe, who told ghastly tales of sacrificial rituals on the mountains and beaches of California." Dig it well, seekers of the ecstatic inspiration.

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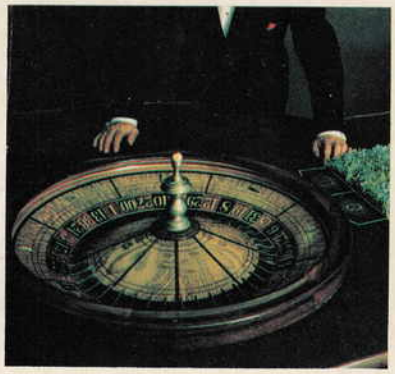

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September, 1969 (Maiden issue)	235,157*
December, 1970	524,938**
December, 1971	1,278,721**
March, 1972	1,470,000***
June, 1972	1,650,000***
September 1972	2,000,000 plus***
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Final Sales Report* * Certified ABC* ****Estimated*

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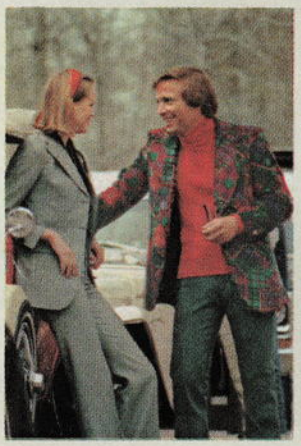

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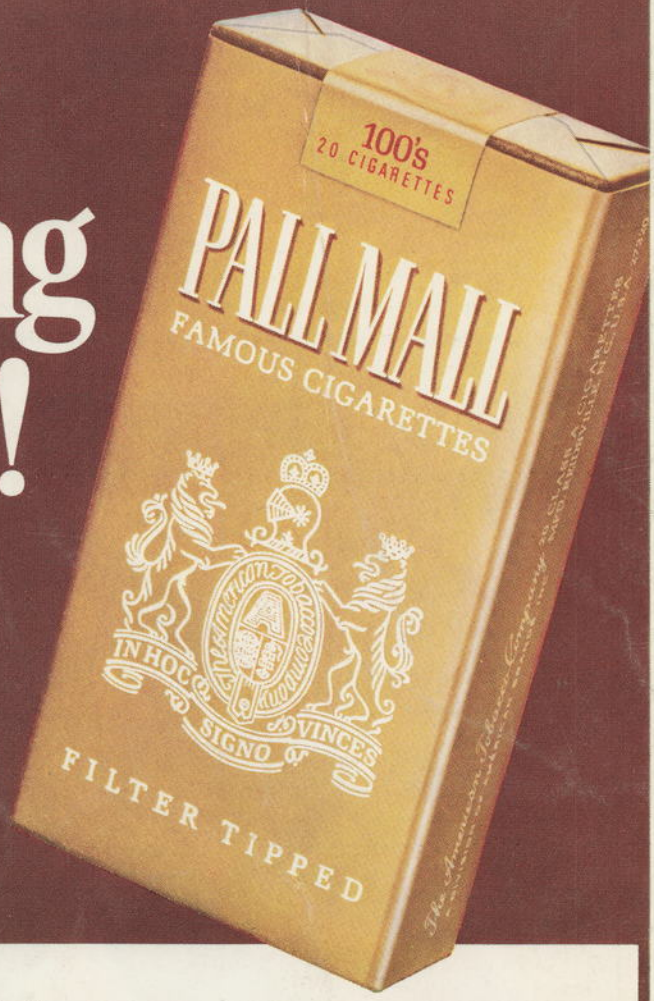

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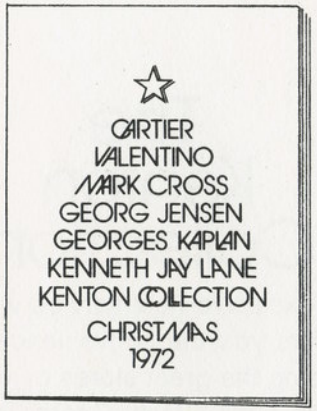

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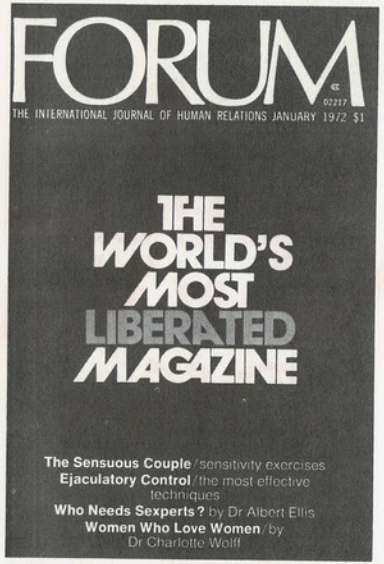
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